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KANSAS IN THE SIXTIES



Samuel J. Crawford

KANSAS IN THE SIXTIES

BY
SAMUEL J. CRAWFORD
WAR GOVERNOR OF KANSAS

WITH PORTRAITS



CHICAGO
A. C. McCLURG & CO.

1911

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1911

Published, August, 1911

W. F. Hall Printing Company
Chicago

To My Children

**FLORENCE CRAWFORD CAPPER
AND
GEORGE MARSHALL CRAWFORD**

**THIS VOLUME IS
REGARDFULLY INSCRIBED**

PREFACE

THE author of these memoirs was born in Lawrence County, Indiana, April 10, 1835; was reared on a farm, and educated in the public schools, the Bedford graded school, and the Law School of the Cincinnati College.

His parents, William and Jane Morrow Crawford, were born in Orange County, North Carolina, in 1788 and 1792, respectively; were reared on plantations, educated in private schools, married in 1810, and emigrated to the Territory of Indiana in 1815. His grandfather, James Crawford, was born in Virginia, emigrated to North Carolina, married Miss Margaret Fraser, served in the Revolutionary War, and lived to a ripe old age.

The ancestral line of the Crawford family is traceable to a remote period in Scotland — beyond which it may not be prudent to go, since members of the clan, by reason of their clannishness, lost their heads in the Tower of London.

The subject-matter of this volume was drawn from scenes in Kansas during the past half-century, and events incident to the Civil War west of the Mississippi. The period from the beginning of that war to the close of the Indian wars, was thrilling in the extreme. Battles, bloody and desperate, followed each other in rapid succession. The States of Kansas, Missouri, Arkansas, Louisiana, and Texas, and the Indian Territory were torn asunder and drenched in fraternal blood. The commerce of the plains was destroyed by hostile

tribes of Indians; men, women, and children were killed and scalped, and the frontier settlements laid in ashes.

Following these awful scenes, which I have endeavored to sketch accurately, came peace, harmony, happiness, and prosperity. The cannon were melted into monuments; the muskets were put away as relics of the past; swords were sheathed; and the bugle-call to arms was no longer heard. Brave boys were they who fell, and just as brave were they who remained to tell the tale.

The author enjoys the distinction of being almost the last of the "War Governors," there being to his knowledge only one other, Governor Sprague, of Rhode Island, now living.

S. J. C.

TOPEKA, KANSAS,
July, 1911.

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FROM INDIANA TO KANSAS

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HAVING received an early training for the battle of life, I bade adieu to friends and the scenes of childhood, and turned my face toward Kansas, a new planet then rising in the West, and struggling to throw off the barnacle of human slavery and assume its proper position among the Free States of the Union.

Eight hours brought me to the Mississippi by rail and across on the old ferry to the city of St. Louis. From there, after viewing the sights, I took passage on a Missouri River steamer and without incident of note, in due time reached Kansas City, then a village of cabins, but now a most beautiful city standing upon many hills.

On the first day of March, 1859, in company with a young man from the State of Illinois, I crossed the line on foot into the Territory of Kansas, and after a tiresome journey over broad prairies, with only an

occasional settler's cabin to be seen, we reached the town of Garnett, seventy-five miles distant from Kansas City, on the morning of March 4, 1859.

The town looked good to me; the surrounding country, interspersed with winding streams and forests green, stretching away as far as the eye could reach, was enchanting; and the citizens were plain, generous-hearted people, who extended the right hand of fellowship and welcomed us to stay and cast our lot with them. I at once determined to make Garnett my future home, and immediately engaged quarters at the new hotel on Quality Hill, at three dollars per week.

PRACTISED LAW IN GARNETT

Soon thereafter I opened an office on the Public Square and settled down to the practice of the law.

My travelling companion resolved to look farther; but going alone, he soon became discouraged and returned to the home of his youth, to discover later that he had made a serious mistake. His intentions were good, but like many other young men starting in life, he lacked staying qualities.

Having determined on making Garnett my future home, I sent back to Kansas City for my worldly goods, including a law library, which, at that early date, was above the average in Southern Kansas. In due time I acquired a fairly good practice, which steadily increased until the War of the Rebellion broke out.

Garnett was the county seat of Anderson County, and when I located there it had a population of about six hundred people. The county was but sparsely settled, while a vast area of rich public land awaited the coming of home-seekers.

The laws of Kansas Territory, at that time, were substantially the same as the laws of Missouri, re-enacted by a bogus Legislature composed largely of citizens of Missouri and other Slave States, who had come to Kansas and elected themselves members of the

Territorial Legislature. The Missouri statutes were made applicable by striking out the words, "State of Missouri," where they appeared in the statutes of that State, and inserting in lieu thereof, the words, "Kansas Territory." These bogus statutes protected slavery in the Territory of Kansas, as the Missouri statutes protected it in that State. Hence, it took time and became necessary for young lawyers coming into the Territory to study our Proslavery statutes and separate, if they could, that portion which was applicable, from the mass of confused and contradictory stuff that was wholly inapplicable.

But the lawyers, young and old, did the best they could under the circumstances. When they were consulted in regard to a law that was not applicable or that ran counter to the prevailing opinion among the Free-State men,—such, for instance, as the Slave Code, copied from the Missouri statutes, or the Fugitive Slave Law, as interpreted by the Supreme Court,—they would sometimes advise their clients to let their cases go by default, lest their adversary appeal to the Higher Court at Osawatomie, whose decrees, if just, were not always tempered with mercy.

The Summer of 1859 in Southern Kansas was delightful, and the mile-posts were passed in rapid succession. Once each week, when the rivers could be forded, Zack Squires would bring the mail in a hack from Lawrence, and occasionally the lawyers would go to the Land Office at Lecompton to attend to preëmption and land cases; otherwise, the current of events flowed smoothly.

THE FREE-STATE CONVENTION

On May 18, 1859, the Free-State people of the Territory assembled at Osawatomie and organized the Republican party in Kansas. At this convention, Horace Greeley, of *The New York Tribune*, made a speech, in the course of which he said:

“Freemen of Kansas! I would inspire you with no unwarranted, no overweening confidence of success in the great struggle directly before us. I have passed the age of illusions, and no longer presume a party or cause destined to triumph merely because I know it should. On the contrary, when I consider how vast are the interests and influences combined to defeat us, the three thousand millions of property in human flesh and blood, the subserviency of commerce to this great source of custom and profit, the prevalence of ignorance and of selfishness affecting the many millions prodigally lavished by the wielders of Federal authority, the lust of office, and the prevalence of corruption, I often regard the struggle of 1860 with less of hope than of apprehension. Yet, when I think of the steady diffusion of intelligence, the manifest antagonism between the Slavery Extensionists and the interests of Free Labor, when I consider how vital and imminent is the necessity for the passage of the Free Land Bill; when I feel how the very air of the nineteenth century vibrates to the pulsations of the great heart of Humanity, beating higher and higher with aspirations for universal freedom, until even barbarous Russia is intent on striking off the shackles of her fettered millions, I cannot repress the hope that we are on the eve of a grand, beneficent victory. But, whether destined to be waved in triumph over our next great battlefield, or trodden into its mire through our defeat, I entreat you to keep the Republican flag flying in Kansas, so long as one man can anywhere be rallied to defend it. Defile not the glorious dust of the martyred dead whose freshly grassed graves lie thickly around us, by trailing that flag in dishonor, or folding it in cowardly despair on this soil so lately reddened by their patriotic blood. If it be destined, in the mysterious Providence of God, to go down, let the sunlight which falls lovingly upon their graves catch the last defiant wave of its folds in the breeze which sweeps over these prairies; let it be burned, not surrendered, when no one remains to uphold it; and let its ashes rest forever with theirs by the banks of the Marias des Cygnes!”

After the organization of the Republican party, the Proslavery people who remained in the Territory united with the old-line Democrats, who did not seem

to care whether slavery was voted up or voted down, and thereafter sulked in their tents until the War of the Rebellion broke out, when most of them stood for the Union and proved their loyalty on the field of battle.

On November 19, 1858, President Buchanan appointed Samuel Medary, of Ohio, as Governor of the Territory, and made other spasmodic efforts to check the dastardly abuses and high-handed outrages of Pro-slavery officials in Kansas. But he was handicapped by traitors in his Cabinet and in both Houses of Congress, who blocked his pathway at every step.

Governor Medary tried to be decent, but it was impossible for him to do his duty and hold his position. He took the oath of office before Chief Justice Taney of the Supreme Court in Washington, on December 1, 1858, and arrived in Kansas December 17.

On January 3, 1859, the Territorial Legislature convened at Lecompton, and on the seventh it adjourned to meet and hold its session at Lawrence.

THE WYANDOTTE STATE CONVENTION

In pursuance of authority from the Legislature, Governor Medary, on March 7, issued his proclamation calling an election to decide on holding a Constitutional Convention. The election was held on March 28, and the majority for a Constitution and State Government was 3,881. So, on April 19, the Governor announced an election to be held on June 4, for delegates, and designated Wyandotte as the place of meeting. On July 5, the delegates elect assembled and organized, as provided by law. The following is a complete list of the members:

Member, and County Represented.	Member, and County Represented.
J. M. Arthur, Linn.	Josiah Lamb, Linn.
Caleb May, Atchison.	S. A. Kingman, Brown.
J. J. Ingalls, Atchison.	John P. Greer, Shawnee.
R. L. Williams, Douglas.	J. A. Middleton, Marshall.
B. F. Simpson, Lykins (Miami).	P. H. Townsend, Douglas.

Member, and County Represented.	Member, and County Represented.
H. D. Preston, Shawnee.	J. C. Burnett, Bourbon.
W. R. Griffith, Bourbon.	N. C. Blood, Douglas.
T. S. Wright, Nemaha.	G. H. Lillie, Madison.
S. E. Hoffman, Woodson.	A. Crocker, Coffey.
L. R. Palmer, Potawatami.	Jas G. Blunt, Anderson.
Jas. Hanway, Franklin.	W. Hutchinson, Douglas.
Jas. Blood, Douglas.	S. O. Thacher, Douglas.
Ed. Stokes, Douglas.	S. D. Houston, Riley.
J. P. Slough, Leavenworth.	W. McCulloch, Morris.
C. B. McClelland, Jefferson.	J. W. Forman, Doniphan.
J. Stiarwalt, Doniphan.	E M. Hubbard, Doniphan.
P. S. Parks, Leavenworth.	Fred Brown, Leavenworth.
Samuel Hipple, Leavenworth.	S. A. Stinson, Leavenworth.
Wm. C. McDowell, Leavenworth.	A. D. McCune, Leavenworth.
John Wright, Leavenworth.	Wm. Perry, Leavenworth.
R. C. Foster, Leavenworth.	Robt. Graham, Atchison.
J. T. Barton, Johnson.	E. Moore, Jackson.
B. Wrigley, Doniphan.	W. P. Dutton, Lykins (Miami).
J. Ritchie, Shawnee.	E. G. Ross, Wabaunsee.
J. H. Signor, Allen.	R. J. Porter, Doniphan.
J. M. Winchell, Osage.	J. T. Burris, Johnson.

J. M. Winchell	President
John A. Martin	Secretary
G. F. Warren	Sergeant-at-Arms .

On July 29, the Convention completed its work and submitted it to a vote of the people for ratification or rejection. On October 4, 1859, an election was held and the Constitution ratified by a vote of about two to one.

ELECTED TO FIRST STATE LEGISLATURE

On December 6, 1859, in accordance with the Constitution previously adopted, an election was held for the purpose of selecting State Officers, Judges of the Supreme Court, a Member of Congress, and Members of the State Legislature. At this election I was chosen as a Member of the House of Representatives by an overwhelming majority.

Thus after a struggle of five years, between the Free-State and Proslavery parties, with the Government at Washington on the side of the slave power, and a horde of assassins and border-ruffians from the Slave

States prowling about the Territory and seeking the lives of Free-State settlers, the foundation for a Free-State Government was laid in solid granite.

It was the beginning of the end. The Free-State men, though greatly outnumbered when the struggle began, stood their ground resolutely and returned blow for blow. From the beginning it was war to the knife. The magnitude of the issue involved was scarcely understood by either of the contending forces. The object of the Free-State people was to make Kansas a free State and secure homes therein. The purpose of the Proslavery party was to make Kansas a Slave State and thereby make slavery national and freedom sectional.

Yes, it was the beginning of a new era; a deadly blow at the institution of human slavery. In Kansas the battle was over, and we had only to wait for the curtain to rise and reveal a new and most brilliant star in the blue field of the West. From this time forward, the Free-State men held the political reins, until Mr. Lincoln was elected President, and the State of Kansas was admitted into the Union.

At that time the Territory extended from the western boundary of the State of Missouri to the summit of the Rocky Mountains, and from the thirty-seventh to the fortieth degree of north latitude; a vast area of unpreëmpted public lands, rich in agricultural and mineral resources and open to the settlement rights of the people.

The Winter of 1859-60 was pleasant: the settlers were breaking the primeval soil, erecting homes, and planting orchards; and evidence of thrift and prosperity was visible on every hand.

THE DROUGHT OF 1860

The Spring and Summer of 1860 came and passed without any rainfall, and yet the prairie grass was nutritious, the cattle and horses were rolling fat, and wild

game we had in abundance; besides, the gardens were fairly good, and a considerable quantity of corn was produced on the valley lands. So, as a matter of fact, there was no real suffering for food on account of the drought.

And yet it was proclaimed by aid solicitors, at home and abroad, who were at work largely for themselves, rather than for suffering humanity, that the people of Kansas were living on roots and herbs, and many of them actually starving. That was not true. Nevertheless, a vast amount of provisions, clothing, and money was contributed by honest, sympathetic people in States east of the Mississippi and shipped to the Kansas Aid Society for distribution. Some of the provisions and clothing were distributed where they would do the most good, but as for the distribution of the money that was sent, no report as yet has been made. The whole scheme was a fraud, and it gave Kansas a set-back from which the Territory and State did not recover for many years.

Anderson County, where I resided at that time, was perhaps an average of the counties in the Territory, and the people of the county refused absolutely to accept any of the "aid goods"; yet they fared almost as well as they had in previous years. One enterprising merchant sent three wagons to the Missouri River for supplies, but when they returned laden with beans and stale provisions, the people would not accept the stuff. The teamsters brought suit against the merchant for freight charges, and the goods when sold did not pay for the cost of transportation.

The Territory was then but sparsely settled, and while the drought of that year was a heavy blow, it by no means made beggars of the *bona fide* settlers. Groceries and clothing could be bought then, as now, and wild game in abundance was within easy reach. Flocks of prairie chickens were within rifle-shot of almost every cabin door. Deer were plentiful, and buffalo by

the million roamed the plains, from our then frontier settlements to the eastern base of the Rocky Mountains.

BUFFALO HUNT

During the Fall of 1860, the year of our ever-memorable drought, I had the pleasure of accompanying a hunting party to the buffalo range. On the first of October, our party, consisting of sixteen braves, with four wagons, and a good supply of arms, ammunition, saddle hores, etc., started from Garnett and journeyed westward through Coffey, Greenwood, and Butler Counties to the border-line where civilization and savagery met. J. R. Meade's ranch on the White Water, eight miles west of old Eldorado, was the outpost, the last of the white man's habitations. From there westward we were guided by moccasin tracks and the buffalo trail.

The first night in the savage regions we camped on the west bank of the Little Arkansas River, five miles north of where the city of Wichita now stands. Before crossing the river that evening, we saw our first buffalo, and that night the wolves threatened an attack from all sides. The next morning one of our warriors, who had "fought Indians from the Powder River country to the Staked Plains of Texas," startled our Nimrods with the statement that while strolling out that morning, he had discovered the trail of an Osage war party going west. This had a tendency to dampen the ardor of those who heard the story. After discussing the report briefly, we deemed it advisable to organize for offensive warfare; whereupon I was unanimously elected Captain, with instructions to allow no guilty Osage to approach the camp.

After breakfast the expedition moved south and crossed the main Arkansas River near the junction of the two rivers. While the command was crossing the river and winding its way through the low bottom to higher ground, I crossed and rode down on the west

side, crossed again to the east, and selected the site where Wichita now stands; but of this I shall speak later on. That night we camped on the Cowskin, about twelve miles from the Arkansas River. From the Cowskin we moved in a southwesterly direction to the Ninnescah, some forty miles from the Arkansas, and there camped and killed buffalo, deer, and wild turkey for a week or so; then we moved due north to the Arkansas, and thence north to Cow Creek, about fifteen miles above where the city of Hutchinson now stands. Here we camped two weeks, and after killing all the buffalo, deer, turkey, geese, ducks, and other things essential, we folded our tents, packed our wagons with the fruits of the expedition, and turned our faces toward civilization.

The first day on our return brought us to the crossing of Cow Creek, and thence southward a mile to a beautiful grove of large cottonwood trees on the Arkansas River.

RACE FOR LIFE

When we crossed Cow Creek, one of our athletes, William Wetts, suggested that while the other fellows were going on to the grove and making camp, he and I should go north a half-mile, where a large herd of buffalo were grazing, and kill just one more for luck. I readily accepted his proposition, and when the boys had moved on we two started and walked slowly toward the herd.

It was our intention to select a young buffalo and, when within proper distance, both shoot at the same time. As yet the buffalo had not scented us and we moved closer and closer until within about two hundred yards of the one we had selected as our meat. While waiting for the innocent little fellow to turn partly around so as to give us a better aim, a huge buffalo bull away back in the herd, snuffed danger from afar, and, raising his head, saw us standing out in the open

prairie with guns at *ready*. The old bison instantly threw himself into line of battle, and, sounding the war-whoop, started toward us at a rattling pace.

Billy, my companion, had previously talked much of his prowess and athletic attainments; and I, as Commander-in-Chief of the expedition, had, no doubt, said some things indicative of what I might be able to do under extraordinary circumstances; but now, the time for boasting had passed. A really dangerous foe was approaching at a rapid pace. The other warriors of our command were in camp a mile and a half distant. Here we were standing, like two orphans, in bold relief out on a broad smooth prairie with absolutely nothing behind which we could take shelter.

My first thought was to let the brute come within close range and then deploy to the right and left and both give him a broad-sider as he passed, and I so directed. But when he got within fifty or sixty paces of our line, Billy, the left wing of my army, broke and started at the top of his speed back over the trail on which we had moved out. Not wishing to fight the battle all alone, I quickly followed, thinking we might reach the crossing of Cow Creek, a half-mile away.

The speed of a buffalo is about the same as that of an average horse — but they seemingly never tire. From previous boasting, our speed was supposed to be about the same as that of a deer or an antelope. We were both in our prime — twenty-five years of age and in fine running trim. Billy was short in stature and fat as a pig; and I was tall, lean, and slept little o' nights.

When Billy broke our line of battle, I was resting with one knee on the ground and ready to leap to one side and shoot the buffalo behind the fore shoulder, our favorite place for shooting them. The range of the guns we then had was short, and a rifle ball would not penetrate the skull of a buffalo. So, when Billy started, I hastily concluded to reserve my fire and go with him.

When I started, he was already under full sail about fifteen or twenty paces in advance, but in a few moments I was by his side and, in fact, slightly gaining on him. He called to me, saying, "Crawford, don't leave me! Let 's die together!" I then slackened my pace and we ran side by side for about a quarter of a mile, holding our distance pretty well ahead of the buffalo.

But by this time we were beginning to tire and Billy was breathing quite loud and fast. Then the buffalo began gradually to gain on us. After running perhaps two hundred yards farther, I was pretty tired, but Billy was about exhausted; then I saw, a mile to our left-front, some men in a two-horse wagon coming at full speed to our relief. That encouraged us somewhat and we made a half-turn to meet the wagon. The buffalo turned when we did, and was within twenty feet of us, when the horses, running at full speed, struck him broadside; then he turned away toward the Arkansas River, apparently as fresh as when the race began. We did not give him a parting shot but the boys from camp, seeing the conclusion of our run for life, went out with their guns and took his scalp before he reached the river.

While out on this hunting expedition, every member of our party had his experience, which was both new and beneficial. At that time the wild Indians were roaming the plains in search of anything they might find lying around loose. The Osages and Kaws were also out, laying in their winter supply of buffalo meat, and watching for a chance to steal ponies from the wild tribes, and horses from hunting parties.

INDIAN VISITORS

On one occasion a party of friendly Osages approached our camp, with good intentions, of course, but did not venture within range of our guns. No doubt it was the same band that had crossed the Little

Arkansas a few hours ahead of us when we were going out. The Osages at that time, when on their reservation, were a noble specimen of the half-civilized tribes; but when out on the plains hunting, they stuck feathers in their war-bonnets and went wild as the Cheyennes; yet like all other Indians, and many white people, they had a wholesome respect for force. They would steal anything they could get their hands on and plunder the camps of small hunting parties, when there was no danger of losing their own scalps; but people who understood them had little to fear.

Our visitors were anxious to come into camp, but seeing resolute men with guns in their hands, concluded that discretion was the better part of valor, and sat on their fleet ponies in battle array until "Old Reliability" (J. P. Hiner), a young man of twenty, and myself, went out and motioned them to move on. No doubt we should have had trouble with this band but for the fact that their mortal enemies, the Cheyennes and Arapahoes, two wild warlike tribes of the plains, were lying in wait for them a day or so's journey to the west. For the Cheyennes and Arapahoes they had a wholesome respect, because when they met on the open prairie, the surviving Osages usually went back to their reservation on foot.

These were but a part of the thrilling events incident to this hunting expedition of Territorial days. To relate all the wild rides, reckless adventures, and hair-breadth escapes would require a volume. What has already been said is sufficient to give the young people of the present day an idea of the hunter's life and conditions generally, on the border at an early day.

Having accomplished the purpose of the expedition and established a reputation as hunters, we called in the guard, folded our tents and turned our faces homeward. On our return to Garnett, early in November, the fruits of the expedition — four wagon-loads of choice meats and a train-load of romance — were dis-

tributed among the good people of Anderson County, and in return, the happy girls with rosy cheeks and calico frocks, gave us a "buffalo dance" that was enjoyed by all, and especially by those who had roamed the plains for a month in search of something to kill.

While out hunting, our party had no difficulty in finding all the buffalo we wanted; and the same is true of other parties who went out that Fall. There were millions of buffalo and deer in the territory now embraced in the counties of Sumner, Sedgwick, Reno, Rice, McPherson, Saline, Ellsworth, Ottawa, Mitchell, Cloud, and Republic; all within reach of the people of Kansas. The buffalo meat in the fall of the year, when the animals were fat, was in every way equal to that of corn-fed beeves, and, I think, superior.

CHAPTER II

THE DAWN OF LIGHT

LINCOLN'S ELECTION — STATE GOVERNMENT — FORT SUMTER FIRED UPON AND PRESIDENT'S CALL FOR TROOPS.

THE Winter of 1860-61 was pleasant, and all eyes were turned on Congress to see what might be done with our new Constitution. The Free-State people wanted it accepted, and the State admitted into the Union. The Proslavery people were still hoping against hope. The struggle in Kansas had been long and sometimes bitter and bloody, but now the people were quiet, and things generally had become normal.

The Act of Congress of May 30, 1854, establishing the Territory of Kansas, left the question of slavery to be decided by the *bona fide* settlers of the Territory; that Act was subsequently followed by a decision of the Supreme Court which authorized the slave-owners to take their human chattels into any of the Territories of the United States.

Kansas, being contiguous to a Slave State and well adapted to slave labor, became at once a bone of contention between the Free-State and Proslavery people. The latter were desperate, and resorted to every means, fair and foul, honest and dishonest, to establish slavery in Kansas. Their dupes from Western Missouri, not one in a hundred of whom owned a slave, swarmed across the border into Kansas and committed crimes most brutal and barbarous. They came in squads, companies, and regiments, and (as already shown) elected citizens of Missouri as members of the Territorial Legislature — a Legislature, the majority of whose mem-

bers committed perjury when they took the oath of office. They met at the Shawnee Mission, near Westport, Missouri, and enacted a code of laws for the Territory of Kansas by taking the statutes of Missouri and striking out the words, "State of Missouri," where they appeared, and inserting in their place the words, "Kansas Territory." Such were our laws until subsequently changed by a Free-State Legislature.

The Missourians, reinforced by renegades from other Slave States, and led by David Atchison, Colonel Doniphan, Jim Burnes, Stringfellow, Buford, and smaller lights, raided the settlements of Kansas, robbed and murdered Free-State settlers, burned their houses, sacked the city of Lawrence, and committed other outrages horrible to relate.

But while these scenes were being enacted by the Proslavery cohorts under the eye of the administration at Washington, and with the assistance of Federal officers in Kansas, the Free-State men and women were not unmindful of their rights, nor indifferent as to results. James H. Lane, Charles Robinson, John Brown, S. C. Pomeroy, Marcus J. Parrott, W. A. Phillips, Mrs. Charles Robinson, and many other heroic men and women were in the saddle, booted and spurred, and ready to do and die in defence of their homes, of freedom and of a Free State.

From '54 to '57 the Proslavery people had behind them the Federal Government, the Territorial Government, the United States Army, and a horde of border ruffians from Western Missouri; but the Free-State people stood firm as the Spartans at Thermopylæ, and returned blow for blow.

Finally the tide reached its zenith and the cohorts of slavery began to waver. By the election of 1856, James Buchanan, whose eyes were dim, succeeded Franklin Pierce as President — but the vote for Fremont, the Republican nominee of that year, indicated a fast gathering storm. The slogan of Republicans in

that campaign was, *Free speech, free press, free Kansas, and Fremont*; and the result was sufficient to open the eyes of all who cared to see.

On the fourth day of March, 1857, Mr. Buchanan was inaugurated as President; and while he slightly modified the policy of his predecessor, and timidly tried to clip the wings of the Proslavery birds that had been flying high in Kansas, he failed utterly and ignominiously. At the beginning he surrounded himself with Cabinet officers and Proslavery advisers, most of whom were saturated with treason and already laying their plans for secession.

After the election of 1856, the immigration to Kansas was largely from the Free States, and soon the prairies were dotted over with the cabins of Free-State settlers; new towns sprang up as if by magic, and the newcomers were busy selecting claims on the public domain for permanent homes.

In the Fall of 1857 a new Legislature was elected by the Free-State party and new laws enacted. During the years 1858, 1859 immigration continued to pour into the Territory and push on to the frontier settlements, and new fields of golden grain gladdened the hearts of the people. The Constitution we had adopted and submitted to Congress was Republican in form, and settled for all time the question as to whether Kansas should be a Free or Slave State.

The year 1860 in Kansas was like the dead calm before a storm. Peace and quiet reigned throughout the Territory. Every day the sun shone brightly, without a drop of rain from January to January. All eyes were on the political storm then raging in the States. The political horizon was dark and foreboding, with an admixture of purple clouds which occasionally sent forth forked streaks of lightning. The battle for freedom having been won in Kansas, the question of slavery was transferred to the States for final determination.

LINCOLN'S ELECTION

Abraham Lincoln, who had been nominated as the Republican candidate for the Presidency, stood resolutely bearing aloft the banner of freedom.

John Bell, an old-line Whig, and Stephen A. Douglas, an old-line Democrat, were the nominees of their respective parties, and stood for the Government as it was, not caring whether the Territories adopted or rejected slavery.

John C. Breckenridge was the standard-bearer of the Proslavery people, who were struggling under the "Dred Scott" decision, to make slavery national and freedom sectional.

From start to finish, it was a red-hot fight, with justice, humanity, and the heavy artillery on the Republican side. Mr. Lincoln, the grandest American of them all, and true as the needle to the pole, was elected. His election meant war — and war it was.

The rejoicing in Kansas over the election of Mr. Lincoln had scarcely subsided, when further glad tidings of joy were flashed over the wires from Washington, announcing that Kansas had been admitted into the Union as a sovereign State. This was glory enough, because the people had long felt the injustice of tyranny and taxation without representation.

Thus ended the stormy scenes of Territorial days; the rule and misrule of heartless officials. One by one, they packed their duds and stole silently away. What else they stole has not, as yet, been fully revealed. One thing is certain: they left the Territorial Treasury empty. Another is equally certain: an appropriation by Congress of fifty thousand dollars for the erection of a Territorial building was drawn from the Treasury at Washington, but no building was erected. And still another: the ballot-boxes were stolen by Territorial officials and stuffed with fraudulent votes, in order to enable them to certify the election of Proslavery men to

the State Legislature. But they are gone, most of them to the happy hunting-grounds; and may the good Lord look with pity and compassion upon their benighted souls and official iniquities!

STATE GOVERNMENT

As previously mentioned, the State of Kansas was admitted into the Union on January 29, 1861. On February 9, the Hon. Charles Robinson took the oath of office as Governor, and issued his proclamation directing the members elected to the first State Legislature to assemble at Topeka on March 26, 1861. At the time designated the Legislature convened, organized, and notified the Governor that the two Houses were ready to receive any communication he had to make.

The new State Government, which went into operation on February 9, 1861, was divided into three separate and distinct departments, namely, the Executive, the Legislative, and the Judicial.*

The Senate consisted of twenty-five members with Lieutenant-Governor J. P. Root as the presiding officer, and John J. Ingalls as Secretary.

The House of Representatives consisted of one hundred members, and elected W. W. Updegraff as Speaker, D. B. Emmert as Chief Clerk, and A. R. Banks as Assistant.

After the appointment of Committees and the reception of the Governor's Message, the next important duty was that of electing two United States Senators. A number of prominent gentlemen from different parts of the State were candidates; and after balloting in joint session for two hours, James H. Lane, of Lawrence, and Samuel C. Pomeroy, of Atchison, were declared elected. Lane at all times during the balloting had a majority of the votes cast; but as between Pomeroy and Marcus J. Parrott, of Leavenworth, the vote

*See Appendix.

was close, and there was doubt in the minds of many members as to which one was in fact elected. Mr. Pomeroy, however, received the certificate and that settled the question. After the election of United States Senators, the routine work of the Legislature moved along in the even tenor of its way.

It was my good fortune to be appointed Chairman of the Committee on Counties and County Lines. Colonel Colton, of Lykins County, introduced, and had referred to my committee, a Bill changing the name of that county to Miami. After due consideration the Bill was reported and passed.

FORT SUMTER FIRED UPON — PRESIDENT'S CALL FOR TROOPS

I was also a member of the Military Committee, which perhaps inspired me to higher military duties. It was then apparent that war was inevitable, and our Military Committee proceeded at once to prepare and introduce in the House a Bill providing for the organization of the State Militia. I had also other measures pending before the Legislature, when the stage from Leavenworth brought word that Fort Sumter had been fired upon. This startling news set everybody on fire, and thereafter the Legislature had no charms for me.

On April 15, 1861, President Lincoln issued his call for 75,000 volunteers, allotting to Kansas two regiments of infantry. Soon thereafter the Governor sent for Colonel R. B. Mitchell and myself and tendered us each a commission to recruit a company for the Second Regiment. To Mitchell was given Linn County in which to raise his company; and I had assigned to me Anderson and Franklin Counties. It is needless to say that we readily accepted.

CHAPTER III

OFF TO THE WAR

ORGANIZATION OF THE SECOND KANSAS INFANTRY — A TRIP TO TOPEKA BEHIND A WILD TEAM — MUSTERED INTO U. S. SERVICE, JUNE 22, 1861 — EXPEDITION TO AND SKIRMISH AT FORSYTH — BATTLE OF DUG SPRINGS AUGUST 2, 1861 — BATTLE OF WILSON'S CREEK AUGUST 10, 1861 — BATTLE OF SHELBYNA — REGIMENT RETURNS TO FORT LEAVENWORTH AND IS MUSTERED OUT OCTOBER 31, 1861.

ON the tenth of May the House granted me leave of absence and I immediately returned to Garnett to commence recruiting. On arriving there, I announced a public meeting in Garnett for the following Saturday, and then proceeded to Ohio City and appointed a recruiting officer for Franklin County. At the meeting so announced, many of the young men from Anderson County, and quite a number from Franklin, enlisted. Speedily a full company of volunteer infantry was organized by the election of officers as follows:

Samuel J. Crawford	Captain
John G. Lindsay	First Lieutenant
A. R. Morton	Second Lieutenant
Samuel K. Cross	Ensign

On May 14 the company, amid cheers and tears, started from Garnett on its perilous journey. Our first camp was at Ohio City, where the Franklin County boys swung into line, and the company received fatherly advice and words of encouragement from the Hon. P. P. Elder, who at the time was a member of the State Sen-

ate. Not only did we receive good advice and words of cheer from him, but he tendered me the loan of the sword which his grandfather used in the Revolutionary War. In due time it was returned to him untarnished.

On May 15, by the aid of transportation furnished by the good people of Anderson and Franklin Counties, the company moved at an early hour; and on May 17 it reached Lawrence and marched down Massachusetts Avenue under flying colors to the step of thrilling music — “The Girl I Left Behind Me” — rendered with fife and drum by Henry Neal and Robt. Beck. On arriving at Lawrence, the officers previously elected were commissioned by the Governor, and the company was immediately sworn into the service of the State.

ORGANIZATION OF THE SECOND KANSAS INFANTRY

In due time nine other companies arrived, and the Second Kansas Infantry was organized by the appointment of officers as follows:

Robt. B. Mitchell	Colonel
Charles W. Blair	Lieutenant-Colonel
William F. Cloud	Major
Ed. D. Thompson	Adjutant
S. W. Eldridge	Quartermaster
A. B. Massey	Surgeon
E. L. Pattee	Assistant Surgeon
R. C. Brant	Chaplain

The regimental officers, field and staff, having been commissioned, the organization of the regiment was completed by the lettering and assignment of the several companies to their respective places in the line.*

A TRIP TO TOPEKA BEHIND A WILD TEAM

While waiting for orders to go to the front, I visited Topeka to see how the Legislature was behaving, and

*See Appendix for roster of regimental officers.

to help the Lawrence boys with their University Bill. At that time we had no railroads from Lawrence to Topeka; no telegraph nor telephone; no airships nor automobiles. So, my friend, C. W. Babcock, who was deeply interested in having the State University located at Lawrence, drove out to camp with a span of wild fiery horses and invited me to ride to Topeka with him. I had not as yet resigned my seat in the Legislature, and, of course, had a right to vote. Having some other matters pending before the Legislature in which I was interested, I accepted his kind offer, and within two hours we rode into Topeka.

Talk about fast driving — our team fairly flew. Mr. Babcock held the reins and tried to hold the team but finally gave it up and let them go. Fortunately the horses kept in the road and after climbing the hills and leaping the bad crossings from Lecompton to Tecumseh, they began to slacken their gait, and finally they came down to earth and gave Mr. Babcock an opportunity to breathe. I was frightened, perhaps as much or more than was he, but being a soldier I did not dare tell him so. When the danger-line was passed he rolled his big black eyes around at me and said, "What do you think of that for a spin?" "Oh," I said, "that's nothing, when a fellow gets used to it. It just suits me; but I have been asking myself how you were going to get back to Lawrence." He replied, "We'll go back at night when the fool horses can't see anything to scare them." We then drove on to the hotel, and after dinner set about to tell the Legislature what to do and how to do it.

In the evening we went to a dance, and being at that time single, and consequently in possession of our inalienable rights, we stayed late. It seemed as though the more our girls danced, the more they wanted to dance. I was anxious to be in camp at Lawrence the next morning at daylight and Mr. Babcock had promised to have me there. But that did n't count with our

partners in the ballroom. "On with the dance!" seemed to be the order of the night.

At one o'clock the dance closed; at two A. M. Mr. Babcock and I started from Topeka with our wild team for Lawrence. The atmosphere was lovely and the stars shone bright. The horses went at a steady gait of about ten miles per hour until within five miles of Lawrence, when, passing a farm-house they "saw something," took fright, and dashed away at full speed over the prairie, heading straight toward a precipice and a deep canyon. Not caring to go over such a precipice at that hour in the morning, I leaped out of the carriage and that caused the horses to circle at the very verge and turn suddenly back toward the road. In turning, they upset the carriage and ran until it was scattered in fragments over the prairie and themselves were badly crippled.

We were both slightly disfigured, considerably frightened, but not seriously hurt. When the excitement had subsided, Mr. Babcock looked over toward Mount Oread and said, "It seems as though these Arabian steppers were trying to make us ded-i-cate the State University before it is located." After arranging with a young man to bring the horses and wreckage to town, we rode in with a farmer and told Mr. Norton, the owner of the team, that we should not want it again that day.

For a month or so the companies were kept busy drilling and studying "The Art of War in Europe." On June 19 the regiment drew arms from the State, and on the morning of the twentieth they started on the double-quick for Kansas City. We crossed the Kansas River at Lawrence, and marched to Wyandotte, about forty-five miles, the first day. The cause of the suddenness of this hasty movement was a skirmish between a company of regular troops and a bunch of Rebel recruits near Independence, Missouri.

MUSTERED INTO U. S. SERVICE, JUNE 22, 1861

On the twenty-second day of June we moved over to Kansas City, and were mustered into the United States service for three years, or during the war. On June 30, the regiment was attached to the command of Major Sturgis and ordered to join General Lyon on the march from Boonville to Springfield, Missouri. On July 1, Sturgis moved with his command from Kansas City and on July 7, joined General Lyon at the crossing of the Osage, eight miles west of Osceola. From there General Lyon moved with his command to Grand Prairie, where he was joined by Colonel Sigel on his retreat from Carthage; and then with his combined force — about six thousand effective troops — General Lyon moved on to Springfield.

EXPEDITION TO AND SKIRMISH AT FORSYTH

On July 20, General Lyon ordered General Sweeney on an expedition over the Boston Mountains to Forsyth, about fifty miles south of Springfield, with the First Iowa and Second Kansas Infantry; a section of Totten's battery and a battalion of the Fourth Cavalry.

Forsyth was a small town on the north bank of White River in Southern Missouri, where a large amount of supplies for the Confederate troops had been gathered and stored. Captain Stanley, with one company of the Second Kansas and two companies of the Fourth Cavalry, led the advance. When within striking distance he made a dash forward, captured the town, all the Rebel stores, and a number of prisoners, and drove a Rebel regiment into the hills and across the river.

The last four miles of the march were made by the infantry and artillery at a double-quick; but when we arrived, Stanley had finished the work and was holding the town, the supplies, and the captured prisoners. Nevertheless the Second Kansas advanced on the town

in line of battle and had the satisfaction of sending a few volleys into the ranks of the water-soaked regiment that had rallied on the south bank of the river. This was our first experience on the battlefield, and it seemed great sport, while we were beyond the range of the enemy's guns. The purpose of the expedition being accomplished, we returned to Springfield, and found General Lyon and all in camp actively preparing for a great battle.

On the first of August we were again ordered to be ready to march with forty rounds of ammunition in our cartridge boxes. That looked like business, and every man was instructed to prepare himself accordingly. General Lyon's scouts and outposts had kept him well informed as to the movements of the enemy. It was known that the Confederate generals — McCulloch and Price — were concentrating their forces at Cassville and in that vicinity, with the intention of attacking General Lyon at the earliest possible moment.

It was also known that the combined forces of McCulloch and Price outnumbered Lyon's army more than two to one; and yet he was left in that remote part of the State, one hundred and twenty miles from the railroad, with his men on half-rations, and the terms of enlistment of many of the troops rapidly expiring. He was greatly worried and vexed by reason of such treatment from department headquarters. He had been promised reinforcements and supplies sufficient to enable him to hold Southwest Missouri and protect the lives and property of the Union people of that part of the State. But when the enemy was advancing against him in overwhelming numbers, and when it was too late to retreat, he was told that he must take care of himself.

General Lyon was a true soldier and ready to do or die for his country and the loyal people of Missouri. He called a Council of War, and notified his officers of the deplorable situation and of his determination to

fight. They all agreed with him, and the question was settled.

BATTLE OF DUG SPRINGS, AUGUST 2, 1861

The enemy having advanced on the Cassville Road to within twenty-five miles of Springfield, General Lyon, thinking it was only General McCulloch's division, moved with his available force on August 1, intending to strike McCulloch first and Price afterwards. That night he camped at Wilson's Creek twelve miles from Springfield. The next morning, August 2, he advanced about six miles, when he struck General Rains's brigade of Price's division, which showed that Price and McCulloch had united their forces. After a sharp engagement of three hours, in which artillery was freely used, the enemy was routed and driven back on McCulloch's division encamped on Crane Creek, ten miles distant. The day was intensely hot and the thirst of the men was unendurable.

The Second Kansas Infantry was advancing in line of battle through the brush on the right of the road, while Captain Fred. Steele with a battalion of Regular infantry was on the left, with Captain Stanley's cavalry on his left, and Totten's battery on and near the road in the centre. The enemy in Steele's front charged his line, which was falling back slowly, when Captain Stanley made a sabre charge and drove the enemy in confusion from the field. The Second Kansas, famishing for water and mad at the sight of Steele's battalion falling back, followed Stanley without orders until we reached Dug Springs, where the men quenched their thirst to the heart's content. The Second Kansas was far in advance of the rest of the infantry and artillery, but we held our position until Stanley returned from the pursuit of the enemy and then went into camp for the night, three miles in advance of the main command.

The next morning General Lyon, with the remainder

of his troops, came forward to the springs and camped in the valley near-by until the morning of the fourth, when he countermarched with his command and returned to Springfield, arriving there in the afternoon of the fifth.

After the affair at Dug Springs, General McCulloch assumed command of all the Confederate forces in Southwest Missouri, and moved forward to Wilson's Creek.

General Lyon, in his report to department headquarters of August 4, 1861, stated his forces, and concluded as follows:

FIRST BRIGADE, MAJOR STURGIS	
Four companies cavalry	250
Four companies First U. S. Infantry (Plummer's)	350
Two companies Second Missouri Volunteers .	200
One company artillery (Captain Totten's battery)	84
	<hr/>
	884
SECOND BRIGADE, SIGEL'S	
Third Missouri Volunteers	700
Fifth Missouri Volunteers	600
Second Artillery (battery)	120
	<hr/>
	1,420
THIRD BRIGADE, LIEUTENANT-COLONEL ANDREWS	
First Missouri Volunteers	900
Four companies infantry	300
One battery artillery	64
	<hr/>
	1,264
FOURTH BRIGADE, DEITZLER'S	
Two Kansas regiments (First and Second) .	1,400
First Iowa Regiment (Colonel Bates) .	900
	<hr/>
	2,300
	<hr/>
Grand Total	5,868

I have made every exertion to ascertain the enemy's forces; and though this is very difficult, I am satisfied it will reach 15,000, and in an attempt to surround and cut me off there may be gathered 20,000; most of whom will be ill-conditioned troops, collected from Missouri and Arkansas, with such firearms as each man may have, and being mounted, have the means of threatening and annoying my command. In addition to the above will be, of the enemy's forces, the organized forces of McCulloch, of Texas, supposed to be 4,000 well-armed, and prepared for effective service.

In fact, I am under the painful necessity of retreating, and can at most only hope to make my retreat good. I am in too great haste to explain at length more fully. I have given timely notice of my danger, and can only in the worst emergencies submit to them.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

N. LYON,

Brigadier-General Commanding.*

This shows the deplorable situation in which General Lyon and his army had been placed by the political Major-General and Department Commander, John C. Fremont. Again, on the eve of the bloodiest battle of the war, General Lyon wrote his last official letter as follows:

SPRINGFIELD, MO., *August 9, 1861.*

GENERAL:

I have just received your note of the 6th instant by special messenger.

I retired to this place, as I have before informed you, reaching here on the 5th. The enemy followed to within 10 miles of here. He has taken a strong position, and is recruiting his supplies of horses, mules, and provisions by foraging into the surrounding country, his large force of mounted men enabling him to do this without much annoyance from me. I find my position extremely embarrassing, and am at present unable to determine whether I shall be able to maintain my ground or be forced to retire. I can resist any attack from the front, but if the enemy move to surround me, I must retire. I shall hold my ground as long as pos-

*Rebellion Records, Vol. III, p. 48.

sible, though I may, without knowing how far, endanger the safety of my entire force, with its valuable material, being induced by the important considerations involved to take this step. The enemy yesterday made a show of force about five miles distant, and has doubtless a full purpose of making an attack upon me.

N. LYON,
Brigadier-General, Commanding S. W. Expedition.*

MAJ. GEN. J. C. FREMONT,
Commanding Department of the West.

By this report and letter, as will be observed, General Lyon was determined to place the responsibility of any disaster that might befall him and his army, where it properly belonged. Having done all he could to avert disaster, he turned his face resolutely toward the enemy and gave the order, "Forward!"

BATTLE OF WILSON'S CREEK, AUGUST 10, 1861

At six o'clock on the evening of August 9, the command broke camp at Springfield and marched in two columns for Wilson's Creek, where the enemy was encamped. General Lyon commanded the main column, composed of the brigades of Sturgis, Andrews, and Deitzler, in person, and moved west four miles and then southwest, so as to strike the left-centre of the enemy's line as camped.

General Sigel, with his own brigade, moved out on a road leading south for a short distance and thence southwest, so as to strike the enemy's right-rear. At a given signal they were to open the battle on both flanks at daylight, or as soon thereafter as they could get into position, and then force the fighting. Both drove in the Rebel pickets and opened the battle about the same time.

The enemy had stood in line of battle during the previous night, ostensibly for the purpose of moving

* Rebellion Records, Vol. III, p. 57.

on Springfield, but in reality because they expected to be attacked by General Lyon. General Price, with his Missouri forces, was in Lyon's front; early in the morning he had broken ranks, and was eating breakfast when his pickets were driven in. When the alarm was given, his men flew to arms and hastily formed a line as best they could.

General Lyon immediately advanced with Captain Plummer's battalion of Regular infantry, Major Osterhaus's battalion of Missouri Volunteers, and a section of Totten's battery, and opened the battle. The Rebel line fell back slowly through a corn-field and over a rail fence, where a stand was made until reinforcements arrived. General Lyon then sent Lieutenant-Colonel Andrews with the First Missouri Volunteers to the support of Plummer. DuBois's battery and the First Kansas were speedily formed on the brow of the hill to the right of Osterhaus's battalion, with the First Iowa on the right of the First Kansas; a part of Totten's battery, the Second Kansas Infantry, and a battalion of Regular troops were stationed on an elevation in the right-rear as a reserve. This, as I recollect, was the formation of General Lyon's first line of battle.

General McCulloch, with the Texas and Arkansas troops, was camped on the right of the Rebel line a mile or so down the creek from Price. Sigel took McCulloch completely by surprise, and struck his camp about the same time Lyon opened on Price. At first McCulloch's troops were panic-stricken, and fled in confusion before Sigel's line; but the panic lasted only a short time. Sigel's men, thinking they had gained the victory, stopped, broke ranks, and commenced pillaging the enemy's tents. That gave McCulloch's regiments, farther back, time to form and stop the stampede. As soon as that was done McCulloch moved back and swept Sigel and his whole brigade from the field, except five pieces of artillery which were abandoned, and three hundred men whom he captured.

After this disgraceful, inexcusable blunder, those of Sigel's men that escaped took to the woods, and Sigel and one of his Colonels were back in Springfield before ten o'clock in the morning. As soon as Sigel and his troops left the field, McCulloch moved with his whole force to assist Price, whose line was hard pressed from right to left. He reached Price about nine o'clock and formed on his left, which prolonged their line of battle beyond Lyon's right.

To meet McCulloch's troops fresh from their sport with Sigel, General Lyon ordered into action his entire reserve. The First Missouri was brought over from the left and stationed on the right of the First Iowa. Totten's battery with a battalion of Regular infantry was stationed by General Lyon and Colonel Mitchell on the extreme right of the new line as formed.

Previous to this, General Lyon had been twice slightly wounded and his horse shot from under him, but he immediately remounted and was himself again. When the Second was moving by the flank to its new position on the right, General Lyon passed within ten paces of where I was marching at the head of my company, and joined Colonel Mitchell at the head of the regiment. They two were leading straight toward a thicket of underbrush and scattering oak trees, when a volley was fired from the thicket; Lyon was killed, and Mitchell wounded.

The same volley struck Captain Tholen's company on the flank and threw it into confusion. The next two companies (Russell's and Mitchell's) also swayed backward for a short distance. My company came next; and I, being farther from the concealed enemy and having more time to steady the men, wheeled the company into line facing the ambuscade and sent a volley into the bushes where the enemy was concealed. Captain Mitchell immediately moved up and formed on my right, with Captain Russell on his right, and then our three companies speedily drove the enemy out of the

bushes. We fired over Lyon's body, and three or four of Captain Tholen's men, as they lay wounded.

As soon as the enemy was driven out of the brush we wheeled our companies into line with the regiment, to face a brigade of McCulloch's troops advancing up-grade in our front. The Rebels having been driven out of the timber and underbrush, and our three companies having wheeled back into line with the regiment, Lieutenant Gustavus Schreyer, of Tholen's company, took a detachment of his men and removed General Lyon's body and all the wounded to the rear. Then Schreyer was stationed with a part of Tholen's company at the edge of the timber, near where Lyon fell, to protect the right flank of the Second Kansas as the regiment stood.

Within a few minutes after these preliminary arrangements on the extreme right of the Federal line, McCulloch's forces came within range of our guns, and a fight to the finish began. It was then about half-past nine o'clock in the morning, and for two hours or more the battle raged with terrific fury. In front of the Second Kansas, and the same all along our entire new line, the enemy advanced to within two hundred yards, when the order to fire was given, followed immediately by the usual order to load and fire at will. One section of Totten's battery was stationed on an elevation to the right-rear of the Second Kansas and the other two sections along the line farther to the left, and our whole line, with Totten's battery, opened fire on the advancing Rebel line about the same time.

I do not know about the line in front of the regiments and artillery on our left, but in front of the Second Kansas and the section of Totten's battery on our right, the Rebel line continued to advance under a galling fire of musketry and canister to within about one hundred steps, when they came to a stand-still. Then for about three-quarters of an hour it was give and take.

“ Lay on McDuff!

And damned be him that first cries, ‘ Hold, enough! ’ ”

The sound of musketry and the roar of the cannon, mingling and commingling in the air, was music to our ears. But the sharp reports and shrieks from the enemy's guns, as their shells went crashing through the tree tops and often bursting over our heads, were the reverse of music; at least they had no charms for the Second Kansas. Nevertheless we were there to do our duty, and we did it without flinching.

Both lines were comparatively fresh and full of fight. It was then simply a question of real courage, accurate shooting, and powers of endurance. The Second Kansas stood like a wall of adamant and hurled its missiles of death with defiance into the ranks of the enemy. Officers and soldiers alike seemed to realize that it was then or never. Steadily the battle went on, and surely the lines were melting away.

In the heat of this engagement a Rebel officer, with a detachment of cavalry, dashed against our right flank but received a deadly volley from Lieutenant Schreyer's company which scattered them in all directions through the timber in their rear. In the confusion that followed, the commanding officer lost control of himself, or his horse, and was carried at full speed to the rear of Captain Russell's company, where both he and his horse were killed, as he whirled to make his escape.

Soon after this episode the Rebel line in our front began to waver, and that was followed by a precipitate retreat beyond the range of our guns. The Federal line stood firm and awaited developments. It was apparent that the enemy was bringing up his reserves and re-forming for another engagement. While waiting, we removed our dead and wounded to the rear and a new supply of ammunition was distributed.

Meantime the left of our line was strengthened by

the addition of infantry that had not participated in the previous engagement, and by changing the position of DuBois's battery. Another section of Totten's battery was also transferred from the left to the right. Major Sturgis was then supposed to be in command, but Gordon Granger was in the saddle and seemed to me to be the leading spirit. Our line as rearranged was in perfect order to meet whatever might be brought against it. We had not long to wait.

The Rebel line was soon seen advancing over the same ground, and apparently in the same order in which it had previously advanced. Our line impatiently awaited their coming. It required considerable attention on the part of line officers in the Second to keep the men from firing before the Rebels were within suitable range. Steadily the Rebel line advanced, and as soon as it reached the open ground in front, Totten's battery spoke with no uncertain sound, and DuBois's immediately followed. About the same time a Rebel battery away in the rear opened on the Second Kansas with shell which tore through the tops of the scrub oak-trees over our heads.

Finally the Rebel line came within range of our rifles and muskets, when a battle to the finish, the bloodiest engagement of the day, began. As before, they advanced to within close range, and then both lines settled down to their bloody work. It was a square open field fight, with no place for shirks or cowards. For an hour it was *crash, crash, crash*, with men falling dead and wounded all along the line. Finally, as in the previous engagement, the Rebel line broke and fled in confusion to the rear, leaving their dead and wounded on the field.

It was now about half-past eleven o'clock; and after remaining in line for half an hour or more, when there was not a Rebel to be seen or heard anywhere on the battlefield, except their wounded, the Second received orders to fall back to where Major Sturgis was

concentrating the troops preparatory to a retreat back to Springfield. We had fired the last shot, broken the enemy's lines, driven him from the field in disorder, and remained in line at the front for half an hour, and we could not see the necessity for retreating.

Had Major Sturgis advanced his line, which stood firm when the Rebels broke and fled, and turned his cavalry loose on their rear, our victory would have been complete. When we left the field, the road from there to Crane Creek, twenty miles distant, was lined with fleeing Rebels and it was their rear guard that we last fought and defeated. But when McCulloch learned that Sturgis was retreating, he naturally returned with his rear guard and claimed the credit of victory. By nine o'clock in the evening of the day of the battle, his retreating troops began to pass Cassville, Missouri, forty miles south of the battlefield, and the stream of "mad warriors" did not cease until after daylight the next morning — if the good people of Cassville tell the truth.

When ordered to countermarch and abandon a dearly won field, the Federal troops strung out and sauntered along the road, on back to Springfield, some swearing and some repeating the old adage,

" He who fights and runs away
May live to fight another day."

Our regiments and batteries arrived at Springfield all along from four to six o'clock in the evening, and were ordered to be ready to continue the retreat at two o'clock the next morning.

When General Lyon's gallant and victorious army reached Springfield, we found Sigel ready to assume command and conduct a masterly retreat to Rolla, Missouri. For full particulars of this retreat I must refer the reader to the report of Major J. M. Schofield, who

was Acting Adjutant-General when General Lyon fell.* But to those who do not care to make this reference it is sufficient, perhaps, to say that the skill and generalship displayed by Sigel were in keeping with his masterly strokes of death and desolation inflicted on the enemy at Wilson's Creek.

On August 18 the command reached Rolla, and on the nineteenth I conveyed the wounded of the Second Kansas by rail to the hospital in St. Louis. On the twentieth I returned to Rolla, and in the absence of the field officers, assumed command of the regiment. On the twenty-fifth I moved to St. Louis and encamped in one of the city parks.

On the first of September Colonel Blair resumed command of the regiment and moved by boat to Hannibal, Missouri, and thence by rail to Shelbyville. On the third the regiment accompanied the Third Iowa Infantry on a raid to Paris, Missouri, and on the fourth fought what some call the battle of Shelbyville.

BATTLE OF SHELBYVILLE

The command, consisting of the Second Kansas Infantry — about four hundred effective men — commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Blair, and the Third Iowa Infantry under the command of Colonel Williams, having returned from Paris and encamped in the village of Shelbyville, was attacked early on the morning of the fourth by General Green with apparently about fifteen hundred mounted men and two pieces of artillery. Blair and Williams had neither cavalry nor artillery and consequently labored under a disadvantage.

Green planted his artillery a half-mile distant and commenced shelling our line and the village. His cavalry was formed about the same distance from our line, so it was impossible for us to reach him. He first opened with his artillery from the edge of a body of

*See Rebellion Records, Vol. III, p. 60.

timber to the southeast, when Major Cloud started with the Second on the double-quick to try to capture the guns. Before he had covered half the distance, Green limbered up and in a few minutes opened fire from the southwest; whereupon I was sent with three companies over an open field to try to reach him in that direction.

At first he turned his guns on my battalion but his shells went wild and no one was hurt. I moved on, until within a quarter of a mile of his cavalry line and guns; but both quickly disappeared and in a very short time bobbed up on another part of the field. Thus he played hide-and-seek for about eight hours, shelling the camp and village between drinks. Never once did he permit our infantry to get within rifle shot of his guns or mounted troops.

One of his shells by accident exploded near our line and wounded Captain McClure in the foot, which was doubtless the sum total of casualties on both sides. During this sanguinary conflict, Southern chivalry was stretched to the limit; and to have prolonged the agony would have been cruelty to Green's animals and braves, who had been in the saddle for eight hours without food or water.

So, viewing the situation from the standpoint of the humanitarian, Colonels Williams and Blair, when the four o'clock train came along, put their troops and baggage aboard, and rode over to Hudson. They found the commanding general furiously out of humor because the Iowa and Kansas boys, on foot, could not catch Green's command on horseback.

On September 6 the regiment took passage for St. Joseph, and on the seventh arrived in Leavenworth, somewhat disfigured but still in the ring. On the twenty-first of September the regiment was ordered by General Fremont to reinforce Colonel Mulligan at Lexington, and immediately took passage on the steamer *West Wind* for the scene of action, but arrived too late to be of assistance.

General Price had surrounded Lexington with sixteen thousand men, so it was impossible to reach Mulligan. He surrendered before our boat reached Wyandotte. Mulligan should have been reinforced by Generals Pope, Sturgis, Jeff. C. Davis, and Jas. H. Lane, all of whom were within supporting distance before General Price laid siege to Lexington.

REGIMENT RETURNS TO FORT LEAVENWORTH AND IS MUSTERED OUT, OCTOBER 31, 1861

The Second Kansas remained at Wyandotte until it was known that Price was not going to attack Kansas City, and then returned to Fort Leavenworth to be reorganized as a cavalry regiment.

On October 31, 1861, all the regiment was mustered out, except Major W. F. Cloud and myself, who were retained in the service by an order from the Secretary of War for the purpose of organizing the Second Kansas Cavalry.

From the fourteenth day of May to the thirty-first day of October, 1861, the Second Kansas Infantry was in the field. We marched through Missouri, participated in four battles, and made a record of which every officer and soldier in the regiment has a right to feel proud.

CHAPTER IV

THE SECOND KANSAS CAVALRY

TREACHERY OF U. S. OFFICERS IN TEXAS AND NEW MEXICO —
GENERAL SIBLEY'S RETREAT AND REMARKABLE REPORT
— EXPEDITION TO NEW MEXICO — PURSUIT OF NAVAJO
INDIANS — RETURN TO FORT LARNED — INDIAN COUNCIL.

DURING the Fall and Winter of 1861-62 Major Cloud and I set about to recruit and organize the Second Kansas Cavalry, as authorized and directed by the War Department. On March 27, 1862, the organization was completed by the assignment of companies and parts of companies, recruited for other regiments, to the Second. When it was first organized, Robt. B. Mitchell was appointed Colonel, but was soon thereafter promoted to the rank of a brigadier-general.*

The Second Kansas Cavalry was organized with about seven hundred enlisted men, as brave, daring, gallant, and true as ever wore spurs. On April 20 the regiment broke camp near Kansas City and moved *en route* for Fort Riley, halting at Lawrence and Topeka a few days for dress parade and display, and finally arrived at its destination on the fourth of May. About the same time a number of other regiments arrived at Fort Riley and reported to General Mitchell, who had been ordered to New Mexico to look after the Confederates operating in that Territory.

TREACHERY OF U. S. OFFICERS IN TEXAS AND NEW MEXICO

When the Civil War broke out, a large number of the officers of the U. S. Army and Navy, being from the Southern States, resigned to enter the Confederate

*See Appendix for roster of regimental officers.

service. Others, not satisfied to resign like gentlemen and go their way, held on to their commissions, while their uniforms were reeking with treason, for the purpose of betraying loyal soldiers into the hands of the enemy and robbing the Government of property and munitions of war which had been entrusted to their care. To this latter class belonged Major H. H. Sibley, of the First Dragoons, and Major Isaac Lynde of the Seventh Infantry. At the beginning of the war both of these traitors held important commands in New Mexico and Arizona.

Lynde, before he was dismissed from the service by direction of President Lincoln, on November 25, 1861, succeeded in turning over to an inferior force of Texas Militia, Forts Fillmore and Craig, a vast amount of Government stores; arms, ammunition, artillery, transportation, mules, cavalry horses, and five hundred soldiers as prisoners.

Major Sibley, after doing all he could to demoralize the army and injure the Government that had fed, clothed, and educated him, finally resigned, went South, and was appointed a Confederate brigadier-general. On June 12 he wrote Colonel Loring from El Paso, telling him that he had resigned and was going to San Antonio to raise a brigade and then return to execute movements "from this direction, which I am not at liberty to disclose." In his letter to Loring, his deep regret was that he had not marched his whole command of U. S. troops to San Antonio, because as he says, "I am satisfied now of the disaffection of the rank and file in New Mexico."

If the rank and file of the U. S. troops in New Mexico were disaffected — in other words, disloyal — why did he leave them and ride six hundred miles by stage to San Antonio to raise a brigade of Texas troops to bring back, and then move in a direction which he was "not at liberty to disclose"? The truth is, the troops in New Mexico were loyal to a man; and also the

officers, except those of higher rank and a few others from the South who had been promised promotion in the Rebel army.

So Major Sibley went alone in the stage to San Antonio and thence to Richmond to get his promised promotion. For his treason and the dirty work he had done for the Confederacy, he was promptly appointed a brigadier-general by Jefferson Davis and sent back to New Mexico to capture the remainder of the forts, troops, and Government property therein.

The Governor of Texas furnished him with three small regiments of green troops for his perilous expedition. They were immediately started on their broncos for El Paso, but how many arrived at their destination does not appear in the Rebellion Records. The major, now a general of note, returned to El Paso by stage. He was busy planning his expedition up the Rio Grande to Santa Fe and Fort Union while his troops were *en route*. Finally they arrived; and after considerable delay, and much quarrelling, bickering, and fault-finding among themselves, the motley crowd moved. The rabble were armed with horse pistols, flint-lock muskets, shotguns, squirrel rifles, and bowie-knives. By the time they reached Albuquerque about half the men had lost their broncos, and the other half were barefooted. They looted all the stores and private residences, in villages and the country on both sides of the river, from El Paso to Albuquerque. They subsisted almost entirely, while in New Mexico, on jack rabbits and stolen Mexican sheep.

GENERAL SIBLEY'S RETREAT AND REMARKABLE REPORT

From Albuquerque General Sibley started his troops out under the command of one of his colonels to capture Fort Union, but when they reached Apache Canyon in the Glorietta Mountains, some forty miles from Albuquerque, they were met by Colonel Slough with Regular and Colorado troops and driven back

to Santa Fe, after losing their entire baggage-train, ammunition, and supplies. These were captured in a skirmish and burned by Major Chivington and his command of Regulars and Colorado Volunteers. From Santa Fe they retreated back to Albuquerque, where General Sibley awaited their coming.

Meantime General Canby, commanding the Union forces in New Mexico, was advancing on Albuquerque with his troops. General Sibley and his Texas outfit abandoned the remainder of their transportation, crossed the Rio Grande by the light of tallow candles and fled to the mountains west of the river. In his subsequent report to the Adjutant General at Richmond, he said he knew it would be impossible for General Canby to find him there. After wandering through the dark canyons for ten days, with his men almost naked and on the verge of starvation, General Sibley finally struck a trail and eventually turned up serenely at Fort Bliss, Texas.

His report of the expedition, as published in the Rebellion Records, is a wonder to behold. His matchless veterans, because of their superior courage and skill, swept everything before them and left nary Federal to tell the tale. His valiant army was literally smothered with supplies,—arms, ammunition, provisions, and clothing,—which fell into their hands as if by magic. His little army — parts of three Texas regiments — according to Sibley's report, would swallow up whole brigades of our troops without salt or vinegar.

When he began writing his report he was evidently overjoyed by reason of his miraculous escape from the mountains. But before he got through, the disasters of his campaign and the clamor of his suffering soldiers loomed up before him and brought out some wholesome truths. He admits the failure of his expedition and the loss of all his transportation, mules, and wagons, ammunition, baggage, blankets, and supplies.

He admits having been checked in his advance and driven into the mountains, where he and his troops could not be found.

He says he was furnished only one thousand dollars to meet the expenses of the expedition; and again he says the Territory of New Mexico is not worth a quarter of the blood and treasure expended in its conquest. He does not admit having lost any men, and if he expended only one thousand dollars of Confederate money, his estimate of the value of New Mexico to the Confederacy was certainly modest; especially since, as he says, he had "determined, as good policy, to encourage private enterprise against the Navajo and Apache Indians by legalizing the enslaving of them."

In concluding this remarkable report, General Sibley says:

As for the results of the campaign, I have only to say that we have beaten the enemy in every encounter and against large odds; that from being the worst armed, my forces are now the best armed in the country. We reached this point last Winter in rags and blankets. The army is now well clad and well supplied in other respects. The entire campaign has been prosecuted without a dollar in the quartermaster's department, Captain Harrison not having yet reached this place. But, sir, I cannot speak encouragingly for the future, my troops having manifested a dogged, irreconcilable detestation of the country and the people. They have endured much, suffered much, and cheerfully; but the prevailing discontent, backed up by the distinguished valor displayed on every field, entitles them to marked consideration and indulgence.

These considerations, in connection with the scant supply of provisions and the disposition of our own citizens in this section to depreciate our currency, may determine me, without waiting for instruction, to move by slow marches down the country, both for the purpose of remounting and recruiting our thinned ranks.

If that rabble of ragged, uncivilized Texas militia

had beaten our troops in every encounter and were well armed and supplied in every respect, why did they permit our folks to capture their transportation, destroy their ammunition, and drive them into the mountains, where Sibley says, "the route was a difficult and most hazardous one, both in respect to its practicability and supply of water. Descents into and ascents out of the deepest canyons, which a single horseman would have sought for miles to avoid, were undertaken and accomplished." Then why all this hazardous undertaking, if they had "beaten the enemy in every encounter and against large odds"?

The truth is they were drubbed to a frazzle; and when they returned to Fort Bliss, they were in a state of mutiny and determined to go home. They were not only clamoring to go home, but they did go, and that was the last seen or heard of General Sibley and his invincible army during the Civil War.

Sibley and his invaders having been stripped of their horses, mules, stolen property, transportation, ammunition, bedding, and everything they had stolen or brought with them, except the rags they wore and the shotguns they carried, and then driven through the wilds of the mountains and dark canyons to parts unknown, General Mitchell's brigade, which had assembled at Fort Riley in May *en route* to New Mexico (except the Second Kansas Cavalry), was ordered to Tennessee.

EXPEDITION TO NEW MEXICO

Waiting at Fort Riley to accompany Mitchell's expedition to New Mexico, were a large train of Government supplies for the troops and forts, and also a number of army officers seeking to join their regiments in that Territory. As an escort for this train and the army officers, Major Fisk, with three companies of the Second — A, D, and C — was detailed. With his command the Major moved from Fort Riley

on the twenty-second day of May, and arrived at Fort Union, New Mexico, June 22, 1862. I accompanied the expedition, and when we reached the plains on the old Santa Fe trail, we found the wild Indians on the war-path. At Fort Larned the Major left one company — C, Captain Whittenhall — to help to garrison the post.

When we reached Bent's Fort in Colorado we found the Arkansas River at the crossing barely fordable. The snow in the mountains was melting, and the river had swollen to a deep, swift current, which must be forded then or not for a month, because the river was slowly rising. Colonel Howe, of the Third Cavalry, was one of the officers travelling with the expedition, and having forded the treacherous river at that crossing many times, Major Fisk permitted him to assume command and give directions.

In crossing, several of the wagons went down to the axle in quicksand and it took many mules to pull them out; also some of the carriages not only went down but turned over in the middle of the stream, making it necessary for their occupants to swim for an island farther down. Whether Colonel Howe's carriage turned over, I do not recollect, but at any rate, by the time the train and troops were all safely over, the colonel was in a wild rage. After exhausting his vocabulary, and making himself as ridiculous as when he was placed in arrest for cowardice at the battle of Ash Hollow, he concluded his remarks by placing Major Fisk in arrest and informing me that I was in command.

The colonel was a noted character in the old army. He had been court-martialled under almost every Article of War, but that made no difference with him. He was deathly afraid of volunteers, and on one occasion begged me not to allow them to roll his ambulance into the river when he was asleep.

From the Arkansas crossing, the command moved by way of Trinidad and across the Raton Mountains

to Fort Union. Our line of march from Fort Riley was over an untravelled road to the Arkansas River and thence along the old Santa Fe Trail over the ground where many prosperous towns, cities, fields, and farms now stand. The long dreary journey was often enlivened by the sight of vast herds of buffalo, deer, and antelope, and by prowling wolves, scattered over the limitless plains. Occasionally a band of hostile Indians would be seen in the distance, but we were not disturbed by them on our outward journey.

PURSUIT OF NAVAJO INDIANS

The day we arrived at Fort Union at the end of a continuous march of over seven hundred miles, the Navajo Indians were at their old game over on the Moro River, killing Mexican sheep-herders and driving off the flocks. The next morning I took one hundred men with ten days' rations, and went in pursuit. Before I reached the field of action, the nomads had finished their work and headed, with their captured flocks, for the Moro Mountains. They had a part of a day and one night the start of me, and I had tired men and horses; but we pushed on through the foothills as rapidly as possible, until we overtook the flocks. On our approach they had been abandoned by the Indians, who were then fleeing for the canyons in mountains piled up on top of mountains.

But once did we get sight of the noble scoundrels, and then they were beyond the range of our guns. We followed them for two days through a wild mountainous region, in which nobody but a fugitive from justice or a Navajo sheep-thief would think of living. On the twenty-seventh of June we returned to Fort Union and commenced recruiting our horses for the return trip to Kansas.

While at Fort Union, a number of officers rode to the top of an extinct volcano, which was quite interesting. In view of the surroundings and the wretched

condition of the people, most of the officers seemed to think that the volcano had ceased active operations a few centuries too soon. On July 5 we folded our tents and started on the return trip to Kansas and the seat of war.

From Fort Union we marched to Trinidad, Colorado, where we encountered a sand-storm, the like of which no one of us had ever before witnessed. Under a heavy gale the atmosphere for two hours was darkened with light fine sand, so dense that the men and animals breathed with difficulty. After the storm the sun came out and we moved on down the Purgatory River to the Arkansas and thence to Fort Lyon, uninterrupted by the elements, the wild beasts, or roving bands of Indians.

RETURN TO FORT LARNED

While we rested here, a tornado struck the camp, levelled our tents to the ground, and swept the horses and mules at full speed for miles over the prairie. When the storm had passed, the horses were all brought back and the command moved on down the valley,—where beautiful cities, fields, and factories now stand,—to find Fort Larned threatened by the Cheyenne and Arapahoe Indians. They were hungry and demanded of the Post-Commandant, sugar, coffee, flour, and bacon, not a pound of which did the commissary have left at the fort. For a week or more about three thousand of these savage barbarians had been demanding and receiving supplies every day, until the troops in the garrison were on short rations, and the officers on the verge of a panic.

When we were within two days' march of Larned, a messenger met us with a hurry-up despatch that the fort was surrounded by hostile Indians and liable to be attacked at any moment. Naturally we increased our speed, and the last twenty-five miles were made without a halt. On arriving at Larned we found the

plateau in front of the fort swarming with Indians. But a glance at them revealed the fact that the squaws and papooses were also there, and that was proof positive that they had no thought of attacking the garrison.

Instead of moving into the fort where there was neither grass, rations nor forage, we went into camp in a bend of the river, Pawnee Fork, between the fort and the Indian camps. When our camp was established, I stationed guards at suitable places with instructions not to allow an Indian to come within. The tents were soon up, the horses picketed out and the men busy preparing supper. The Indians swarmed around on the outside and having been in the habit of entering the post at will and demanding food or anything else that suited them, they thought they had the same right in our camp.

The sentinels had no instructions to shoot but were directed to load their carbines and keep the Indians back. They crowded up, some three or four hundred of them, closer and closer to the line and finally a bunch of twenty-five or thirty bucks broke over and started up between the rows of tents, grabbing the provisions that our men were cooking. The soldiers flew for their guns and I jerked my sabre and ran down to meet the Indians. The first one I reached received a broadsider across the side of his head and went down; the second likewise, and the third the same, but worse. By that time the soldiers were in line with their guns and the Indians were leaving camp faster than they came. The three or four hundred on the outside, near camp, were watching for results, and when the twenty-five or thirty braves who made the break went back pell-mell with their experience, and three of them with a headache, they were blackguarded and ridiculed by the Indians until they left camp.

That night two of my horses strayed across the river and the Indians found and promptly took them to their camp. The next morning I just as promptly took

fifty men, mounted, crossed the river and moved on their works. I formed in front of the chief's tent and sent for him. He came out and I told him that two of my horses were in his camp and I had come for them. He looked around and said something in Indian, when two of his warriors started away at a double-quick. He then turned to me and said, " Ponies come. Me good Injin." In a few minutes the horses were brought up and we took them to camp.

INDIAN COUNCIL

At twelve o'clock a powwow or so-called council was to be held at the Post, and we, the newcomers, were invited. At the appointed time the council assembled, and we were all there. Soon the chiefs and warriors in full dress came up, grunted, and squatted in a circle under the shade of a big elm tree. They looked at the newcomers with eyes askant, and began to smoke the pipe of peace. They each took two whiffs and passed the pipe on around the circle, and then to the Post-Commandant, Captain Whittenhall, who had been exceedingly generous to them.

They again looked out from under their shaggy brows at the new arrivals, who were sitting apart from the circle. The Indians seemed ill at ease, but finally, Little Raven, the head chief of the Arapahoes, rose from his awkward posture with the dignity of a Roman Senator and, addressing Captain Whittenhall with his eyes still on the newcomers, began the same speech he had made to the captain each morning for a week.

He wanted more sugar, more coffee, more bacon, more flour. When he had finished his harangue and received an expression of approval from the other chiefs and warriors, he subsided, and Tall Bull, a war-chief of the Cheyennes, arose and with similar gestures and emotions made substantially the same demands as those made by Little Raven. Other chiefs followed, until they had worn the subject threadbare, and then they all grunted in unison and paused for a reply.

Captain Whittenhall, to whom the Indians addressed their remarks, told them in a modest, if not timid, sort of way, that he had already issued to them all the provisions he had at the Post, and while he would be glad to give them what they wanted, he could not do so because he had nothing left to give. This did not suit them, and they began to murmur among themselves and rose to their feet with a defiant air, as much as to say, "We will take what we want."

A wild Indian in those days had no respect for anything but force, and our battalion had an abundance of that on tap. When the chiefs assumed a threatening attitude, the newcomers at once entered the council and told them in plain, positive language what to do and how to do it. They were informed that buffalo, deer and antelope, in abundance, were grazing all over the plains from the Arkansas to British America, and that they must go, without standing on the order of their going, and get what they wanted. That afternoon they took down their tepees and the next day not an Indian was to be seen in the vicinity of Fort Larned.

This little episode having passed without the loss of a brave on either side, our battalion moved on down the old Santa Fe trail to the crossing of the Walnut, near where the city of Great Bend now stands. Here we stopped two days to muster, under an order from the War Department, and also to secure a supply of buffalo meat for the command.

Our stay at this camp was noted for wild rides and hairbreadth escapes of officers and men while gunning for game. The first to encounter danger was Captain Moore, of the Second, who was unhorsed by a buffalo cow while he was shooting at her wounded calf. Later Lieutenant Cross was pursued by a wounded buffalo and narrowly escaped the same fate. Lieutenant Johnson and Albert Payne were surrounded late in the afternoon by a large herd and carried northward from dark until daylight, when they found themselves thirty miles from camp.

These were the thrilling events of our expedition to Fort Union and back to the borders of civilization. From our camp on the Walnut, which, for half a century was known as the "Bloody Crossing," we marched by way of Council Grove, Fort Riley, Topeka, and Lawrence to Fort Scott, Kansas, arriving there on the twentieth day of September, 1862; having travelled over two thousand miles from the day we broke camp near Kansas City on the twentieth day of April.

CHAPTER V

OPERATIONS IN MISSOURI AND ARKANSAS

BATTLE OF NEWTONIA, OCTOBER 4, 1862 — NIGHT ENGAGEMENT AT CROSS HOLLOWS, OCTOBER 18, 1862 — BATTLE OF OLD FORT WAYNE, OCTOBER 22, 1862 — CAPTURE OF BATTERY — ENGAGEMENT AT BOONSBORO AND COVE CREEK, NOVEMBER 8, 1862 — SKIRMISH WITH BUSHWHACKERS — CAVALRY FIGHT AT CARTHAGE, NOVEMBER 20, 1862.

AT Fort Scott I was tendered the Lieutenant Colonelcy of the Twelfth Kansas Infantry, but preferring the cavalry, I remained in the Second; and on September 30, I was assigned to the command of a battalion of that regiment. At two o'clock on the morning of October 1, I was ordered with my battalion to the relief of Colonel Ritchie and Captain Russell of the Second, who were surrounded by the Confederate Colonel, Stand Watie, with a large force, on Spring River, and had been fighting for three days. At 3 P. M. I reached Spring River, sixty miles distant, moved to the front, and opened on Stand Watie at close range. After I arrived, the battle continued about thirty minutes, when the enemy, consisting of Cherokee Indians and Missouri bushwhackers, broke and fled from the field in confusion.

Stand Watie subsequently averred that his men were out of ammunition, and perhaps he was right; because he and Ritchie had been skirmishing and fighting for three days, and Ritchie had only a few rounds left. After burying the dead and caring for the wounded, we joined the regiment, which was *en route*

to reinforce General Salomon at Sarcoxie, Missouri, who was threatened by a superior force at Newtonia.

BATTLE OF NEWTONIA, OCTOBER 4, 1862

On March 6, 7, and 8, the battle of Pea Ridge was fought and won by General S. R. Curtis, commanding the Union forces. Soon thereafter the bulk of his troops was transferred to the east of the Mississippi, leaving Generals Schofield, Blunt, and Herron with inexperienced troops, to take care of Missouri and the country west of the Mississippi. Opposed to them were the Confederate generals, Marmaduke, Shelby, Hindman, and others, with troops equally untrained and less steady in action.

Blunt concentrated his division at Fort Scott, which consisted of the Second, Sixth, and Ninth Kansas Cavalry; the Tenth, Eleventh, Twelfth, and Thirteenth Kansas Infantry; the Third Wisconsin Cavalry, and Ninth Wisconsin Infantry; the Eighteenth Iowa Infantry; the First Kansas and Second Indiana batteries — about six thousand men all told.

General Blunt moved with his division from Fort Scott on the first day of October, 1862, and on the fourth at Newtonia, in Southwest Missouri, struck Marmaduke and Shelby, who, after an artillery duel of an hour, retreated in hot haste southward, with my battalion of the Second Kansas and a section of Captain Rabb's Second Indiana battery hanging heavily on their flank and rear. We followed them until dark, when we gave up the chase and rejoined the command.

The next day General Blunt moved forward to Keetsville, Missouri, and on the sixteenth the Second moved forward and camped on the old battlefield of Pea Ridge. The Second, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Bassett, was ordered forward from Pea Ridge to Cross Hollows, where the enemy was encamped and supposed to be entrenched.

NIGHT ENGAGEMENT AT CROSS HOLLOWS, OCTOBER 18, 1862

On the afternoon of the eighteenth, we encountered a scouting party of the enemy in the timber, and drove them back on their main force at Cross Hollows. Here we found the enemy in position; protected on all sides by the natural formation of the hills and hollows. Fortunately, we reached his lines and took in the situation before dark; otherwise, we might have been drawn into a trap.

The real battle opened at the entrance to the Hollows about sunset; after fighting for an hour or so, the Second advanced over and down rugged declivities into the open smooth ground, and then drove the enemy out through the cut roads to the hills on the south side. Here the fighting continued until about twelve o'clock, when the enemy retreated and left the field in our possession.

Having accomplished the purpose of the raid, we rejoined Blunt's command at Pea Ridge on the evening of October 20, and after halting for an hour the Second was directed to move in advance of the division on the road to Bentonville, twenty-five miles distant. About sunrise the next morning we went into camp in an apple orchard near that town. At 6 P. M. October 21, we again took the road leading to Maysville, where General Cooper with a large force of the enemy, six thousand men, was encamped.

At one o'clock on the morning of October 22, and when within eight miles of Maysville, General Blunt ordered a halt for an hour to allow the infantry and artillery to close up. At 2 A. M. he ordered an advance and at the same time ordered that no bugles be sounded. When we moved, I took the precaution to send the Adjutant back to the rear of the Second to see that the companies were all moving.

On approaching Maysville just before the break of day, we saw the enemy's picket fires burning brightly,

which showed that he was in the vicinity. General Blunt, being with us at the front, ordered a halt and sent a staff officer back to see if the command was closed up, and soon the officer returned with the information that no troops were present except the Second. Whereupon the brigade commander and field officer of the day dashed back at full speed to see what had become of the rest of the troops.

The General thought they had taken the wrong road in the darkness of the night; but I suggested to him that the regimental commander next in rear of the Second was probably asleep when we moved at two o'clock, and that they were still there. This proved to be true. Daylight was then approaching, and the enemy's pickets were less than half a mile distant; but as yet their camp had not been located. We were in suspense, standing there with one regiment on the open prairie, in full view of the enemy's pickets, with the certainty of a large force in our front, and the uncertainty of what had become of our army.

BATTLE OF OLD FORT WAYNE, OCTOBER 22, 1862

For dash, determination, and reckless daring on the part of the Second Kansas Cavalry, the battle of Old Fort Wayne and its approaches stands without a rival. For two nights previous to the morning of the battle, the regiment had led the advance and been in the saddle continuously, without an hour's sleep. At daylight in the morning, when it was discovered that by an inexcusable blunder the whole army, except the Second, had been left asleep eight miles in the rear, General Blunt ordered me to move forward with my battalion and drive in the Rebel pickets, saying that he would ascertain the position of the enemy and skirmish with them until the remainder of his division reached the field.

At the same time he directed Colonel Bassett to send two other companies of the Second around to approach the village of Maysville in our immediate front,

by other roads. I moved forward, scattered the first picket and captured the village, with a few stragglers from the Rebel camp. In a few minutes General Blunt and the remainder of the Second came in, and learning that the Rebel camp was four miles to the southwest, he ordered the whole regiment to move in that direction.

On leaving the village my battalion was in the advance; and soon General Blunt reached the front and said to me, "Let 's go forward and have some fun with their next picket-post." We started first at a steady gallop and in a few minutes captured a colored fellow who had left the Rebel command that morning when all were excited. He told us that General Cooper was in command, and that he was forming his line of battle at the lower end of the prairie over which we were then riding. He also told us that Cooper had a "powerful" army, and a mounted picket on the road about a mile ahead of us.

Then Sergeant Cooper, with three men of the General's bodyguard, having overtaken us, we six men and an unarmed "contraband" let our horses move at a lively gait. In a few minutes we struck the Rebel picket in the road—about fifteen mounted men—ready to move. There were seven of us, counting the darkey, and the Second by this time was a mile back. Nevertheless we were out for a lark, and that was not the time nor the place to turn in; so away we went on a hot trail, gaining every minute on the Knights of Chivalry.

Blunt and I were both mounted on fleet, blooded horses of the very best, but they could not overtake the Arkansas, Texas, and Choctaw bronchos, which seemed to have been selected and trained for that special occasion. But that picket was not so wild and woolly as we had reckoned. All of a sudden they whirled around a small cluster of trees and bushes out on the prairie, and ran into the arms of a grand guard of about sixty mounted men in battle array.

Blunt and I checked our horses as quickly as possi-

ble, but within close range. Sergeant Cooper's horse carried him straight to the enemy, and he surrendered. The other three members of the bodyguard and our colored prisoner formed in line in our rear, and there we stood, six against sixty, with our support, the Second Kansas, more than a mile back.

They looked at us, and we looked at them, resolved in our own minds that if they did n't — we would n't. They were not quite satisfied to let well-enough alone, and their Captain rode out in front of his line and fired one shot which went over our heads. I had a navy pistol in my hand and instantly replied with two shots and probably missed the Captain. Those were the only shots fired, and then they wheeled into column and rode off the field, to our great satisfaction. We were then within a mile of Cooper's line of battle, which was hid from view by a skirt of timber.

In a few minutes the Second came up and I was ordered to take my battalion and skirmish through the timber to the left, while General Blunt took Stover's howitzers and the remainder of the Second, and moved rapidly around the timber and out on to the open field, in full view of the enemy's position. I was immediately ordered to the front, and when I arrived, I found the other companies of the regiment hotly engaged. General Cooper had formed his line of battle across the field at the south end of the prairie, in front of a heavy body of timber, with both his flanks protected, and his artillery on a slight elevation near the centre.

General Blunt and Colonel Bassett in forming our line had stationed Stover's howitzers on the right, protected by company A, Lieutenant Johnson; and on the left were companies C, Sergeant Barker; I, Captain Ayers; F, Lieutenant Lee; and G, Lieutenant Cosgrove, leaving a wide open space between the two wings.

Stover opened the battle with his guns, and instantly our right and left were engaged. The Rebel

battery — four guns — was turned on Stover, and shell and canister were flying in every direction when I reached the field. I came up with my battalion at a gallop in front of the Rebel centre and directly in front of the Rebel battery, and was directed to dismount, move forward, and occupy the open field between our two flanks. While we were dismounting, the Rebel battery was turned on my battalion, but it seemed to be shooting at the stars. The shells flew high over our heads. Under their artillery fire and in the face of musketry, I advanced to close range and opened fire.

My battalion was formed in line from right to left, as follows:

Company H, Lieutenant Ballard commanding.

Company B, Captain Hopkins commanding.

Company D, Lieutenant Moore commanding.

Company K, Captain Russell commanding.

Company E, Captain Gardner commanding.

At first we fired volleys, but pretty soon I gave the order, "Fire at will, aim low, and give 'em hell!" The Rebel infantry overshot all the time, and their artillery for quite a while; but finally they began to lower their cannon, and the shells came closer and closer to our heads as they passed over us with that peculiar warning well remembered by old soldiers. Finally they got the range, and their shells began to crash through the line and explode among our horses. held by every fourth man in our rear.

CAPTURE OF BATTERY

This left us but one of two things to do,— either charge and capture the battery, or retreat. Either was hazardous. In our front was a line of infantry — three to our one — and a battery which would probably use canister if we advanced; and in our rear nothing but the open prairie upon which to fall back. As yet it was not known what had become of our infantry, artillery, and the rest of our cavalry. They were not in sight,

and I did not know where they were. General Blunt was on another part of the field, and I had no time to communicate with him. So it was up to me to act, and act quickly.

I had unwavering confidence in every officer and soldier in the battalion. Many of them had been with me at the battle of Wilson's Creek and other engagements, so the question of courage was not considered for a moment. The question in my mind was, Can we afford to take the chances? While considering it briefly, I rode over to where Captain Russell was standing in the rear of his company, and said to him, "We have got to take that battery, else we are gone to hell." The Captain replied, "All right; if you say so, we'll try it." That was sufficient, and I immediately ordered the bugler to sound the advance.

The line was just a little bit slow in starting, because it looked as though we were going into the jaws of death. To add zest to the movement, Lieutenant Horace L. Moore stepped to the front of his company and, whirling his sword above his head, rang out the command, "Forward, D Company!" From that moment the line advanced with a quickstep to and over a rail fence within fifty yards of the Rebel battery, which was belching shell in our faces. Their last shot struck the panel on which Captain Gardner and some of his men were crossing and sent them unhurt high in the air. Over the fence the battalion levelled one volley at the battery and the Rebel line of support, and then dashed forward, driving everything, except the battery, before them.

Horses enough had been shot to hold the battery where it was. The Rebel infantry had fallen back into the timber, from which they were making a desperate effort to recapture the battery and especially the horses attached to one of the caissons, which, when abandoned by the artillerymen, had run down into the lower corner of the field and become entangled in a cluster of small bushes.

When we had captured the battery, I ordered Captain Hopkins to turn the guns on the enemy and shell the woods in which they had taken shelter; but he could not do so for want of caps. I then ordered Lieutenant Moore to take his company and move the battery to the rear. About the same time I started an orderly to inform General Blunt of what we had accomplished. After all this had been done, some one of my battalion called attention to our troops that had been left behind the night before and were now coming at a run over the prairie, as far back as we could see. Captain Rabb of the Second Indiana battery was leading the host.

General Blunt and staff were back on the prairie, thinking that my battalion had been captured, because it was hid from view. My messenger had not yet reached him, and Lieutenant Moore was moving out toward him, when Captain Rabb dashed up and called his attention to the Rebel battery that was moving on his works. The General ordered Rabb to go into battery and use canister. Just then my messenger arrived and told the General that we had captured the Rebel battery and driven the enemy back into the woods. Rabb then came on to the front and fired a few shells in the direction of the retreating Rebels. That closed the battle of Old Fort Wayne, in so far as the fighting was concerned. It was reported that the enemy retreated on a run until they reached Fort Gibson, sixty miles away.

While my battalion was thus engaged, the remainder of the never-flinching Second were equally hard-pressed on both flanks. But they stood firm, and prevented the enemy from closing around to our rear and cutting us off when we advanced on the Rebel centre. Not only that, but they captured the horses of a dismounted Rebel regiment, and these were subsequently appropriated by one of our Indian regiments, which came up after the fighting was over and while the Second was pursuing the enemy. On the twenty-seventh the guns we captured were turned over to

Captain Hopkins and his company, and were thereafter known as Hopkins's battery.

The division remained in the vicinity of old Fort Wayne until November 6, and then moved to Prairie Creek, eight miles south of Bentonville.

ENGAGEMENT AT BOONSBORO AND COVE CREEK, NOVEMBER
8, 1862

On the seventh of November, Colonel Cloud and myself, under orders from General Blunt, went out on an expedition southward with the Second Kansas Cavalry and Stover's howitzers. On the morning of the ninth we struck Colonel Emmet McDonald, Confederate Provost-Marshal of Missouri and Arkansas, at Boonsboro, and, after a sharp engagement of two hours, broke his line and started his forces on the retreat toward Cove Creek and the Boston Mountains.

McDonald's command was composed of Confederate troops from Missouri and Arkansas, with a train of five baggage wagons which had been started south before we arrived. Having notice of our coming, McDonald had formed his line on a slight elevation in a cluster of trees with a ravine in his front. We moved up, formed, and opened at long range, but the distance was so far that our fire did little damage. Finally we worked our way across and around the ravine and advanced and opened fire at close range.

As nearly as we could estimate, the forces were about equal in numbers. Every man on either side was at his best and ready to do or die. The colonels commanding — Cloud and McDonald — were well matched; both were nervous, vain, courageous, and wore long hair. McDonald was a dashing Hibernian, taught from childhood to eat food from the point of the sword. Cloud was a Knight of the Old Guard, no less dashing and eager for military glory. But in many ways the contest was unequal. Cloud had trained soldiers who knew not the meaning of the word "retreat." Mc-

Donald had a crowd of irregular, indefinite, uncertain Missouri and Arkansas politicians who depended largely upon their mouths and lungs for success. The Second replied to their noisy racket with bullets which soon had a soothing effect.

After skirmishing and fighting for about two hours, the enemy's line began to waver and pretty soon fell back to a new position. From this they were readily dislodged, and then driven steadily over the hills to Cove Creek, five miles distant, where retreat was turned into a rout, and for twenty miles down the valley it was a race for dear life. We soon overtook and captured their train, baggage, and supplies. We also captured a number of prisoners whose horses had failed them; and finally we captured their flag, and scattered what was left among the hills in all directions.

From Cove Creek we moved by the wire road to Fayetteville, Arkansas; and thence by way of Elm Springs back to Prairie Creek, whence we had started. On arriving at camp we found the division on half rations, and General Blunt considerably worried about a supply train of three hundred wagons which had started from Fort Scott ten days previous. The military road from our camp to Fort Scott, one hundred and twenty-five miles, was beset with Missouri bushwhackers and Rebel Indian renegades, and General Blunt was solicitous lest the train, which was overdue, might have been captured.

SKIRMISH WITH BUSHWHACKERS

To find the train and bring it to camp, I was directed to take my battalion and a detachment of Indian troops under Lieutenant Manning, and move north in the direction of Fort Scott. On the morning of the seventeenth we started and marched by way of Elk River to Pineville, Missouri.

In the afternoon we struck a band of bushwhackers

in the hills of McDonald County, who fancied they could impede our progress. They had stationed their sharp-shooters in a double-log farm-house and behind a barn filled with hay; and also formed an ambuscade in a corn-field near-by. As our advance passed, the sharp-shooters fired, and wounded one of our men. I immediately threw a squadron of the Second forward into line and opened fire on the house, barn, and everything in sight.

At the same time Lieutenant Manning swung his battalion around the house and moved forward to take care of the gentlemen in the corn-field. A few volleys brought a cadaverous clay-eater out of the house proclaiming his loyalty to the Union, the invariable plea of the bushwhacker when caught red-handed. He was promptly made a prisoner, and the firing went merrily on.

In some way the barn and hay took fire and soon the flames leaped to the dwelling-house, and from there to a number of wheat stacks near by. Then the bushwhackers climbed out and saved themselves as best they could. Some of them ran within range of Manning's guns, and others fled for their holes in the near-by rugged hills. The place was a rendezvous for thieves and cut-throats, and the wheat, corn, and hay had been gathered and cribbed and stacked there for their winter supply.

From here we moved to Pineville, and camped for the night. The next day we reached Neosho late in the afternoon. When within a mile of town, I ordered Lieutenant Moore, with the advance guard, to dash forward and pick up such of the enemy as he might find lying around loose. Moore, true as the needle to the pole, moved rapidly down the road and into town so quickly that the Rebel ladies had not time to conceal the few bushwhackers or Confederates who were prowling about.

Most of them, however, hearing the racket incident

to a cavalry company moving at full speed, had time to mount their horses and get away,—in fact all of them, if I remember correctly, except one belated captain who was running at full speed down one of the principal streets, with Lieutenant Moore on a fleet horse not twenty paces in his rear. Moore could have disabled or killed him easily, but preferred to capture him. The captain's *fiancée*, a most beautiful little Rebel girl, standing on the sidewalk and seeing her gallant captain in danger of being captured, ran out and threw herself immediately in front of Moore's horse and brought him to a halt; and that gave the Rebel captain time to make good his escape. It has always been a question in my mind whether it was the danger of running over the young lady or her charming beauty that brought the Lieutenant so suddenly to a halt.

From Neosho we moved on to Carthage and there could hear only wild rumors concerning our train. One report was that it had been captured by Stand Watie and the bushwhackers over on the military road. Another was that it had been attacked and driven by way of Lamar to Springfield, Missouri. So I called a halt at Carthage and sent Lieutenant Manning north to the Lamar Road, and Lieutenant Moore west to the military road, and awaited their return.

CAVALRY FIGHT AT CARTHAGE, NOVEMBER 20, 1862

While encamped in the old court-house square at Carthage about one o'clock on the morning of November 20, the notorious bushwhacker, Tom Livingston, attacked our picket of seven men a mile from camp, with about one hundred men. The picket fired one volley and immediately started at full speed for camp. I had previously instructed them if attacked to come in at the southwest corner of the public square, where I would meet them.

My troops were sleeping on their arms and as soon as the pickets fired, I moved eighty men to the point

designated and formed them in line across the street. The enemy followed our pickets at full speed and both parties were firing as they came. I reserved the fire from my line until our men passed, and then levelled a volley at the bunch of bushwhackers, who had been brought to a halt suddenly within a few paces of our line. While they were turning their horses and trying to get away, we gave them another volley which emptied a number of saddles. How many were killed and wounded we had no means of knowing, but four of their men, too badly wounded to be removed, were left in our hands.

During the night the scouting parties returned, and Lieutenant Moore reported that he had found the lost train in camp on Spring River twenty miles west of Carthage. They had been lying idle for ten days, while the army at the front was short of rations. The next morning Lieutenant Manning having returned from Lamar, I moved west and, arriving at the train in the evening, assumed command and issued the order of march for six o'clock the next morning.

In conversation with Captain Conkey of the Third Wisconsin Cavalry, who had commanded the escort for the train from Fort Scott to Spring River, I found that on arriving there, Captain Morton, a quartermaster, had assumed command and held the train in camp for ten days. He was living in regal style — *à la Schah de Perse* — and did not concern himself about his imaginary subjects, the army at the front.

When six o'clock, the hour of march, came the next morning, the train-mules had not been hitched to the wagons, Morton's tents were still standing, his outfit asleep, and their breakfast in embryo. Captain Gardner, the officer of the day, a real soldier, rode over, called him up, and asked if he did not receive the order of march the night before. "Yes," he said, "but I want it understood right now that I am in command of this train, and it will not move until I say the word."

I was sitting on my horse some distance away, waiting to hear the cause of delay, when Captain Gardner rode up and told me. We rode over to Morton's tent, and called him out. I asked him about what was said to Captain Gardner.

"Yes," he said, "I claim to be in —"

"That's enough, I said, "and if I hear another word from you about commanding this train, I will tie you behind a wagon from here to the camp of the division." Then I ordered Gardner to move the train, and if Morton and his outfit were not in line when the rear-guard moved, to leave them back to take care of themselves.

Morton's tents went down as if by magic and his baggage-wagon and other paraphernalia dropped in the rear just in time to save themselves. Thereafter, from this camp to the army in Arkansas, we had no further trouble. I moved the train at the rate of twenty-five miles per day, over a rough road, without the loss of a man, mule, or wagon.

In a skirmish with the notorious Fay Price of Southwest Missouri, I had one man slightly wounded, but Price and his bushwhackers paid dearly for it. They had secreted themselves in a cluster of trees and bushes near the road, and when the bulk of the train and troops had passed, they opened fire on what they supposed to be our rear guard. But it so happened that the gallant Captain Coleman with his company of the Ninth Kansas Cavalry was yet back, and hearing the firing he made a dash for an open field on their rear. Finding themselves almost surrounded, they broke and tried to make their escape, but Coleman was too quick for them. He captured Price and a number of prisoners, some of whom had been wounded and their horses shot from under them.

On November 26 we reached the army in Western Arkansas and received a hearty welcome from five thousand men who were out of rations.

CHAPTER VI

CAMPAIGN IN ARKANSAS

BATTLE OF CANE HILL — BATTLE OF THE BOSTON MOUNTAINS, DECEMBER 6, 1862 — BATTLE OF PRAIRIE GROVE, DECEMBER 7, 1862 — ARMISTICE REQUESTED BY GENERAL HINDMAN — REAL SOLDIERS AND POLITICAL SOLDIERS.

ON the twenty-seventh of November the Second moved with General Blunt's division to Rhea's Mills, seven miles north of Cane Hill, where the Confederate general Marmaduke and Shelby were stationed with about five thousand troops. At two o'clock on the morning of the twenty-eighth, General Blunt with four thousand of his division moved on the road to Marmaduke's camp. The night was dark, and the road almost impassable. The General's order of march for his cavalry and artillery was ill conceived, and his plan of battle was worse. He knew nothing of the enemy's actual position, and went blundering along with his artillery virtually unsupported, in the advance, and his cavalry and infantry all mixed up in the rear, and scattered and straggling back for miles along a muddy road.

Marmaduke had selected his own battle-ground and formed his line extending northward from College Hill. In front of his artillery was a deep hollow with precipitous hill-sides.

BATTLE OF CANE HILL

Blunt moved up a steep hill and out in front of Marmaduke's line with the Second Indiana battery under Captain Rabb, supported by Major Fisk with three

companies of the Second Kansas Cavalry, while the remainder of his troops were from one to three miles back. He ordered Rabb to go into battery on a hill-side and open on the enemy. While Rabb was trying to get his guns in position, the enemy opened on him, and having the range, knocked his guns, horses, and men around promiscuously. Major Fisk was wounded, and his battalion, with Rabb's, had to fall back to a new position. Had Marmaduke charged at that particular time, the day would have been lost before the battle began, because Blunt had no troops within supporting distance. The Eleventh Kansas was the nearest, and it was a mile in the rear, halted and waiting for the men to close up. Colonel Bassett and I, with six companies of the Second and Stover's guns, were in the rear of the Eleventh, and the rest of the troops were still in our rear. Colonel Cloud and I had been over that road about two weeks before, and knew the danger of the position. When Blunt went forward with Rabb's battery and Fisk's battalion, which was no support as against five thousand men, I told Colonels Ewing and Bassett that Blunt would strike the enemy in less than ten minutes, and urged them to move forward to his support. But they did not move until the Rebel batteries opened fire, when a staff officer came dashing back with orders for the Second Kansas to the front.

I took the six companies we had, passed the Eleventh, and reached the field in a few minutes. On arriving General Blunt directed me to leave one company with him, and take the other five and move rapidly to the enemy's left and, if possible, roll up his flank. In executing this order, my movements were accelerated by reason of a Rebel battery which played on my battalion until we were beyond their reach.

Marmaduke's line — cavalry, in single rank — extended northward from College Hill for over a mile without any protection for his flank. I moved down in

column of fours at a gallop, wheeled into line, sounded the charge and shattered their left into fragments. We rolled up their flank for more than a quarter of a mile, and until checked by a Rebel battery, which, in turn, was speedily silenced by Hopkins's battery, which had been sent to my support.

Meantime the remainder of our troops had reached the field and formed in the centre and on the left, with Rabb's battery in a commanding position, from which he was raining shot and shell on the Rebel battery that had played him a dance early in the morning. This battery had no superior on either side in the Civil War; and Captain Rabb in action was all that could be desired.

One by one Marmaduke's guns on his right ceased firing, and in his centre it was but a faint echo and shadow of the bravado and dazzling scenes of the early morning. The defiant Rebel yell had dwindled down to a sickly whimper and the plumed commanders seemed to be seeking places of safety. The Second Kansas and Hopkins's battery were still pounding them on the left, and our infantry was not idle in the centre.

With both flanks rolled up and his centre steadily yielding ground, Marmaduke, thinking no doubt that discretion was the better part of valor, ordered a retreat. His troops, greatly demoralized, fell back in a southerly direction to a body of timber about a half-mile from the battlefield, where he and his officers halted long enough for most of his men to find their regiments. While they were thus collecting their men, the Second Kansas and Hopkins's battery moved around on a hill west of them and renewed the fight; they again started on the retreat, with the Second on their flank and in their rear, until they reached a spur of the Boston Mountains, five miles distant, over which the road ran.

On this spur of the mountains, which was difficult

of ascent, Marmaduke halted and formed a part of his troops in line to check our advance. He stationed his artillery so as to rake the road, which made it necessary for me to halt and wait for reinforcements. In a short time General Blunt arrived with the infantry, when we took the hill by storm, and again started the Rebels on a trot with the Second at their heels.

I held the advance for two miles farther and until the Second was running short of ammunition, when Colonel Jewell and Major Campbell, with the Sixth Kansas Cavalry, came up about 4:30 P. M. and asked me to let them take the advance. The Second having been in the saddle continuously for one day and night before the battle began that morning, I was more than pleased to see the Sixth go to the front. We were then approaching Cove Creek Valley with the enemy in our immediate front, contesting every available point.

The Sixth Kansas was a good regiment, well armed and equipped, and Jewell and Campbell were first-class officers. When I sounded the recall, Jewell threw his regiment forward into line and pressed the enemy's rear-guard until they were well out in the valley. The head of Marmaduke's retreating forces was by this time probably three or four miles in advance. The valley was narrow, and the winding of the creek back and forth across the road afforded many opportunities for a skilful officer, like Joe Shelby, to form ambuscades and check his pursuers; and that is just what he did.

Colonel Jewell, after reaching the valley with a fresh regiment, got tired of being held back by what seemed to be a light rear-guard, and made up his mind, no doubt, to drive it in on the main force. Meantime Marmaduke was tired of being pursued, and ready to do anything that would give him relief. Finding a suitable place to ambush our advance, he stationed a force behind some bushes along the bank of the creek, which at that place ran parallel with the road for a

short distance; and he placed a few men in the road farther along. When Colonel Jewell saw the decoy men in the road, as I was informed, he ordered a charge; and as he and his men were passing the ambuscade, they received a volley, which killed Jewell and a number of his men, and wounded most of the others in his charging party; perhaps twenty in all.

This was the closing scene of the battle of Cane Hill, which began awkwardly, was fought and won gallantly, and ended unfortunately. The Second Kansas bivouacked in Cove Creek Valley where the battle ended, and the next day returned to Cane Hill and went into camp.

BATTLE OF THE BOSTON MOUNTAINS, DECEMBER 6, 1862

On the third of December, five days after the battle of Cane Hill, I was sent down the Cove Creek Road in the direction of Van Buren with a battalion of the Second Kansas to reconnoitre the country and ascertain, if possible, the whereabouts of the Confederate forces of Generals Hindman and Marmaduke, who were reported as advancing to attack General Blunt at Cane Hill. I reached Lee's Creek, twenty-five miles distant, late in the afternoon and met a scouting party of the enemy, which after a slight skirmish retreated southward on the Van Buren Road. Returning to Cane Hill, I reported to General Blunt at one o'clock that night.

The next day Captain Russell was sent with a battalion of the Second over the same road for a like purpose. He met the enemy's advance or outpost near Lee's Creek and skirmished with them until dark, trying to ascertain if the enemy was there in force. During the night he returned to camp and reported his discoveries to General Blunt.

On Friday morning, December 5, having been ordered by General Blunt, in person, to take a battalion of the Second and move down the Cove Creek Road

until checked by a superior force, and then reconnoitre until I learned to a certainty the strength and movements of the enemy, I left camp at daylight with selected officers and troops, and moved as directed.

About noon we met the enemy's advance guard some ten miles below where we entered the valley, and advanced cautiously, as the guard slowly retreated, until we sighted a heavy body of cavalry moving at a steady gait. From their action I knew it was the advance of Hindman's army. As they advanced, I fell back slowly, trying to determine their numbers. The winding road afforded a good opportunity for this; and as nearly as I could estimate, they had about a thousand men. Beyond them we could dimly see the head of the main column, but every movement of their advance showed that an army was behind them. Finally they halted, dismounted, and were apparently preparing to go into camp. Then we moved back about four miles to our picket post, which I strengthened with two additional companies of cavalry,—Captains Gardner and Mathews,—and then dismounted the battalion to await developments.

At dark I sent Lieutenant Moore with twenty men down the mountain road parallel with and overlooking the valley, in which the enemy was encamped. After advancing six or seven miles and reaching a viewpoint opposite the centre of the enemy's camp, he returned and reported camp-fires burning brightly up and down the valley as far as he could see. That was evidence conclusive, proof positive, that Hindman was there with a large army. After telling Captain Gardner that he would be attacked at daylight, and promising to have reinforcements there before that time, I returned to camp and reported to General Blunt at one o'clock in the morning of December 6.

Having previously become satisfied that Generals Hindman and Marmaduke had united their forces and were moving against him with at least twenty thou-

sand men, General Blunt advised General Curtis, at St. Louis, of the fact, and asked for reinforcements. General Curtis immediately directed General Herron, who was encamped near Springfield, Missouri, to move with two divisions by forced marches to Blunt's support. Herron moved promptly and kept Blunt advised of his progress.

With Hindman's army only ten miles distant, Blunt should have fallen back on the Fayetteville road until he met Herron; but he was stubborn and would not yield. He thought he could hold Hindman in check until Herron arrived, and then fight the battle near Cane Hill. I told him it was risky; that our cavalry-post in Cove Creek Valley would be driven in at daylight, unless strongly reinforced, and that would open the way for Hindman to attack him before Herron came up.

I told him that I had promised Captain Gardner, in charge of the picket-post, that he should be reinforced during the night unless the division fell back to meet Herron. I told him also that nothing short of a regiment could hold that post any length of time against Hindman's advance. The General, after considering the situation a few minutes, sent an order by me to Colonel Cloud to have the post reinforced with one hundred men and two howitzers before daylight. I delivered the order at two o'clock in the morning, and Cloud immediately repeated it to Lieutenant-Colonel Bassett of the Second Kansas, who in turn made the necessary detail, with Captain Cameron unfortunately in command. Instead of being at the picket-post, six miles distant, at daylight, Cameron with his detail of one hundred men did not leave camp until after sunrise.

Sure enough, at daylight, the post was attacked by an overwhelming force, and Captain Gardner was compelled to fall back, but he contested every foot of the ground until I reached him with a battalion of the Sec-

ond, when we checked and forced them into line. While they were forming, the remainder of the Second Kansas, and also a battalion of the Eleventh Kansas Infantry, came up, and then a fight for the possession of the hill began in earnest.

The real fighting forces on each side were about equal in numbers, and occupied all the open space available for cavalry on top of the hill or spur of the Boston Mountains. Hindman with his army was over in the valley two miles back, waiting for his cavalry to open the road, that he might advance on Cane Hill and strike Blunt, before Herron (who was yet twenty-five miles away) could arrive. My orders from General Blunt were to hold the hill at all hazards, but not to bring on a general engagement.

Colonel Shelby, who was commanding the Rebel cavalry opposed to us, as he afterwards told me, was ordered to take the hill regardless of consequences. Having fought all morning with determination and lost more than he gained, Shelby determined to change his tactics, and in the afternoon he made two unsuccessful charges, which were repulsed with heavy loss to him. Becoming desperate, General Hindman sent Colonel Emmet McDonald, the long-haired Greek of Boonsboro fame, with his regiment to lead and show Joe Shelby how to do it.

While they were forming a line for their last desperate charge, which they hoped would sweep the field clean, I dismounted five companies of the Second and formed them in line with three companies of the Eleventh Kansas Infantry, and then stationed the other five companies of the Second on the right in column of fours, ready to go left-front into line for a counter-charge; then I awaited results. Emmet and Joe had their line formed all right about six hundred yards in our front, with a few scattering trees intervening, but they seemed to hesitate in sounding the charge. Shelby had already made two charges during the day, and

was tired. But Emmet was fresh and eager for the fray. Still they did not move.

After waiting quite a while I sent Captain Russell with a few picked men, and Captain Tough with his scouts, forward to stir things up. They moved out in front of the Rebel line and opened fire. That was impudence that Southern chivalry could not endure. Some fellow from Pike County gave a whoop, which brought forth that old discordant sound known as the Rebel yell, and that in turn infused courage sufficient to enable them to make a start. At first they moved slowly, then they increased their speed until they came within forty yards of our line, when they received a most deadly volley, which stopped their music and sent many of them to the happy hunting-grounds. Those who were not killed or wounded went back faster than they came, followed closely by the reserve battalion of the Second, until the field was cleared in the other direction.

That was the end of our fighting on Saturday, December 6, and settled the question as to who were entitled to the possession of the hill. It was a hard, bloody fight in proportion to the numbers engaged, but it had to be made to save Blunt's division. Finding it impossible to open the road and cross his army over the hill to attack Blunt's division, General Hindman during the night moved forward on the wire road to Prairie Grove.

BATTLE OF PRAIRIE GROVE, DECEMBER 7, 1862

After the battle of the sixth I remained on the field with a part of the Second Kansas until eleven o'clock at night, when I was ordered to report to General Blunt at Cane Hill. On arriving at his headquarters about one o'clock on the morning of December 7, the day of the Prairie Grove battle, I found him asleep on his cot; but he awoke suddenly and moved actively until the close of the pending battle on that eventful day. I told

him of the operations at the front during the day; of the desperation of the enemy in trying to take the hill; of the cavalry charges of Colonel Shelby, repeatedly made and successfully resisted; of the last desperate charge made by Shelby and McDonald, and of our countercharge which cleared the field of the enemy except their dead and wounded. I told him also that Hindman had changed his plan of crossing over to Cane Hill and was at that moment moving north on the Fayetteville Road, evidently with the intention of getting between him and Herron.

About half-past one o'clock, just as I was concluding my report, Colonel Wickersham of the Tenth Illinois Cavalry came in and reported sixteen hundred cavalry from Herron's two divisions. Without considering the matter, General Blunt immediately ordered him to move due east six miles on the Hog Eye Road and attack Hindman vigorously on the flank. Wickersham had just completed a forced march of ninety miles and he told the General that his men and horses must have rest and something to eat. General Blunt then changed his order and sent a staff officer to show him where to camp and see that he was supplied with rations and forage.

Later, during the night, General Blunt sent Colonel Richardson with the Fourteenth Missouri Cavalry and Captain Conkey's company of the Third Wisconsin Cavalry, with instructions to attack Hindman's column at any available point. Richardson moved promptly, but before reaching the enemy he met Captain Coleman of the Ninth Kansas Cavalry with his company, who had been on picket at the junction of the Hog Eye and Fayetteville Roads, and driven back by the advance of Hindman's army. Richardson then halted and reported the situation to General Blunt, who immediately ordered Colonel Judson with the Sixth Kansas Cavalry and two howitzers to reinforce Richardson and attack Hindman. Judson did not

reach the Fayetteville Road until about eight o'clock in the morning, when the rear of Hindman's army was passing, and his advance fighting Herron at Prairie Grove.

After reporting to General Blunt at one o'clock A. M., I returned to the front, and at daylight on the morning of the seventh I was on the hill where the fighting had ceased the evening before. Everything was quiet and the enemy was nowhere to be seen. At nine o'clock in the morning I heard Judson's howitzers apparently about three miles to the north on the Fayetteville Road. I was satisfied then, as I now know, that he was shelling Hindman's rear-guard.

Blunt's baggage train, escorted by Salomon's brigade, had been ordered to Rhea's Mills as a place of safety. About ten o'clock the brigade of Colonel Wickersham was started from Cane Hill in the direction of Prairie Grove where Herron's two divisions were fighting Hindman's whole army. The Second Kansas was left at the front until eleven o'clock, when the regiment moved and passed through Cane Hill at twelve. *en route* for the battlefield.

Prairie Grove was about eight miles northeast of Cane Hill, and Rhea's Mills seven miles northwest. By mistake Wickersham, followed by Weer's brigade, took the road to Rhea's Mills and lost a considerable amount of time in reaching the battlefield; but when they did get there they made up for lost time. Cloud's brigade, which was the last to leave Cane Hill, took the right road and reached the field in advance of the two brigades that had started earlier.

Herron's infantry and artillery and a part of his cavalry had reached Fayetteville late the night before, and pushed resolutely forward to join General Blunt. From Fayetteville his cavalry, except Wickersham's brigade (which was with Blunt), took the advance and on reaching Illinois Creek at the northeast corner of Prairie Grove, ran into the flower of Hindman's cavalry, under Marmaduke and Joe Shelby.

Herron's cavalry was taken completely by surprise, and for an hour held the hot end of the poker as a penalty for their carelessness. They were driven back to the infantry with a loss of about three hundred men, killed, wounded, and captured. But this mishap was not entirely attributable to the carelessness of the officers. They were expecting every moment to meet Blunt's division, instead of Hindman's army.

When Shelby struck Herron's infantry he saw another sight. The race then was in the other direction. Herron moved steadily forward with his infantry and artillery, crossed the Illinois Creek, and opened the battle of Prairie Grove in earnest. From eleven o'clock in the morning until two o'clock in the afternoon, with his two divisions of seven thousand men, he was fighting Hindman's army of twenty thousand.

A considerable part of Hindman's infantry, however, was rather weak, and depended largely for success on what was known as the Rebel yell. That yell early in the war had more or less effect on green troops, but it had long since ceased to be potent in the West.

Herron's batteries of artillery, being planted on available ground, sent forth a deadly fire of shot, shell, and canister, alternately, as occasion required. His solid veteran regiments of infantry moved forward to close range and poured in volley after volley, until the Rebel brigades, one after another, began to weaken. Facing an army of about three to one in numbers, he held his position until Blunt's division reached the field and formed on his right.

That brought General Hindman to a sense of his misery. It was just what he had been manœuvring for three days to avoid. His first plan was to attack Blunt at Cane Hill and defeat him before Herron came up. Failing in that, his next plan was to attack Herron and defeat him before Blunt could reach the field. Failing in that, he was now face to face with a condition.

Blunt was there with his division rapidly swinging into line. On his right was Colonel Wickersham's

cavalry brigade, consisting of the Tenth Illinois, First Iowa, Eighth Missouri, and Second Wisconsin. On Wickersham's left was Colonel Weer's brigade, consisting of the Tenth Kansas Infantry, the Thirteenth Kansas Infantry and a detachment of the Third Indian, with Captain Tenney's battery on Weer's right. On Weer's left were Colonel Cloud's brigade, the Eleventh Kansas Infantry, the Second Kansas Cavalry, dismounted, and the First Indian, dismounted, with the batteries of Captains Rabb and Hopkins to the left-rear of Blunt's line. To the left of Cloud's brigade was Herron's right and in the centre were Stover's howitzers.

To meet this force General Hindman brought up his entire reserve, consisting of the divisions of Generals Frost and Parsons, and also a part of Marmaduke's division, dismounted. The Rebel line was vastly superior to ours in point of numbers, but not otherwise. Hindman, with twenty thousand men, had got the worst of the fight with Herron before we reached the field; and he and his officers were in disgrace in their own estimation. Blunt had allowed Hindman to pass around and throw his army against Herron, who was coming to his relief, and he felt chagrined and desperate.

No two lines faced each other on the battlefield during the Civil War, with more fiendish delight and devilish determination, than did these contending forces, from three o'clock in the afternoon until after dark, in the battle of Prairie Grove. From the beginning, it was give and take; a square stand-up and knock-down fight. For three hours the roar of cannon, the crash and bursting of shell, the rattle of musketry and the shrieks of the wounded were simply appalling. At one time the fire was so hot that Colonel Wattle's battalion of Indians on my left broke and fled to the rear, leaving a gap between my battalion and Herron's right, which was speedily occupied by the Rebels, and

for a while I was under a heavy fire from the front and flank at the same time. But this lasted only long enough for the Twentieth Iowa on Herron's extreme right to make a half-wheel and put in a few volleys that cleared the space. With great fury the battle raged all along the line.

About sunset a Rebel brigade made a desperate charge in the face of musketry and canister. They were mowed down in swaths with bullets and canister, as they advanced. In this awful situation they sought shelter behind some hay ricks and straw stacks, where they huddled like sheep, until Captain Rabb fired the hay and straw with hot shot, when they were compelled to retreat under a galling fire. This was perhaps the bloodiest part of the field. At least the great number of Confederate dead and wounded that lay piled in heaps, gave evidence of a terrific slaughter.

Just before this last charge was made by the enemy, Rabb and Hopkins had moved their batteries forward in line with the infantry. A short distance to my right Stover's howitzers were in position. As the enemy advanced, this artillery — twelve guns — opened with canister. It was Hindman's forlorn hope, his last effort; and from a military point of view, the charge should not have been made. He should have known that the attempt would plunge his men into the very jaws of death. If he did not know it before, he found it out later, to his sorrow. When this last encounter ended, the moon was shining brightly, and Blunt's forces were in line where they had been when they went into action.

Hindman's forces having fallen back a mile or more over the hill, Blunt moved his division back a short distance on the prairie and bivouacked for the night, expecting to renew the battle at daylight. During the night he removed his train from Rhea's Mills to Fayetteville and brought up Salomon's brigade of fresh troops that had not been in action during the day. He

also brought on to the field a good many stragglers and straggling companies, which, under one pretence or another, had dodged the battle. He also reorganized his troops for the battle of the next day.

His plan was to draw Hindman out on to the open prairie, so as to give his cavalry a free rein. Every detail for a renewal of the battle was arranged, and the troops — Blunt's division and Herron's — were ready to go into action at daylight on the morning of the eighth. But at daylight there was an unusual silence in the direction of Hindman's camp. A few solitary horsemen could be seen here and there, but no sign of an army in readiness for battle.

ARMISTICE REQUESTED BY GENERAL HINDMAN

About sunrise, when our troops were ready to move into line of battle, General Marmaduke appeared before General Herron's headquarters, under a flag of truce, and requested an interview and armistice for General Hindman. Not caring to grant the request without consulting General Blunt, Herron informed Marmaduke that he would communicate with Blunt and if agreeable to him, they would meet Hindman at ten o'clock that morning. Marmaduke returned to Hindman's headquarters and Herron came over to see Blunt.

At first they were both averse to granting either an interview or an armistice. They both wanted to finish the battle that day, and bury the dead afterwards. But Marmaduke had told Herron that many of their wounded were still on the field, suffering, and he wanted time to remove them. So they finally concluded to grant the interview.

At ten o'clock they met in the open field, midway between the two lines, and the parley began. When they first met, Hindman and Marmaduke were full of fight, and nothing but "poor, suffering humanity, spread over yonder bloody field, prevented them from

renewing the battle at daylight that morning." Little did they know the temper and bulldog tenacity of the two Generals, Blunt and Herron.

After rattling along for a few minutes on the line of humanity, with a mixture of bluff and braggadocio occasionally thrown in, General Hindman became eloquent, and branched out into a wide field of oratory and the art of war, foreign to the subject-matter under consideration, when General Blunt brought him up on a round turn.

It became apparent to Blunt and Herron that Hindman was simply trying to kill time, and Blunt was not slow in telling him so. He asked Hindman if he had not taken his wounded off the field the night before, as he (Blunt) had done; and if not, why? General Hindman replied that they had removed a part of their wounded but it was so dark that many could not be found. "Besides," he said, "it is barbarous to fight over so many dead bodies." "Yes," replied Blunt, "but war is barbarous, and the sooner we close this battle, the less barbarity we shall have. How much time do you want?" Hindman replied that he would like to have all day and then renew the battle the next morning. Blunt said, "No, General; it is now eleven o'clock and I will give you until twelve, noon." Hindman then came down off his lofty pinnacle and begged for more time, when Blunt and Herron finally agreed that they would give him until four o'clock P. M. With that understanding the interview closed, and the several generals returned to their respective commands.

At that moment Hindman's infantry and artillery were fifteen miles from the field under full retreat on the road to Van Buren. His troops started on the retreat about one o'clock that morning, and Hindman and Marmaduke were playing false to save their army. Possibly under Confederate ethics, their treachery was excusable; but under ordinary rules of civilized war-

fare, such conduct would be regarded as dishonorable among soldiers, and disreputable among gentlemen.

Before Hindman's troops began to leave the field after the battle, they built rousing camp-fires and left them burning. That was legitimate tactics. But coming under a flag of truce and begging, for the sake of humanity, a suspension of hostilities, in order to bury their dead and care for their wounded, and then running away and leaving that work for our troops to perform, was at least tricky, if not heartless.

From the armistice conference, Generals Hindman and Marmaduke, after their requests had been granted by Blunt and Herron, rode back through the field, where their dead were lying all round and their wounded suffering and begging for water and medical treatment, without stopping to make any provision for them. They assembled their detachments of cavalry which had been held back as a rear-guard and immediately left the field.

Our troops buried the Confederate dead and gathered up their wounded and conveyed them to hospitals where they were properly cared for.

REAL SOLDIERS AND POLITICAL SOLDIERS

As a general, Hindman was not a Stonewall Jackson. Previous to this battle, where he fought and ran away, he was encamped with more than twenty thousand men in the vicinity of Dripping Springs and Lee's Creek, twenty-five or thirty miles south of Cane Hill. General Blunt, with not more than seven thousand, was encamped around Cane Hill. General Herron, with seven thousand men, was encamped along Wilson's Creek near Springfield, Missouri, ninety miles away. After the battle of Cane Hill, General Hindman formed a junction with General Marmaduke's forces, and, as everybody knew, was preparing to attack Blunt before reinforcements could reach him.

But he did not do it. He let the opportunity go by,

as I have already shown, and then in a hesitating sort of way concluded to regain lost opportunities by attacking Herron while Blunt was yet at Cane Hill. This would have been a good stroke, if Marmaduke or Joe Shelby had been in command; but with Hindman at the helm, it was simply another lost opportunity. Had the cavalry success of the early morning been supported by the infantry and artillery, Herron would have been repulsed, or fighting on the defensive, before he crossed the Illinois Creek. But Hindman, the politician, was apparently afraid to leave the hill, and hence lost another opportunity.

The real soldier and the political soldier do not blend. The soldier strikes when the iron is hot; the politician hesitates, hides in the brush, and reconnoitres for a safe line of retreat. Both armies had an oversufficiency of such officers, and as a result many a brave soldier lost his life. Hindman was simply one of many; but he was a frightful example.

After the conference under a flag of truce, whereby it was agreed that hostilities should cease until 4 P. M., he rode away like a plumed knight returning from a victorious field.

It required no field-glass to see the dark frowns of disgust and contempt all over the resolute faces of Marmaduke and Shelby, who had opened the battle with Herron the previous morning under such favorable auspices. It required no ear-trumpet to hear the lightning-like adjectives that flew from one to another, when those war-scarred veterans were ordered by Hindman to sound the assembly, furl their flags, fold their tents, muffle their wheels, and steal silently away. They would have scorned to violate the obligations of an agreement made under a flag of truce.

But not so with Hindman. With him, anything was fair in war. Even treachery and the sacrifice of his word and honor, plighted amid the dead bodies of his own brave soldiers, which lay scattered over the field.

Such were the closing scenes of the battle of Prairie Grove. When four o'clock came, the time set for the battle to be renewed, Hindman and his army were only touching the high places as they went splashing down Cove Creek Valley and bounding over the Boston Mountains, twenty-six miles away.

After burying the dead and caring for the wounded of both armies, General Blunt's troops returned to their camps at Cane Hill and Rhea's Mills; and General Herron went into camp on the battlefield.

Hindman fell back fifty miles to the Arkansas River and went into winter quarters at Fort Smith and Van Buren. Marmaduke, Shelby, and McDonald, with their cavalry, moved down the river forty to sixty miles, and camped among plantations where forage and provisions were plentiful.

This was thought by many to be the close of the campaign, but it was not so.

CHAPTER VII

RAID ON VAN BUREN

CAPTURE OF FOUR STEAMBOATS — PURSUIT OF REBELS IN SOUTHWEST MISSOURI.

ON the twenty-sixth of December, Blunt and Herron moved with eight thousand men, three batteries of artillery, and three sections of mountain howitzers, on an expedition to Van Buren and Fort Smith, in the vicinity of which General Hindman was encamped. The first night they camped on Lee's Creek, twenty-five miles south of Cane Hill. The next morning the command moved at daylight with Colonel Cloud's brigade in advance, the Second Kansas Cavalry leading.

At Dripping Springs, on our line of march, fourteen miles north of Van Buren, a regiment of Texas cavalry was encamped with a forage train of forty wagons. On approaching this Rebel camp I was sent forward with five companies of the Second to drive in the pickets and stir up the "bowie-knife" regiment generally.

The colonel commanding knew of our coming, but did not know in what force. He was camped west of the Van Buren Road, on the south side of what had been a corn-field with a low rail-fence around it. He had opened alternate panels of the fence near his camp, and formed one battalion, mounted in line of battle along the fence inside the field. Most of his tents had been struck and, with his baggage, etc., loaded in wagons which he had started early in the morning on a run for Van Buren. The other battalion had been sent out in rear of his train and stood in line across the road about a half-mile south.

When I came over the hill with my battalion from the north, in advance of all our troops, I took in the situation at a glance. To the west of the road, on the farther side of the field and about five hundred yards distant, stood this Texas battalion in line. Without halting, I threw my battalion into columns of companies and thence forward into line, which brought me face to face with the Texas battalion in the field, with a rail-fence between us.

The fence was about one hundred yards in my front, and without waiting to remove the rails I ordered the battalion to sling carbines and drew pistols. Then I ordered the bugler to sound the trot. I was a few paces in front of the battalion and when my horse reached the fence, we went over without touching. In an instant the battalion struck the fence abreast and the rails flew in every direction, but the men and horses went over without an accident and without halting. The line moved straight forward at a steady trot, every man with pistol in hand. At the proper time I swung around to the rear of the battalion and ordered the bugler to sound the charge. When within about forty paces our men opened fire, and the Texas battalion broke and went back through the panels of the fence that had previously been laid down, and retreated in disorder to the other battalion a half-mile in the rear.

Just then Colonel Cloud with the other battalion of the Second dashed past on the main road, and reaching the Texas battalion in line across the road, broke them with a charge which was repeated time and again until he began to pass the wagons; and then it was a running cavalry fight over a rough country until Cloud had captured thirty-eight of the enemy's wagons loaded with camp and garrison equipage.

When Cloud passed to the front, Lieutenant-Colonel Bassett came up and took command of my battalion, and instead of joining Cloud on the main road, moved off on a bypath and became entangled in a dense forest. This kept us out of the fight from Drip-

ping Springs to within a mile of Van Buren. There we rejoined Cloud and participated in a skirmish at Log Town, which was the last stand made by the Texas regiment on that eventful day. When they broke at Log Town, the men rushed pell-mell down a cut road along the side of a steep hill into the head of Van Buren Street, which led straight to the river. That was the last we saw of the "bowie-knife" regiment.

CAPTURE OF FOUR STEAMBOATS

Log Town was a village of a dozen shanties, standing on a high hill overlooking Van Buren and the beautiful Arkansas valley, with Fort Smith dimly seen five miles away. Here we captured the last but one of their forty wagons; and over in the river, in full view, lay four fine steamboats loaded with supplies for Hindman's army.

The enemy having vanished after the Log Town skirmish, Colonel Cloud ordered his regiment forward down the hill, and then down Van Buren Street, in column of companies, at a swift gallop to the river. Meantime the ferry-boat, crowded with Confederate officers, was in midstream pulling for the south shore, and the steamboats were steering down the river. One had got up stream and was a half-mile away, while the others were not so far from shore. Colonel Cloud seeing the situation, ordered Stover with his howitzers forward at a run and opened on the ferry-boat, stopping it in midstream; but the Rebel officers and men aboard leaped into the river and made good their escape.

While this was going on, I moved my battalion rapidly down the north bank of the river, and throwing one company after another into line opposite three of the steamers, opened on the pilots and brought them in. The other boat by this time was rounding the bend a mile and a half southeast of Van Buren, where the river turns and runs northward for about a mile.

At this critical moment Cloud came up with Stover's

howitzers, and having been informed as to the bend in the river and the cut-off road, ordered me to bring my battalion, and started with Stover's howitzers, under whip and spur, across the bend to head off the boat. The distance to the north bend in the river from where the steamboat then was, and from our starting point, was about the same. So it was a sure-enough race. Like Hindman's retreat from Prairie Grove, the Second Kansas only touched the high places. Stover's horses and howitzers were in the air quite as much as on the ground, but we were there in time. When we whirled into line facing the river, the boat, under a heavy pressure of steam, was about six hundred yards away. It was puffing, heaving, and setting as though the life of the Confederacy were at stake.

At the proper distance Colonel Cloud directed Lieutenant Stover to level one of his guns and send a shot across the bow. This was the first intimation the captain of the boat had that he was still in durance vile. Another shot brought him to, and he rounded his boat near to shore and threw out the gangway. Colonel Cloud, with a guard of twenty men, went on board, took possession of the boat, pulled down the Confederate flag and steamed up the river to Van Buren. I returned overland with my battalion and Stover's howitzers, and picked up *en route* the last of the enemy's forty wagons, which had left Dripping Springs that morning.

In passing through Van Buren in the evening, General Hindman, across the river, turned a battery on my battalion and one of his shells exploded over our heads, killing one man and wounding a number of horses, my own horse included. The next day Colonel Cloud was ordered with his regiment on a reconnoitring expedition down the river for a distance of twenty-five miles, and we did not return until ten o'clock at night.

During the day Generals Blunt and Herron had

burned the captured steamers to the water's edge and started back on the return to Cane Hill and Prairie Grove. The Second camped at Van Buren that night and left the next morning, bringing up the rear. The next night we camped at Dick Oliver's ranch on Lee's Creek, and the next afternoon we reached our old camp at Cane Hill. This was the close of the campaign of 1862, which, from the day General Blunt left Fort Scott, until he returned from Van Buren, was in every way a complete success.

On the thirty-first of December, General Schofield, having returned from sick-leave, again assumed command of the Frontier Army and ordered Blunt's division to Elm Springs and Herron's two divisions to Fayetteville, Arkansas. On the first of January, 1863, I was detailed on a General Court-martial which convened at Fayetteville on January 2, and held sessions at Huntsville, Arkansas, Cassville, Flat Rock, and Springfield, Missouri. On March 12, 1863, our Court-martial was dissolved, and the officers composing the same were sent back to their respective regiments.

The Second Kansas was then at Springfield, and Colonel Cloud was commanding the Southwest District of Missouri. Lieutenant-Colonel Bassett and Majors Blair and Fisk were on detached service; so, being the ranking officer present, I assumed command of the regiment. Having been in winter quarters since early in January, the regiment was not in proper condition for active service. My first effort was to call in the men who were absent on furlough or detached service, and next, to secure horses for a remount of the regiment. These two important matters having been accomplished, the Second Kansas Cavalry was again ready for the field.

PURSUIT OF REBELS IN SOUTHWEST MISSOURI

On the eighteenth of May I received an order from Colonel Cloud, commanding the Southwest District of

Missouri, to be in readiness to move the next morning on an expedition against General Stand Watie and Colonel Coffey of Confederate fame, who were ravaging the country in the vicinity of Neosho and Carthage.

On the morning of the nineteenth, I moved as directed and reached Dug Springs, twenty-five miles distant, in the evening. When within about three miles of these springs, I took Dr. Root, Chaplain Wines, and one of our scouts, and moved forward to select a suitable place for camping. Having selected the ground on which to camp, we all dismounted at one of the springs near the road to wait for the command to come up,—all except our scout, who, being familiar with that part of the country, felt perfectly at ease. In a few minutes, however, we saw a party of four men and two women in the valley but a short distance from us. Being accompanied by women, we naturally took them to be Union people going from Cassville to Springfield, and thought no more of it. But our scout was not so easily satisfied. He rode out within speaking distance of them, and getting no satisfaction, called to me, “Come over!”

We looked and saw that they were dressed in the bushwhacker’s garb, and seemed to be heavily armed and well mounted. There were four of us; but our chaplain and Dr. Root had no guns. We mounted our horses and rode directly up to them with pistols in hand. I asked the leader of the party who they were and where they belonged. Receiving what I regarded as an evasive answer, I then said, “Consider yourselves prisoners of war. Dismount and hand your guns to that man,” pointing to Dr. Root.

The leader, who had nerve, said, “No,” and reached for his pistol. That left me no alternative but to fire, which I did, striking a rib on his left side. We then both fired the same instant and, on account of our

fractious horses, both missed. My next shot went through his thigh, and his second grazed my cheek. He then wheeled his horse and tried to escape, but was speedily brought back, badly, but not dangerously, wounded. The other three men surrendered, and all were sent back to Springfield the next morning as prisoners.

Subsequent to this episode, Colonel Cloud arrived with the remainder of his brigade, and during the evening informed his officers of the object and purpose of the expedition. His plan of campaign was to move to Bentonville, Arkansas, and cut off the retreat of the Rebels operating around Neosho and Carthage. We made a forced march from Dug Springs to Bentonville and thence to Pineville, Missouri, where we bivouacked during the night of May 21.

On the twenty-second we moved to Neosho where we struck a body of Stand Watie's men, who formed in a valley west of town and made a demonstration as though they were spoiling for a fight. Stand Watie was there in person, with feathers in his cap, thinking that it was Pin Indians he had to fight. While he was forming his braves in line, Colonel Cloud pushed forward a section of Rabb's battery on a low hill within easy range of Stand Watie's position, but hidden from view. Then sending a battalion of Missouri cavalry around on his left and a battalion of the Second Kansas to his right, he opened fire with his artillery. That took the breath out of the Indians. They did not stand on the order of going; they simply flew down the valley, past Seneca, and thence onward, right onward, into the Spavin Hills.

I changed front, and was in readiness to give them a volley as they passed, but the Missouri troops were so close on their heels, that I dared not fire. This was the end of Stand Watie in Missouri for many moons. From the Spavin Hills, he threw himself under the

protecting wings of General Cooper, south of the Arkansas.

From the scene of this ludicrous display, Colonel Cloud moved on to Diamond Grove where he separated his command by taking most of the cavalry and going west in pursuit of Colonel Coffey, who was then encamped on Shoal Creek south of where Joplin now stands, and sending me with one battalion and the artillery northward in the direction of the Lamar Road. The Colonel struck Coffey where he expected, and after a running fight of several miles drove him across Shoal Creek into the jungle east of Spring River, where at that time, the wolves, bushwhackers, and all sorts of vermin made themselves at home. After reconnoitring the country north of Spring River, I rejoined Colonel Cloud at Carthage and accompanied him back to Springfield.

All in all, the expedition was both pleasant and successful. It was very like chasing jack rabbits on the plains, and fraught with about as much danger. Of all the makeshifts and disreputable, false pretenders that ever hung on the flanks of a respectable army, Stand Watie and his gang were the worst. As soldiers, they were cowards, thieves, and cut-throats. They would skulk and hide in the brush when the battle was on, and when it was over they would sneak on to the field and murder and scalp our wounded. When caught out alone, one shot from Stover's howitzers would put a thousand of them to flight, and two shells would send Stand Watie's whole brigade back to Boggy Depot.

And yet such men as Generals Price, Kirby Smith, Marmaduke, and Joe Shelby permitted them to prowl in their rear and disgrace their troops. Such barbarians should not have been permitted to camp even among the wild tribes of the plains, much less among civilized soldiers. But such was their custom and such a custom helped to bring disaster to those who tolerated it.

CHAPTER VIII

EXPEDITION TO CHOCTAW NATION — CAPTURE OF FORT SMITH

BATTLE OF PERRYVILLE — BATTLE OF THE BACKBONE MOUNTAINS, SEPTEMBER 1, 1863 — OCCUPYING FORT SMITH — ADIEU TO THE SECOND KANSAS CAVALRY.

ON the last day of December, 1862, Generals Blunt and Herron closed their brilliant campaign of the year at Van Buren, on the Arkansas River, in sight of Fort Smith. But then they were far from their base of supplies, and deemed it advisable to move back to Springfield, Fort Scott, and Fort Gibson for winter quarters.

When Blunt and Herron moved back to winter quarters, the Confederate forces again moved up and occupied Little Rock, Fort Smith, and Fort Davis, on the south side of the Arkansas River. General Holmes commanded at Little Rock, General Cabell at Fort Smith, and General Cooper at Fort Davis, with Stand Watie's Indians scattered over the Indian Territory in search of something to eat.

General Blunt was at Fort Scott preparing for a summer campaign south of the Arkansas. During the winter and early spring, nothing, from a military point of view, was doing. But on July 6, General Blunt left Fort Scott with a part of the Army of the Frontier and arrived at Fort Gibson, July 11. On the sixteenth he crossed the Arkansas River, and on the seventeenth attacked General Cooper at Honey Springs in the Creek country. After a sharp engagement of two hours, he routed and drove the Confederate forces from the field with heavy losses. A few hours after the bat-

tle, and while on the retreat southward, General Cooper was reinforced by General Cabell from Fort Smith, with a brigade of cavalry and four pieces of artillery; but they did not return to the battlefield. After a brief consultation, they moved on to the Canadian River to await reinforcements *en route* from Texas.

General Blunt camped on the battlefield until the next day, when he moved back to Fort Gibson to prepare for an expedition through the Choctaw Country to Fort Smith, Arkansas. On arriving at Fort Gibson, he sent orders to Colonel Cloud at Springfield, and others of his old division, to join him at that place. Cloud's brigade consisted of the Second Kansas Cavalry, the Sixth Missouri Cavalry, the First Arkansas Infantry, the Second Indiana battery, and Stover's howitzers. When the order was received to join Blunt at Fort Gibson, Cloud's brigade was in the field in Southwest Missouri and Northwest Arkansas. Concentrating at Fayetteville, we marched by way of Tahlequah and arrived at Gibson on August 21.

While General Blunt was concentrating his troops at Fort Gibson for a forward movement, Generals Cooper and Cabell were encamped on the Canadian River. After resting a few days, General Cabell took his brigade and returned to Fort Smith, leaving Cooper at the mercy of the elements and the enemy. However, he had not long to wait. General Gano, a fighting officer, moved to his relief with a brigade of fighting soldiers, and they were more soothing to the nerves of the poor old gentleman. He immediately moved his war-scarred veterans across the river at Briartown and held them in readiness to hit the road for the "big drift" on the lightest intimation that Blunt was coming. Gano was a gallant soldier. He knew how, and was not afraid to fight. But Cooper — well, he had missed his calling. Besides, his troops were an uncertain quantity in action. His comrades and the Confederacy should look with compassion upon his blunders.

General Blunt's forces having assembled at Fort Gibson, he took about five thousand men, cavalry, artillery, and infantry, and moved in pursuit of General Cooper. At noon on August 24, he reached Briartown on the Canadian River, and found Cooper camped on the south side about two miles distant.

Soon after we arrived, General Blunt's scouts came in and reported a Confederate train of three hundred wagons at Perryville, forty-five miles away. Within an hour after receiving this report General Blunt directed me to take the Second Kansas Cavalry, a part of the Third Wisconsin Cavalry, and a part of the Fourteenth Kansas Cavalry, with a section of artillery, and swing around Cooper to the west by way of North Fork Town and then make a forced march to Perryville.

I moved at three o'clock and reached North Fork Town at 6 P. M., where I captured and destroyed a quantity of Confederate quartermaster's stores and artillery ammunition. At dark I crossed the Canadian River, knocked Colonel McIntosh's regiment to pieces, and took the road to Perryville. At eleven o'clock I captured Major Vore — a Confederate paymaster — his ambulance, escort of ten men, and forty thousand dollars of Confederate money, with which he was going up to pay the regiment I had a few hours before sent glimmering through the dark forest of the North Canadian.

I told Major Vore, who seemed to be an all round clever gentleman, that he might as well go along with me, because I had anticipated his coming, and taken the precaution to drive McIntosh's troops into the jungle, where omniscience would not find them, nor omnipotence put them together again. He replied in substance that he was pleased to go with me; and then said that he felt it his duty to tell me that I was plunging right into the jaws of death. I replied, "Yes, that suits me. But before plunging, I should be pleased to know

whether it is the jaws of Cooper or Bankhead." "Neither," he said. "It is the jaws of Gano, who is camped over there at the junction of this and the Briartown and Perryville roads." That was information worth having, so I prepared myself accordingly.

BATTLE OF PERRYVILLE

At two o'clock on the morning of August 25, I drove in General Gano's pickets and soon thereafter his grand guard. The night was dark, and the road was rough and almost impassable, down a steep hill through a heavy body of timber. But we finally overcame all obstacles and formed in line on the open prairie in front of Gano's camp. I had about a thousand men in line and two pieces of artillery, but it was impossible to estimate the strength of the enemy until daylight.

I had left Cooper south of the Canadian, near Briartown, the previous afternoon, and marched thirty-five miles by way of North Fork Town and back to the Perryville Road at a point fifteen miles south of Briartown. So I did not know whether Cooper had moved and formed a junction with Gano before I reached him. When daylight came I knew that Cooper was not there, and throwing a battalion back to look after him, should he come up in my rear, I moved forward and attacked Gano.

After skirmishing for perhaps an hour with no particular advantage to either side, I heard artillery in the rear and knew then that Cooper was coming. It was quite a mix-up. Gano was in my front, Cooper in my rear, and Blunt in Cooper's rear. Had Cooper moved forward promptly, he might have crowded my line out on one side or the other, because no one can very well fight an equal force in front, and at the same time a largely superior force in the rear.

But Cooper did not do this. He pulled off the main road with his whole army and passed around on the

open prairie to my left and allowed Blunt to move up within supporting distance in my rear. With Cooper off my rear I moved forward in earnest and we had a running fight to Perryville, where the enemy formed on top of the hill at the edge of the village and raked the road with artillery, until we flanked them on the right and left and drove them from their last position. It was after dark when we dislodged them at Perryville and then I followed them with the Second Kansas for quite a distance on the road to Red River.

THE BATTLE OF THE BACKBONE MOUNTAINS, SEPTEMBER 1,
1863

Resting at Perryville until noon of August 26, General Blunt moved with his division on the Fort Smith Road and arrived at Sculleyville on the evening of August 31. Here the country was rough, hilly, and much broken. General Cabell, commanding at Fort Smith, had felled trees, and otherwise obstructed the road and the crossing of the Poto River at Sculleyville. On arriving at this crossing Colonel Cloud went forward with a detachment of the Second Kansas and skirmished with the enemy until a late hour at night. The next morning the command drove the enemy steadily into and through Fort Smith, and south over the Backbone Mountains.

On top of one of the hills, called the Devil's Backbone, fifteen miles south of Fort Smith, General Cabell made his last stand. The approach to his line was up-grade through timber, in which it was difficult to manœuvre cavalry and artillery. But Colonel Cloud formed his line of battle at the base of the hill, with the Sixth Missouri Cavalry under the gallant Colonel Catherwood on the right, Rabb's battery in the centre, and the Second Kansas on the left.

The line moved forward up the hill steadily under the enemy's fire, until within close range, and then opened with Sharps rifles. At the same time, Rabb,

who had planted his battery in the road where the timber had been cut away, opened first with shell and then with canister at close range.

The enemy, firing down-grade, overshot both with their small arms and artillery. Rabb, in using shell at an elevation, made the same mistake; but when he changed to canister, there was something doing. Eight companies of the Second Kansas were fighting on foot, and I had two mounted companies on my left flank. A part of Catherwood's regiment was also dismounted. General Cabell had apparently dismounted his whole command and made his men lie down behind breastworks, composed of logs, officers' trunks, and camp kettles.

The battle raged for about two hours, with our line moving closer and closer toward the enemy, and Rabb double-charging his guns a part of the time. Finally I discovered that Cabell's right flank was unprotected, and immediately threw forward the two mounted companies from my left, and with a sudden dash put that part of his line out of business. About the same time Catherwood's regiment on the enemy's left, and our dismounted men in the centre, moved forward with a yell and sent Cabell and his men tumbling over each other down the hill and back to Dixie.

But in justice to General Cabell I must say that he tried to hold his men, and probably would have succeeded, at least for a while, had it not been for Sergt. Patrick Murphy, a witty Irishman, in a Texas regiment. Cabell, in trying to restore confidence, gave the command, "Lie down." Patrick, in the confusion, misunderstood him and instantly yelled out at the top of his voice: "And did you hear the Gineral say, 'Light out'?" Suiting his action to his words, he bounded away like a wild deer, followed by the whole command, including the General.

We doubtless would have had more or less sympathy for General Cabell, in his pitiable condition that

day, but for the fact that while forming his line of battle in the morning, he had dismounted and stationed in ambush, behind a fence close to the road on which we were approaching, a company of his troops for the purpose of assassination. When my advance guard of 40 men arrived abreast of his concealed bushwhackers, they fired a volley at close range, killing the captain and four of his men and wounding six others. This was a species of warfare to which the Second Kansas never condescended. That regiment fought in the open and was always there at the beginning and the ending, but never once did any soldier of the regiment sneak around in the brush and shoot an enemy in the back.

OCCUPYING FORT SMITH

After this battle we moved back to Fort Smith, and were the first Federal troops to occupy that city since the beginning of the Civil War. Fort Smith then, as now, was a beautiful city. The men were mostly out hunting, but the women and children were at home. They had been shamefully deceived as to the personnel of the Federal troops. Many intelligent, educated, refined ladies looked upon Federal officers and soldiers as rough, ignorant, uncouth barbarians, without any regard for truth, integrity, or virtue. For the first few days of our occupation it was pitiable to see and hear of their distress. They were afraid to venture out of their houses and afraid to stay at home without a guard.

I camped with the Second Kansas in a lovely grove at the south end of the main street. No officer or soldier was allowed to leave camp without a written pass; and the same was true of other regiments camped in and around the city. This was quite different from what the people of Fort Smith were accustomed to seeing when the Confederate troops were stationed among them.

Gradually all classes, by proper treatment, began to see that, after all, the Federal troops were not so bad as they had been represented. We were not there to make war upon women and children, or to disturb them in any way. Our purpose was to suppress the Rebellion as quickly as possible, and then go home.

ADIEU TO THE SECOND KANSAS CAVALRY

At the close of the campaign, on December 31, 1862, the line officers of the Second signed a petition to the Governor requesting my promotion to the colonelcy of that regiment, on the supposition that Colonel Cloud, by reason of his splendid military record, would be appointed a brigadier-general. But Cloud was not so fortunate, so when we returned from this last arduous campaign and captured Fort Smith, I was, by authority of the Secretary of War, tendered the colonelcy of the Eighty-third U. S. Colored Infantry. That regiment was then at Fort Smith with every company recruited to the maximum, and all the officers appointed and on duty, except the colonel.

I took a few days to consider the proposition, because:

First: It was an infantry regiment, and I preferred the cavalry.

Second: It was a colored regiment, and I preferred a white regiment.

Third: It was a new regiment, with inexperienced officers, and that meant months of tedious, hard work, drilling and preparing the regiment for field service.

Fourth: It signified that we must fight under the Black Flag, because the Confederate authorities had issued instructions to the Confederate army to spare the life of no captured white officer of a colored regiment. Those instructions, however, had no terrors for me. They simply meant a game at which two could play. But after due consideration I waived all ob-

jections and notified General Blunt that I would accept the appointment.

The next day, September 10, 1863, I bade adieu to the dear old Second Kansas, a regiment that never faltered on the field of battle. With it I had been in many hot places, broken many Rebel lines, and captured many prisoners, and quantities of arms and other munitions of war.

CHAPTER IX

THE EIGHTY-THIRD COLORED INFANTRY

CAMP LIFE AT FORT SMITH — ORDERS TO MOVE ON SHREVEPORT — BATTLE OF PRAIRIE D'ANE, APRIL 11-12, 1864 — DISGRACEFUL RETREAT OF GENERAL STEELE — SKIRMISH AT MOSCOW, APRIL 13, 1864.

ON the first of October, 1863, I was appointed by President Lincoln as Colonel of the Second Kansas Colored Infantry, afterwards numbered by the War Department as the Eighty-third U. S. Colored Infantry. On the first of November I left Fort Scott with a train of six hundred Government wagons loaded with supplies for the army at Fort Smith, Arkansas. As an escort for the train, I had the Eighty-third Colored Infantry and parts of the Third Wisconsin, and Fourteenth Kansas Cavalry with two pieces of artillery. The train and escort, when strung out on the march, covered a space of six miles, over a rough road, and a part of the time with Stand Watie's Indians and bands of bushwhackers prowling about the woods on both flanks, watching for an opportunity to capture or burn the wagons.

From Spring River south over the Boston Mountains, skirmishing was the order of the day, and sometimes fighting on both sides of the road at the same time. But on November 15 we reached Fort Smith without the loss of a wagon, and on the seventeenth I went into winter quarters on the right of the Union line.

The evening we reached Spring River the wind was blowing a gale, and the grass in the valley where we parked the train was high and dry. Among the team-

sters were about eighty ex-bushwhackers, who had taken the oath of allegiance and been released from the guard-house in Fort Scott and employed by the quartermaster, under a solemn promise that they would be good.

I had no faith in them from the start, and so notified the post-commandant at Fort Scott; but he thought otherwise, so I took them on probation. The second day out on the road, they began to feel their way and show their disposition, by twisting their teams around and occasionally breaking or upsetting a wagon, which generally would delay the wagons in the rear. Becoming satisfied as to their malicious intent, I warned them of their danger; but the leopard does not change his spots. Only a few of them profited by the advice and warning I gave them. They evidently had an understanding among themselves, and were only waiting for an opportunity to try to destroy the train.

That opportunity, as they thought, came the evening we arrived at Spring River. The train was parked in the tall grass, and orders given to each wagon-master to keep a guard over every fire while the men were cooking, and then put the fire out. This order was obeyed strictly by all, except a bunch of the ex-butter-nuts, who, all of a sudden, started three fires at the upper end, from which a heavy wind was sweeping over the whole camp.

Knowing the danger of a fire, with or without design, I had camped the Eighty-third Infantry near the danger joint, with instructions to be on the alert, and if a fire should start to lose no time in putting it out. When the fires started, Major Gilpatrick, commanding the Eighty-third, was there with five or six hundred men, and by the time the flames had begun to leap over the nearest wagons, the fire was checked, before any serious damage was done.

Anticipating trouble, I had kept my horse in readiness, and at the first cry of fire I went into the saddle

and was there quickly. When I arrived, the soldiers were exerting themselves to their utmost; using their new overcoats on the flames, while the butternut teamsters stood around in bunches, with broad grins on their faces. When I came up I told them to take the empty sacks near by and help put out the fire which was still spreading. Three or four of their leaders turned away with sneering remarks, to the effect that they did n't hire to fight fire. I replied that they would fight something else, and one after another they went down, with my old cavalry sword ringing at their ears. That settled all differences of opinion, and in less than a minute, every teamster present, except their three leaders, was doing his level best, and all worked faithfully until the fire was extinguished. From there on to Fort Smith, everything, including the slightly disabled gentlemen who "did n't hire to fight fire," worked to a charm.

CAMP LIFE AT FORT SMITH

On going into winter quarters at Fort Smith, the first thing to be done was to put the camp in order. My camp was a mile from the Fort with the Poto River on my right. The ground was slightly rolling, but level enough for a most beautiful camp, with drill and parade grounds convenient, and in every way suitable. All in all, we had a model camp, and every facility for making a model regiment.

We all knew just what we were going into. We had been told, and we believed, that President Davis had issued an order directing his army officers to take no prisoners — officers or soldiers — belonging to colored regiments. We knew of the prejudice that existed everywhere against colored troops. We knew that the prevailing opinion was that the negro as a soldier would not fight. Yet, notwithstanding all this, we assumed the risk and the responsibility and set about to do our duty.

Our camp having been established and put in order, I then prescribed a code of iron-clad rules for the good of the regiment. I knew that nothing but drill, discipline, and more drill, would fit the regiment for the field in such condition as to give every officer and soldier absolute confidence in the ability of the regiment to take care of itself under any and all circumstances. When we commenced our daily duty, on the twentieth of November, 1863, the regiment had its full quota of officers and about nine hundred enlisted men.

My rules required every officer and soldier to get up at reveille and attend roll-call in the morning; then to put their tents in order and be ready for the breakfast call. After breakfast, every week day, we had company drill in the forenoon, regimental drill in the afternoon, dress parade in the evening, and officers' school at night. Every Sunday we had inspection in the morning and dress parade in the evening. This was our daily routine, morning, noon, and night, when the weather would permit.

The line officers were told at the beginning that they must make good in drill, discipline, and military appearance, or hand in their resignations; that no drones, shirks, or incompetents would be tolerated after they had been given a reasonable time in which to qualify. As a result of these necessary proceedings, we soon had a number of vacancies.

To fill these vacancies I requested the colonels of the various white regiments in the Frontier Army to select some of the best and most competent of their fighting non-commissioned officers and soldiers, who were willing to go before a board to be examined for promotion, as officers in the Eighty-third. About sixty brave, daring young men passed the examination and were recommended by the board. From these I made a selection of bright young lieutenants, who were from time to time appointed and assigned to duty.

While thus arranging for officers who would stand

the test, we at the same time subjected the enlisted men to a careful and rigid physical examination, which resulted in the discharge of about two hundred men, leaving the material for a solid, compact regiment of over seven hundred young, athletic soldiers; with a full quota of officers who were not afraid of Davis's Black Flag. The regiment, as now organized, was composed of material out of which a real fighting regiment could be made.*

The Black Flag order of the Confederacy was a godsend to the colored regiments. Every officer and every soldier knew that it meant the bayonet, with no quarter, whenever and wherever they met the enemy. At least that was the definite understanding among the officers and enlisted men of the Eighty-third U. S.; and the regiment was drilled, and disciplined, and instructed accordingly.

After four months' steady drill and discipline in camp at Fort Smith, the Eighty-third could execute with precision every moment required of an infantry regiment. And in the manual of arms and the bayonet exercise, it had no superior in the Seventh Army Corps. And more, every officer and soldier in the regiment knew what the regiment could do; and that inspired all the confidence essential on the field of battle. When Spring opened, we were ready for the fray, and fortunately had not long to wait.

The Confederate forces under Generals Kirby Smith, Dick Taylor, Sterling Price, Marmaduke, and others, were encamped at Shreveport, Louisiana, and at Camden, Arkadelphia, and Washington in Southwest Arkansas. General Fred. Steele, commanding the Seventh Army Corps, was at Little Rock with two of his divisions. General Clayton was at Pine Bluffs, and General Thayer with the Kansas division at Fort Smith.

*See Appendix for roster of regimental officers.

ORDERS TO MOVE ON SHREVEPORT

Early in March, General Banks, with a large army, was ordered to move up Red River and take Shreveport. At the same time General Steele was ordered to move with his corps on Shreveport from the north and coöperate with Banks. The plan of action as sent out from Washington was perfect, and if it had been promptly and properly executed, it would have been a death-blow to the Confederacy west of the Mississippi.

Banks concentrated his forces at Alexandria on Red River and moved promptly. Steele delayed and parleyed with the authorities at Washington for two weeks, and until he was peremptorily ordered to move. On the twenty-third of March he left Little Rock with the Second and Third divisions of his corps, and on the twenty-fourth General Thayer moved with the First or Kansas division, expecting to join Steele at Arkadelphia.

The road from Fort Smith to Arkadelphia ran through a rough mountainous country, and was three days' march farther over the hills than by the more level road from Little Rock. So, when Steele arrived at Arkadelphia, not finding General Thayer there, he pushed on with his two divisions and soon found Price's cavalry in his front and on both flanks. Price had concentrated his cavalry along the Shreveport Road; and if Steele had given Thayer time to reach Arkadelphia, he could have pushed forward to Shreveport or formed a junction with Banks, as he preferred. With Thayer's division, Steele had about twelve thousand Western troops; an army that could have marched straight through to the Gulf, under a competent general.

The Confederates in Steele's front were not there to risk a battle. They were not in condition to fight, as they plainly showed in every skirmish. Their whole

game was one of bluff, and they played it for all it was worth. If Steele had waited at Arkadelphia for Thayer's division and then moved forward with his divisions within supporting distance of each other, nothing could have stopped him north of Shreveport. But he did not do this. Before knowing the whereabouts of the Kansas division, he strung out his other two divisions, with his cavalry in advance, and moved on.

During the first day out from Arkadelphia, Steele's rear-guard of infantry was attacked by the Confederate cavalry under Colonel Shelby, and his supply train endangered by reason of all his cavalry being in advance, and the wide intervals between his brigades. Fortunately General Rice, of Iowa, was in the rear with his brigade, but while he easily repulsed the Rebel cavalry at every point of attack, it kept his infantry on the run from one position to another to protect the train, which was strung out on the march.

The first attack was made from the brush on Gentry Creek, east of Okolona, about noon of April 2, and continued off and on until Steele reached and crossed the Little Missouri River. On the ninth of April General Thayer arrived with his division and reported to General Steele, who did not seem to know exactly "where he was at." He had been skirmishing with the Rebel cavalry for seven days, but at no one time did he have one full brigade in action. In every skirmish his troops had driven the enemy before them until they reached and crossed the Little Missouri River.

BATTLE OF PRAIRIE D'ANE, APRIL 11-12, 1864

War is a relic of barbarism and should be remanded to the dark ages. A battle is either a tragedy of the highest order, or comedy of the lowest degree. Every soldier of our Civil War knows what this means, because he has witnessed the two extremes. In writing

of battles one should not attempt to convert tragedy into comedy, nor comedy into tragedy. To do so would be as contemptible as cowardice on the field of battle.

We hear occasionally of the battle of Prairie d' Ane and of the wonderful things done on that field. I was there with my regiment in line from start to finish. Prairie d' Ane was an ideal battle-ground. The ascent from the timber on the north was gradual for a mile and a half to the centre of the prairie, and thence there was a gradual descent for about the same distance to the timber on the south. The centre of the field was comparatively level, with ample room on both flanks for the manœuvring of cavalry.

General Steele was camped with his army in the timber on the north side of the prairie, and General Price's cavalry could be seen riding about on the prairie here and there and in the edge of the timber on the south side.

On the eleventh of April General Steele moved forward, and forming his line of battle in the edge of the timber, sent forward General Salomon's division to attack the Rebel cavalry on the open prairie. After skirmishing and manœuvring with infantry against cavalry on the prairie all afternoon to little purpose, General Salomon moved back to the main line at the edge of the timber, where the army stood in line of battle until midnight, with nothing but Price's cavalry over on the other side of the prairie playing a game of bluff.

The next day General Steele moved forward with his whole force and formed a line of battle near the centre of the prairie. He had about ten thousand infantry, two thousand cavalry, and forty pieces of artillery in line, splendidly equipped and eager to move forward. But he did not move. For six hours we stood there in battle array, with nothing but Marmaduke's cavalry a mile and a half away, riding about in the edge of the timber behind a rail fence, in the corners

of which corn-fodder had been set up, showing a line of *impregnable* breastworks.

Finally, about four o'clock in the afternoon, when everybody had become disgusted with Steele's conduct, a regiment of cavalry moved forward on the right, and General Rice's brigade of infantry advanced on the left, and pricked the bubble; when the Rebel cavalry, which had held Steele back for a week, scampered off down the road, laughing in their sleeves about their corn-stalk fortifications. Not once had they appeared in force, nor had they shown the slightest intention of fighting a battle, from the first skirmish east of Okolona on the second of April, to the close of the spectacular performance at Prairie d'Ane. But all this was only the beginning of the disgraceful and humiliating scenes that followed one another in rapid succession from Prairie d'Ane to Jenkins's Ferry.

When it was definitely understood by every intelligent officer in the corps, except General Steele, that Price did not intend to fight but was simply manœuvring to prevent Steele from forming a junction with Banks, still he persisted in his vacillating course until Banks was defeated.

DISGRACEFUL RETREAT OF GENERAL STEELE

From the battlefield of Prairie d'Ane, where nobody was either killed, wounded, or marked absent without leave, General Steele, suddenly becoming panic stricken, started his army on a run over a blind road through the swamps for Camden, sixty miles east, instead of moving on south to Red River, where he could reach Banks. Night and day that magnificent army went splashing through the mud, and wading swamps and streams over a horrible road running parallel with a good road a few miles to the south.

General Price, naturally, when he heard that Steele was retreating, sent his cavalry in pursuit. They moved on the parallel road and had easy going, as

compared with Steele's forces. General Thayer's division brought up the rear of Steele's army.

SKIRMISH AT MOSCOW, APRIL 13, 1864

When near the village of Moscow, Arkansas, a part of Price's cavalry under the command of General Dockery conceived the idea of attacking General Thayer's rear-guard. The enemy made quite a spirited attack, playing the Rebel yell for all it was worth. It so happened that my regiment was well back toward the rear, and I was ordered to throw it into line and protect the Second Indiana battery, which was already in action, shelling the enemy at a distance. I simply about-faced, threw the regiment into line, moved forward in line with Rabb's battery, and stood at ready, with six hundred and fifty loaded Enfield rifles.

Pretty soon we heard the yell, and then we saw them coming like a bunch of Comanche Indians. Rabb double-shotted his guns with canister, and I held my fire until they were within close range and then a sheet of lead and canister went into their ranks which took the yell out of all, and the breath out of a good many. Our rear-guard was not again disturbed, from there to Camden. This volley, considering the ordeal through which we had passed and were then passing, was given with a sort of holy satisfaction. Nor was it the last so given, as we shall see by-and-by.

General Steele's advance reached Camden on the morning of April 15, and General Thayer's division arrived about 11 P. M. To say that this was a disgraceful retreat gives the reader, and the young men of this country who expect to be soldiers, only a vague idea of what it really was. A major-general with an army of twelve thousand well-trained, veteran soldiers who had never flinched on the field of battle, moving in support of other troops to an objective point, becoming panic stricken at the sight of a corn-stalk fortification and a few skeleton regiments, turning his

back on the enemy without a battle, and retreating for sixty miles on a dead run, was a humiliating spectacle, nauseating in the extreme. Steele had been ordered to Shreveport to coöperate with Banks's army and Admiral Porter's fleet, then moving up Red River.

General Banks, in his report on the Red River expedition * says,

On the 4th of March, the day before my command was ordered to move, I was informed by General Sherman that he had written to General Steele to "push straight to Shreveport."

In the same report General Banks further says, that on the fifth of March he was informed by General Halleck that General Steele would be directed to facilitate his operations toward Shreveport. Again, General Banks says that on the tenth of March General Steele informed him that he "would move with all his available force to Washington, Arkansas, and thence to Shreveport." This certainly was sufficient to satisfy Banks that Steele would move on Shreveport and hold at least a part of Kirby Smith's army back from him.

General Steele left Little Rock with two divisions of his army on the twenty-third of March, and reached the Little Missouri River, eight miles from the town of Washington, on April 5, an average of about seven miles per day. Had he even then pushed straight to Shreveport as ordered, he would have held a part of Kirby Smith's forces from Banks, who was fighting his way up Red River with Shreveport as his objective point.

But Steele did not see it that way. He preferred strategy to fighting, and after manœuvring back and forth over the bloodless field of Prairie d'Ane for seven days, he finally became desperate, and at the risk of life ordered Rice's brigade to storm the corn-

*Rebellion Records, Vol. XXXIV, p. 216.

stalks and clear the field, which was done in about twenty minutes, without the loss of a man. Having thus become master of the situation, and considering discretion the better part of valor, he flew to the swamps under cover of the night, and, as already shown, arrived in Camden right side up with care on the fifteenth of April.

After bluffing Steele off the Shreveport Road and starting him back on the run to a place of safety, Price concentrated his victorious legions, including a bunch of Choctaw Indians, and moving along on a parallel road, went into camp a few miles west of Camden.

CHAPTER X

BATTLE OF POISON SPRINGS — BATTLE OF JENKINS'S FERRY

BLACK FLAG — STEELE'S RETREAT, AND PURSUIT BY PRICE AND KIRBY SMITH — BATTLE OF JENKINS'S FERRY, APRIL 30, 1864 — DESPERATE FIGHTING OF THE EIGHTY-THIRD — CAPTURE OF BATTERY — CAPTURE AND RELEASE OF LIEUT. JOHN O. LOCKHART, AND HIS REPORT — CREDIT OF VICTORY DUE GEN. RICE — DISPUTE AMONG REBEL GENERALS — FIGHT NEAR WEBBER'S FALLS, JUNE 17, 1864 — NOMINATED FOR GOVERNOR.

ON the morning of April 17 the second day after his arrival in Camden, Steele ordered General Thayer to furnish an escort for one hundred and ninety-eight forage wagons which he was sending back through the enemy's lines twelve miles, for corn. General Thayer directed Colonel Williams to take command of the escort, which consisted of the Seventy-ninth Colored Infantry, the Eighteenth Iowa Infantry, parts of the Second, Sixth, and Fourteenth Kansas Cavalry, two howitzers, and a section of the Second Indiana battery; in all about 1200 officers and enlisted men.

When Colonel Williams left Camden with this escort and 198 empty wagons, General Price was camped twelve miles west and three miles south of the road along which the corn was stored. Price's cavalry, of course, was on the alert, watching the forage train from the time it left Camden. After it reached its destination, and while the wagons were scattered and being loaded, and the escort also divided so as to guard

the wagons, Price's cavalry swooped down on them and after a sharp engagement of an hour or so, captured the train and artillery, and forced the Federals to retreat with a loss of one hundred and twenty-two killed, ninety-seven wounded, and eighty-one missing.

BLACK FLAG

Of these, the colored regiment lost one hundred and seventeen officers and men, killed, and sixty-five wounded and brought off the field. The white troops, infantry, cavalry, and artillery, lost five men killed, thirty-two wounded, and seventy-three missing. This shows beyond dispute that the wounded colored soldiers were murdered on the field, as directed by the President of the Confederacy. This was known as the battle of Poison Springs; and a poisonous dose it was for General Steele.

Emboldened by this easy victory, General Price moved his lines closer around Camden, so as to prevent Steele from foraging in any direction.

The next evening after the wounded of the Seventy-ninth Colored were murdered at Poison Springs, I called a council of the officers of the Eighty-third to consider the matter and determine as to our future treatment of Rebel prisoners. At that council a solemn agreement was entered into:

First: That in the future the regiment would take no prisoners so long as the Rebels continued to murder our men.

Second: That no wounded Confederate should be harmed or injured in any way, but left where he fell.

This agreement was subsequently carried out, as far as possible in the heat of battle.

On the nineteenth of April, two days after the Poison Springs disaster, I was ordered to take my regiment, the Eighty-third Colored, with a detachment of cavalry and a section of artillery, and escort a forage train to a plantation about seven miles south of Cam-

den, where a large amount of corn was stored. While the wagons were being loaded the Rebel cavalry drove in my pickets and, giving the usual screech, started at full speed in pursuit. I had two pieces of artillery and three hundred Enfield rifles bearing directly on the road on which they were coming; and as soon as our pickets had passed, the artillery opened and, before the Rebels could check their horses, I gave them a volley of musketry which brought what was left up on a round turn, and sent them back faster than they came. We left their wounded in the road where they fell; and when our wagons were loaded, we returned to Camden without further interruption or loss.

On the twenty-second of April, General Steele started Colonel Drake, of the Thirty-sixth Iowa, to Pine Bluff for supplies, with a train of two hundred wagons and an escort of about a thousand men and four pieces of artillery. On the morning of the twenty-fifth Drake was attacked at Marks Mill by General Fagan; the train and artillery were captured, and about half the escort killed, wounded, or missing. And this, too, when it was known that Price had been reinforced by Kirby Smith with eight thousand troops.

STEELE'S RETREAT, AND PURSUIT BY PRICE AND KIRBY SMITH

On the evening of April 26 General Steele, with his corps, crossed the Washita at Camden and started back to Little Rock. The next morning Generals Price and Kirby Smith, with their combined forces, crossed the river and started in hot pursuit. About two o'clock on the afternoon of April 29 it began to rain; and about the same time Price's advance attacked General Salomon's division in the rear. All the remainder of the afternoon the skirmishing was give-and-take as both armies moved along.

About 3 P. M. Steele's advance reached the Saline River and laid a pontoon bridge across at Jenkins's Ferry. The rainfall kept steadily increasing until it became a downpour, which continued until about mid-

night. Meantime all Steele's troops, transportation, and artillery, crossed the river except the brigade of General Rice, the Twelfth Kansas, under Colonel Hayes, and my regiment, the Eighty-third. There were also left on the south side overnight a few pieces of artillery and a number of wagons mired in the mud.

General Thayer's Frontier division reached the bridge about 5 P. M., and as soon as the road was open, crossed over to the north side, leaving Colonel Hayes and myself with our regiments on the south side to guard the bridge. General Rice, with his brigade of Salomon's division, was still skirmishing in the rear. At dark the skirmishing ceased, and Rice moved his troops up to within a mile and a half of the bridge and bivouacked for the night.

The next morning, April 30, 1864, Colonel Hayes and myself received orders to cross the river at daylight. Before a shot in the rear had been fired that morning, I moved up to where Colonel Hayes had halted in the road, near the bridge, and was waiting for his men to empty their wet guns, which had been kept loaded during the previous night. While thus waiting, Colonel Hayes rode back to where I was sitting on my horse at the head of my regiment, and said he would move on in a few minutes. Just as he spoke these words we heard a few shots at the rear.

BATTLE OF JENKINS'S FERRY, APRIL 30, 1864

General Rice, whose brigade had been skirmishing with Price's advance until dark the previous evening, was still in our rear; and when the first shots were fired, I told Colonel Hayes that Rice was fighting. He thought not, and said the men were probably unloading their wet guns, as he was doing. In less than a minute there came a volley apparently from a company of skirmishers, and then it was evident that the battle had begun. I said to Hayes, "I am going back," and asked him to go also. He said no, he would wait for orders.

I rode down the line to about the centre of the regi-

ment and gave the command, "About face!" The regiment, in four ranks, was standing in a muddy road, and it was about a mile and a half to Rice's line of battle. I moved through the mud at a quickstep, and where the road would permit, at a double-quick. About half-way back the road ran parallel with an old rail fence, partly up and partly down. I moved along inside the fence, which was at the north end of a small field; and when about midway I halted and ordered the men to throw their overcoats and haversacks in the fence corners. Then I moved at the double-quick and pretty soon began to pass the wounded coming to the rear. By this time the musketry was rolling, and the enemy was making a desperate effort to turn the right flank of Rice's brigade, so as to sweep down the road and capture the bridge before reinforcements could arrive.

General Rice's headquarters were about two hundred yards to the left of the road and three hundred yards in rear of his line of battle. Leaving my regiment moving to the front on the road, I galloped over to where the General and his staff were sitting on their horses, and asked where I should take position. He looked at the regiment as it was then passing at a quickstep, and asked, "What regiment have you?"

I replied, "The Eighty-third Colored."

His next question was, "Do you think you can take them in?" as much as to say, "Will they fight?"

I had never met General Rice before, and his last question nettled me just a little bit. I replied, "Yes, General, I can take that regiment where any live regiment will go."

He smiled and said, "Move over there on the right, and relieve the Fiftieth Indiana, which is short of ammunition."

I moved, and without halting threw the regiment into column of companies, and forward into line in rear of the Fiftieth, so as to let that regiment pass to

the rear. I then moved forward and formed, with my right resting on Toxie Creek and my left protected by a swamp, covered with a thicket of scrub trees and underbrush. My line crossed the only road leading to the bridge, and the Rebels were trying to reach that point, the position of which was the key to the situation.

DESPERATE FIGHTING OF THE EIGHTY-THIRD

The Fiftieth Indiana under Colonel Wells, supported by the rest of Rice's brigade, had held the position until their ammunition was about exhausted. At 8:30 in the morning I relieved that regiment and swung into line, with six hundred and sixty Enfield rifles in the hands of soldiers who knew how to handle them. My regiment was well-drilled in every way, but in the manual of arms, bayonet exercise, and accurate shooting, it had no superior in the Seventh Army Corps. So when we levelled six hundred and sixty rifles at the enemy at close range, and deliberately shot to kill, somebody got hurt. The first line of the enemy broke and fled the field before we had fairly begun our day's work.

As heretofore indicated, we were there for business and on the alert every moment for an opportunity to convince President Davis and his subordinates that his "Black Flag" order was a dangerous weapon — a two-edged sword that could be made to cut both ways.

This first line having retreated in disorder, if not in disgrace, I sent two companies across Toxie Creek to help to dislodge the enemy on my right. While the fighting north of this creek was raging with great fury, General Churchill moved up with his division of infantry and formed in my front on the ground from which Greene's brigade had just been driven. His division, like that of General Parsons, having just returned from the Red River expedition to Camden, and thence by forced marches to the battlefield, was reduced to a skeleton, as could readily be seen. At the beginning

I had six hundred and sixty men in line, and no one of Churchill's brigades exceeded that number, as shown by their reports, but they were veterans; and Churchill and Parsons were real generals.

In forming his line, Churchill threw one of his best brigades, commanded by General J. C. Tappan, in my immediate front, and another, under General Dockery, in front of the detachment of our troops across the creek on my right, while his other two brigades, commanded by General Hawthorn and Colonel Gause, were held back as a reserve.

Up to this time I had lost but a few men and the regiment stood like a stone wall with guns at *ready*, and eagerly waiting for the word to fire. Steadily Tappan's line moved forward until within about a hundred and fifty steps of my line, when I gave the order, "Ready, aim, fire!" Instantly six hundred and sixty balls went crashing through Tappan's line and brought it to a standstill. Then I gave the order to load and fire at will, and Tappan did the same. At once it became a question of skill in the handling of guns, and power of endurance on the part of officers and men. The line officers stood behind their companies, directing the men to level their guns accurately. I rode up and down the line directing them to "aim low, and give them hell."

For an hour or so the battle raged with terrific fury, but not a man in my line wavered or lost a moment's time, except those who were killed or wounded. Finally Tappan's line broke and retreated in disorder. Immediately Hawthorn's brigade moved to the front, and the fighting went merrily on. Hawthorn formed about twenty paces in the rear of where Tappan's line stood, and that gave us a decided advantage, because our guns were of longer range than those of the enemy. Besides, having already broken and driven two lines from the field, we could see no reason why we should not dislodge another. New brooms sweep clean, and

for a while Hawthorn's fresh troops made it hot for us. But they could not withstand the steady aim of our men, and in less than forty minutes they broke and fell back beyond our range.

Meantime General Dockery had been reinforced by Colonel Gause's brigade, and they were pressing our troops on the north side of the creek. My right rested on the south bank of the creek, and Dockery and Gause had pressed our troops back until they (the Rebels) were almost on a line with my regiment. Seeing the situation, I changed front with five companies from the left of the regiment, and throwing them forward in line on the south bank of the creek, opened fire on Dockery's flank at close range and helped to send them on a run to the rear.

Not willing to abandon his forlorn hope of capturing the bridge, General Price resolved to make one more desperate effort to break our line on the right, and to that end he ordered General Parsons to rally his division and make the effort. Anticipating this last desperate attempt on the right by General Price, General Rice brought up his reserve force and stationed parts of the Twenty-ninth Iowa and Forty-third Illinois regiments on the right, north of the creek, and the Ninth Wisconsin and a part of the Twenty-ninth Iowa on my left, with my regiment on the same bloody ground it had held all morning.

CAPTURE OF BATTERY

A Rebel battery was stationed in front of my regiment, supported by a line of infantry extending from Toxie Creek to my extreme left. Three of the Rebel guns were in front of my centre and three farther to the left. They opened with canister and were doing considerable damage, when I sent the Adjutant back to General Rice's headquarters to say to him that a Rebel battery was in my front using canister, and I would either have to take it by a bayonet charge or

fall back. Within five minutes the Adjutant returned saying that General Rice said, "You can charge the battery as soon as you hear cheering on the left." While the Adjutant was reporting I heard cheering on the left and instantly ordered the regiment to cease firing and fix bayonets. This done, I ordered the regiment forward at the quickstep, and to load and fire as they advanced.

Until the charge was ordered the regiment had been exchanging volleys with the Rebel infantry, but when we were fairly out in open field, and perhaps a third of the way across, I levelled one volley at the battery, which brought down horses enough to hold three of the guns and sent the other three flying from the field. The next volley was directed toward the Rebel line of infantry, which we were rapidly approaching with the bayonet.

When we passed the battery, still at the quickstep, there were no artillerymen left standing, and thirty-odd artillery horses were piled up on top of each other, which showed the death-dealing effect of our rifles. In passing the battery, the bayonet was freely used, and that seemed to terrorize the Rebel line of infantry, which we would have reached with our bayonets in less than two minutes, had they stood their ground. To say that they ran would not convey a definite idea of how they left that part of the field. They simply flew, and it was not from a lack of courage, either. It was on account of a guilty conscience. They remembered Poison Springs — *and so did we*. After the Poison Springs massacre we resolved to take no prisoners. And yet, there lay scores of the Rebel wounded all around us; but we left them as they were, to be cared for by their comrades.

After shivering the Rebel left into fragments and sending two of Price's divisions — Churchill's and Parsons' — to the rear, I directed one of my captains to take his company and run the captured guns to our

rear by hand. Then I moved the regiment back to the position from which I had made the charge. The field over which the captured guns were being brought by the men was muddy, and the guns were heavy to draw. A lieutenant of the Twenty-ninth Iowa having come on to the field with a squad of men after the battery had been captured, came to me and asked permission for his men to help to run the guns back, a request which I readily granted. In consequence of this, Colonel Benton, of that regiment, claimed credit for having captured the battery.

When I ordered the charge, I had only about five or six rounds of ammunition left to each man, but I had no time to wait for a new supply. When I returned from the charge I had an average of about one round to the man. I immediately notified General Rice of this fact, and he sent a staff officer to bring up an ammunition wagon.

CAPTURE AND RELEASE OF LIEUTENANT JOHN O. LOCKHART, AND HIS REPORT

While waiting for the ammunition, the fighting on our part of the line being over, one of my lieutenants, who was back on the field looking after our wounded, picked up a lieutenant of the captured battery — John O. Lockhart — who had been slightly wounded, and brought him to me, saying, “ Here, Colonel, is an officer of that battery, and I don’t know what to do with him.” The prisoner had a sad, serious, woe-begone expression on his face, and looked as though he expected to be killed. In fact, my lieutenant who brought him to me had told him that since their troops murdered our wounded at Poison Springs, we took no prisoners.

I was otherwise engaged for the moment. My favorite saddle-horse had been seriously wounded in the charge and I was trying to help the veterinary to stop the effusion of blood. As soon as this was attended to,

I turned to the prisoner, who stood near me expecting the worst, and said in a gentle sort of way, "Lieutenant, you seem to be in bad luck to-day."

He made an effort to reply, but could not articulate distinctly. Soon, however, he regained self-control and said, "Yes, we have been unfortunate to-day, and here I am a prisoner of war."

"No," I said, "you are not a prisoner of war. We do not take prisoners. Your President has placed his army under the 'Black Flag,' in so far as our colored troops and their officers are concerned, and General Price's troops carried out that order to the letter over there at Poison Springs the other day. It was carried out at Fort Pillow with equal severity. It was carried out by General Forrest near Memphis, and has been indulged in with fiendish delight in other places. But we are not going to kill you. We are not going to harm you, because you have been brought to me, wounded and without arms. Nor am I going to retain you as a prisoner. I think I can use you to a better purpose."

Then I said to him: "You see that regiment standing there at a parade rest. That is the Eighty-third U. S. Colored Infantry. My name is Crawford, and I am Colonel of the regiment. You see and know what the regiment has done here to-day. You know what became of your battery and the fate of the brave boys who stood by their guns till the last. You know what befell the troops in our front. You know how your wounds shielded you and many other Confederate officers and soldiers from an irresistible wall of advancing bayonets, and you know who did it. Now I am going to send you back through the lines, not as a prisoner of war, but as a messenger of peace. I want you to tell General Price, General Churchill, General Parsons, General Hawthorn, General Clark, General Dockery, Colonels Gause and Burns what regiment it was that held the pass south of Toxie Creek, from 8:30

in the morning until their lines were broken and their artillery captured at half-past twelve. Tell them further that I accept their new flag with all that its colors imply; and from this day forward, so long as they bear it aloft, by their action on the battlefield, I shall simply tell the men to *remember Poison Springs.*"

With this message I sent Lieutenant John O. Lockhart back through the lines within thirty minutes after he was brought to me. Whether he delivered it, I know not, but judging from what he subsequently said, I am inclined to think he forgot it entirely. The following was his official report*:

HEADQUARTERS RUFFNER'S BATTERY,
CAMP HARRIS, ARK., *May 9, 1864.*

CAPTAIN:

I have the honor to submit to you the following report of the part taken by one section of Ruffner's battery under my command in the engagement with the enemy at Jenkins' Ferry on April 30, 1864: As the brigade was advancing upon the enemy the battery, which was in its rear, was detained by meeting Captain Lesueur's battery, which was coming off the field. While in this position we received an order to follow Captain Lesueur's battery; and while in the act of executing that order, we received another for a lieutenant to proceed with one section to the scene of action. These delays threw the section some distance in the rear, and upon following the road upon which I last saw the brigade advancing I saw smoke from a line in front, and supposing it to be our own line, sought to reach it. A terrific fire from three regiments of Federal infantry told me that we had advanced upon the enemy. The guns were immediately prepared for action by the men, who behaved with much gallantry; but as the line of the enemy was so extensive he advanced with little difficulty, capturing the guns, myself, and eight others, three of whom were killed by negroes after they had surrendered. After the capture I was taken across the Saline River to the Federal hospital, from which I made my escape on May 2nd. There were thirty-two men in the action, and

*Rebellion Records, Series 1, Part 1, Vol. XXXIV, pp. 812-813.

the loss is as follows: Killed, four; wounded, six; captured, six; missing, one.

Respectfully, your obedient servant,

JNO. O. LOCKHART,
Lieut. Ruffner's Battery.

In this report, as will be observed, Lieutenant Lockhart says he advanced with one section and went into battery under a terrific fire from three regiments of infantry; that the enemy advanced with little difficulty capturing the guns, himself, and eight others; that after the capture he was taken across the Saline to the Federal hospital from which he escaped on May second; that he had thirty-two men in action and lost four killed, six wounded, six captured, and one missing. Now, as a matter of fact, he advanced with three pieces of artillery under a long-range fire from the left wing of my regiment, which had just driven Lesueur, with his three guns, from the field, while my right wing was engaging the enemy across Toxie Creek. While he was getting his guns in position the brigade was forming a line in his rear. Having succeeded in driving Lesueur, with his three guns, from the field, on my left, and helping to repulse the enemy across the creek, I immediately re-formed my line, fixed bayonets, and charged Lockhart's guns and the brigade supporting them in the rear.

Again, in one sentence he says he and eight others were captured; and in another he says he lost four killed, six wounded, and six captured. Just how he reconciles these conflicting statements I am not able to say; but one thing is certain, and that is that the Eighty-third Regiment took no prisoners on that field. His escape from the Federal hospital north of the river must have been romantic, if not miraculous. In the first place, we had no hospital north of the river; and in the next, we were twenty-five miles from the Saline River on the second of May. But the poor fellow had to make some sort of a report; and the one he made, no doubt, answered the purpose. Certainly it was no

worse than the reports of some of the Confederate Generals, who claimed that they won the battle and drove the Union forces from the field.

After we smashed Churchill's and Parsons's divisions on our right and sent them staggering to the rear, I was ordered to the left centre, where the battle was still raging. Stopping a few minutes to distribute a new supply of ammunition, I then moved on the double-quick and throwing my regiment forward into line opened fire with a steadiness of purpose that soon began to tell on the enemy. In front of our left and centre was Walker's division of Texas infantry which came on to the field as Price's troops were retiring. On account of the formation of the ground our left wing was not aligned accurately. Some regiments were in advance of others, and the enemy's were in the same condition. After firing a few volleys I advanced my line about twenty paces, which gave me a good position, and then it was a question of nerve and accurate shooting.

In my front was a Texas brigade (Waul's, I think), and for a while they stood like Spartans and fought like demons. I had the best guns, and my men were better drilled in the manual of arms. Besides, we had just come from the right where we had swept everything before us, which had inspired the men with confidence. Our extreme left had been slightly pressed back early in the day, but it soon moved forward and was now holding its position easily. My regiment was advancing two steps at each volley, and the Twenty-seventh Wisconsin and Thirty-third Iowa on my right were doing the same. The front rank would fire; and while they were reloading, the rear rank would step to the front and fire; and thus they advanced steadily until the enemy began to weaken. Evidently what they feared most was another bayonet charge, and that was exactly what I was preparing to make, when their line broke and retreated in disorder.

General Price's infantry, under Generals Parsons

and Churchill, had already left the field, and General Kirby Smith, with Walker's division of Texas and Louisiana infantry, was in our front, when they broke and followed Price, leaving General Marmaduke with a part of his cavalry to cover their retreat.

This was the ending of the battle of Jenkins's Ferry, on April 30, 1864. The troops engaged on the Federal side were only a part of the infantry of the divisions of Generals Salomon and Thayer; about four thousand five hundred men all told; no cavalry; no artillery. On the Confederate side, Generals Price and Kirby Smith had the divisions of Churchill, Parsons, Walker, and Marmaduke; apparently about eight thousand men, consisting of infantry, cavalry, and artillery.

Thus, as will be observed, about one-third of General Steele's army of twelve thousand men — which retreated before Price's cavalry from Prairie d' Ane to Camden, and before Price and Kirby Smith from Camden to the Saline River — stopped, fought, and defeated the combined armies of these magic generals, whose very names seemed to be a holy terror to General Steele.

CREDIT OF VICTORY DUE GENERAL RICE

To General Samuel A. Rice, of Iowa, commanding a brigade of Salomon's division, more than to any other officer of the Seventh Army Corps, is due the credit of the victory at the battle of Jenkins's Ferry. He and his staff of gallant young officers selected the battleground, opened the battle, and held their position against terrific onslaughts until reinforcements arrived. I was the first to reach him, and I did not arrive one minute too soon; for one of his regiments, the Fiftieth Indiana, which blocked the road to the bridge — the key to the situation — was short of ammunition and could not have held the position many minutes longer. I relieved this gallant regiment, and have already described the thrilling events that followed.

Of the officers and enlisted men killed and wounded on each side in this bloody affair, I must refer the reader to the Rebellion Records. My regiment lost in killed and wounded eighty-one men and officers, besides about forty slightly wounded who did not leave the line and hence were not reported. When charging the Rebel battery, three sergeants, bearing the regimental flag, fell, and a fourth carried it in triumph from the field. In the same charge the horses of the regimental officers — field and staff — all went down. But we took the battery, broke the line of support, and left many of the enemy dead and wounded on that part of the field.

The battle closed about two o'clock in the afternoon; and from our left centre, where I then stood, not one of the enemy could be seen on his feet or on horseback in any direction. They had left the field in confusion, and retreated beyond the hills in their rear; while our line from right to left stood firm as the "Pillars of Hercules." General Rice having been wounded, and our troops being short of rations, we did not pursue the enemy.

After we had rested quietly on our arms for quite a while, one of General Salomon's staff officers came dashing down the line like a whole herd of mad elephants (the first time I had seen him on the field that day), and told me in broken English that his army would remain in line of battle for just thirty minutes, and then if the "damn Rebels" did not return and renew the fighting, his troops would cross the river. He said further, that I was to remain on the field with my regiment and bring up the rear. I told him that it seemed to me as though we ought to go the other way; that we had won a complete victory and should take advantage of it. But he thought differently, and dashed away to execute his orders.

At the time designated the several regiments counter-marched and headed for the bridge. I moved back

a short distance, halted, and sent men all along where our lines had stood to pick up such of our wounded as might have been overlooked. When this special work was completed, which consumed at least two hours, and all the other regiments had left the field, I recalled the detachments and moved on toward the bridge. I was in the rear of all our troops, ambulances, and wounded, who were able to walk, but moving slowly. When I reached the field where the men had left their overcoats and haversacks early in the morning, I halted and gave time to get them.

While we waited for the men, another staff officer from Steele's headquarters came splashing back through the mud with his eyes a-glare and nostrils distended (having snuffed the battle from afar), and wanted to know why "in hell" I didn't hurry up. He further said: "If you keep fooling along this way, Price and Kirby Smith will hop on to you in less than fifteen minutes with fifteen thousand men, and we shall lose our pontoon bridge."

I said, "Yes, that is exactly what I want. They hopped on me this morning, but they didn't get the bridge. If they come along now, I think I shall turn it over to them and stop this disgraceful retreat."

Giving me up as lost, he leaped his horse over a rail fence near-by and flew for that immortal rubber bridge. Having recovered our traps, I moved slowly on down to the bridge, arriving there just in time to cross before dark.

Some of the Confederate officers in their reports of this battle declare that they came on to the field early in the afternoon and drove our troops across the river. That is not true. I did not leave the field until about 4 P. M., and then I lingered along from there to the bridge — about two miles — hoping and expecting that the Confederate cavalry would follow. But they did not do so.

On arriving at the river I received an order from

General Thayer to destroy the bridge. Leaving two companies on the west side and sending two mounted scouts back on the road as a picket, I crossed over on the bridge with the remainder of the regiment and commenced the destruction of the bridge under torch-light. At the proper time I called in the scouts, brought over the other two companies, and remained there until the bridge was destroyed and sunk. One of the scouts whom I sent back fired one shot at an imaginary object, which took me back over the river and put the two companies on that side in line. But the alarm being false, I soon returned. If there was another shot fired on that side of the river after the battle closed, I did not hear it, and I certainly was there all the time until dark.

I am thus particular in stating these facts, because General Price and some of his officers in their reports (as published in the Rebellion Records) did not tell the truth. Certainly they have enough material on which to base accurate and flaming reports of events, incidents, and spectacular displays, from Prairie d' Ane to Camden, without trying to claim credit where credit is not due. Generals Price and Kirby Smith and their armies were defeated in a fair, square, open field fight at Jenkins's Ferry, and every Confederate officer and soldier in that battle knows the fact. And it was their own fault, for, with the troops Kirby Smith brought over from Red River, they had almost twice as many men on the field as we had. Again, they did not seem to have any definite plan of action or coöperation among their troops.

If they had a continuous line of battle from the beginning to the close of that fight, I failed to see it. As far as I could observe, and I had a good eye and an accurate field-glass, General Price would send in one small brigade, and when that was knocked out, he would send another, and so on. At least that is what was done in my front, except when Churchill's division

was pushed forward; and even his flank was left unprotected. But it is not for me to question the skill or criticise the action of officers on the other side, even from a military standpoint; because,

“ One can't sometimes most always tell,
How Blucher came and Napoleon fell.”

From Jenkins's Ferry the army moved leisurely to Little Rock, arriving there on the fourth of May. All things considered, the expedition was disastrous; not from any fault of the troops, but for want of a competent commander. In this we were exceedingly unfortunate. We had a splendidly equipped army of about twelve thousand well-trained veteran soldiers. We had two division commanders and many brigade commanders, some of whom were of the very best, but the Major-General commanding was a gigantic failure. Had General Thayer, General Carr, General Rice, Colonel Cloud or any one of a dozen officers in the corps been in command, he would have been thundering at the gates of Shreveport before a gun had been levelled at General Banks's army.

But enough, perhaps, has been said of this disastrous expedition to impress upon the minds of young officers in our army the importance of, first, knowing themselves; and second, qualifying themselves to meet and overcome any and every obstacle in their pathway, real or imaginary. After remaining at Little Rock a few days, General Thayer's division crossed the Arkansas River, and marching back to Fort Smith, went into camp to reflect on the art of war in Arkansas.

At Fort Smith we found things about the same as they were when we started on the Red River expedition. Major T. J. Anderson, Adjutant-General of the district — and, by the way, the most efficient Adjutant-General in the Department — had his district well in hand and everything running smoothly from a military standpoint. In fact during the absence of the Frontier division, he had suppressed the Rebellion in Northwest

Arkansas by mustering the male population into the Union Army, and administering the oath of allegiance to the women and children. At least, our reception on returning from the swamps of Red River indicated as much. For a while peace reigned in Arkansas.

DISPUTE AMONG REBEL GENERALS

General Price went back to Camden to divide the spoils and settle a dispute with Kirby Smith. It seems they fell out on the field at Jenkins's Ferry, and quarrelled — each censuring the other for interfering, changing, and countermanding his orders. General Smith thought that Price should have turned the Federal right and forced his way to the bridge, and General Price contended that he should have been reinforced by the Texas troops before he was driven from the field. Then again, the question of jealousy cut quite a figure, until they broke up in a row, when Lieutenant-General Kirby Smith took Walker's division and a part of Price's infantry and returned to Shreveport, leaving Major-General Price to shift for himself.

General Price remained at Camden with his infantry and a part of his cavalry stationed at different places in Southwest Arkansas and the Indian Territory. General Shelby soon started north to work his way with cavalry and artillery back to Missouri; Generals Marmaduke and Cabell were rounding up deserters; General Cooper was moulding bullets and violating the prohibition law over at Caddo Gap; and General Stand Watie was up on the Spavin making war-bonnets, and grinding scalping knives for his Indians.

While all these military equations and unknown quantities were being worked out by Price and his Generals, General Steele was sleeping on post at Little Rock; and the Seventh Army Corps was scattered up and down the Arkansas Valley from Fort Gibson to Pine Bluff.

Early in June, Cooper and Stand Watie concen-

trated their forces in the Choctaw Nation and began to show signs of life. Stand Watie with his brigade of one thousand Indians, a regiment of Texas cavalry, and two pieces of artillery, had moved up to Webber's Falls on the Arkansas River, to intercept any Government boats that might be passing.

FIGHT NEAR WEBBER'S FALLS, JUNE 17, 1864

On the fifteenth of June a steam ferry-boat was loaded with supplies and started up the river for Fort Gibson, with an escort of a lieutenant and twenty men from the Twelfth Kansas Infantry. When the boat arrived within a few miles of Webber's Falls, it was attacked and captured by Stand Watie. When attacked, the boat was thrown to the north side of the river; and the escort, after firing a few shots, waded ashore and made their escape. The lieutenant with a part of his men finally returned to Fort Smith and reported to General Thayer, who immediately ordered me with two regiments of infantry, one company of cavalry, and a section of artillery, to the scene of the disaster.

I received the order at nine o'clock on the night of the sixteenth, and the next day at 1 P. M. I captured Stand Watie's pickets — six Texas cavalymen, with arms and horses — at the Sans Bois River, thirty-five miles from Fort Smith and five miles from Stand Watie's camp. The river at this crossing was narrow and deep; and finding neither a bridge nor a ferry-boat, I brought over the prisoners in a canoe and swam their horses over; then I moved the command to a bridge three miles up stream. On arriving at this crossing I found the bridge-flooring torn up, and the Texas cavalry dismounted and partially fortified on the other side of the river. The river at that point was also narrow and deep, and the Texas troops behind their hastily prepared breastworks were within easy reach of our Enfield rifles.



COLONEL SAMUEL J. CRAWFORD

(At 28 years of age)

I immediately threw the Eighty-third Regiment forward into line, ran up a section of artillery, and opened fire with both at the same time. The enemy's breastworks consisted of logs and bridge-flooring, which had been hastily thrown together, and behind which they had taken shelter. For a while the Texans hugged the ground like lizards, and fired as though they were shooting birds in the trees. We had them where they could neither lie still, nor retreat with safety. Pretty soon our artillery got its bearing and began to dismantle the fort. One shell went whizzing across the river and struck the bridge-flooring, piled up in front of a bunch of Rebels, and sent them whirling back to Dixie. That was the beginning of the end. Soon the remainder broke and went dodging through the timber from tree to tree under a hot fire of canister and rifle balls. I hastily repaired the bridge, crossed over, and followed them until dark, when they disappeared and, so far as I know, never returned.

When Stand Watie captured the boat, two days before this skirmish, all his chiefs, headmen, and warriors loaded themselves and their ponies to the guard with booty, and each on his own trail struck for his wigwam in the distant forest. Stand Watie, like the hen that hatched the quails, was left alone on the bleak prairie with no troops "to love, and none to caress." They all took French leave, and did not return in time to muster for pay at the close of the Rebellion. That was the only instance during the Civil War where a whole brigade of valiant troops was placed *hors de combat* by a sternwheel ferry-boat and a few boxes of hardtack.

The object of this expedition having been accomplished, I returned to Fort Smith and devoted my time to drilling and preparing the regiment for inspection and grand review. General Marcy, Inspector-General of the army, was on a tour, inspecting the troops west of the Mississippi, and I wanted to be in readiness for

him. On the third of July he arrived at Fort Smith; and on the fourth he and Generals Curtis, Blunt, and Thayer inspected the division and held a grand review. In his report to the Secretary of War, General Marcy paid my regiment a compliment of which any officer of the army, in time of war, had a right to feel proud.

NOMINATED FOR GOVERNOR

Soon after this grand review and inspection, General Thayer, our division commander, informed me that he was going to organize a cavalry expedition to Red River, and that he wanted me to command it. I told him that while nothing would please me more, I was afraid it could not be done; that several of the cavalry colonels ranked me, and they would not submit to it. After discussing the question fully, we dropped it for the time; but soon thereafter, he or some other person (I knew not who) drew up a letter to the President, which was extensively signed by colonels and other officers of the division, asking my promotion to the rank of Brigadier-General, and I was subsequently assured from Washington that I should have the first vacancy. But before the appointment was made I was nominated by the State Convention at Topeka as the Republican candidate for Governor.

This opened a new field for me if I accepted the nomination. I preferred the army. I loved the army. I was finishing a four years' course in the art of war, and in a few months would have been graduated from the cannon's mouth. The successful army officer, as a general rule, must necessarily be a man of truth, integrity, and courage. The successful politician, as a general rule, must necessarily be "all things to all men." But this is only the general rule. Some of our politicians are true as the needle to the pole. After considering the question carefully, I finally made up my mind, under quite a pressure, and notified the State Central Committee that I would accept the nomination.

CHAPTER XI

THE PRICE RAID THROUGH MISSOURI

RETREAT FROM JEFFERSON CITY — CONCENTRATION OF FEDERAL TROOPS AT KANSAS CITY — INJURIOUS COURSE OF NEWSPAPER — BATTLE OF THE LITTLE BLUE, OCTOBER 21, 1864 — COUNCIL OF WAR, SATURDAY NIGHT, OCTOBER 22, 1864 — BATTLE OF WESTPORT, OCTOBER 23, 1864 — RETREAT TOWARD FORT SCOTT.

MEANTIME, General Price, of Confederate fame, had concentrated his forces in Southern Arkansas, and was moving north for a raid through Missouri. He crossed the Arkansas River at Dardanelle on September 7, 1864, almost under the guns of General Steele's forces, in the vicinity of Little Rock, and moved northward by way of Batesville to Pocahontas, where he arrived on the sixteenth of September. At this place General Price reorganized his invading army into three divisions, commanded respectively by Generals Fagan, Marmaduke, and Shelby. From Pocahontas, General Price, with his army as reorganized, moved north to Pilot Knob where General Ewing was stationed with about fifteen hundred Federal troops,—cavalry, infantry, and artillery. In the afternoon of September 26, Ewing's pickets were driven in; and on the morning of the twenty-seventh a hard, stubborn fight began. Ewing held his position during the day, but being greatly outnumbered, he deemed it advisable to fall back to the railroad between Rolla and St. Louis, which he succeeded in reaching without serious loss.

From Pilot Knob General Price continued his march northward with Jefferson City as his objective point.

While Price was passing west of St. Louis, in the direction of Jefferson City, General Rosecrans, commanding the Department, got busy and began concentrating his troops at available points with the view of catching the old fox. When it was definitely known that Price was moving on Jefferson City, General Rosecrans ordered Generals McNeil and Sanborn to move from Rolla with their brigades on parallel lines with Price, and reinforce General E. B. Brown, commanding the district of Central Missouri, with headquarters at Jefferson City. General Price having passed to the west of St. Louis, General Rosecrans dropped General A. J. Smith, with a part of the Sixteenth Corps, in his rear.

On the sixth of October General Price crossed the Osage River, and on the seventh he reached and tried to invest Jefferson City. From the Osage, Colonels Gravely and Phillips, with their cavalry, contested the enemy's advance at every available point, and sent a good many of them to the hospital, and others to the happy hunting-grounds. Early on the morning of the seventh General Fisk arrived and assumed command of the Federal forces, with General Brown's Missouri troops, reinforced by the brigades of McNeil and Sanborn. Fisk and the whole command stood ready, if not eager, to welcome their wayward neighbors, with "bloody hands to hospitable graves."

During the afternoon General Price and his lieutenants moved about beyond the range of rifles, viewing the entrenchments, the forts, and the men behind frowning guns, until they became weary. Staring them in the face was a condition more serious than they had encountered at Pilot Knob. In fact, General Price had reached the north pole of his perilous expedition, and for the first time since leaving Camden, he saw that he was standing on slippery ground. He was afraid to risk a battle. He dared not cross the river or move eastward. General A. J. Smith, with an army of trained veterans, was advancing from the south, and

Generals Curtis and Blunt were rapidly concentrating their forces and the Kansas State troops at Kansas City. On whatsoever side he turned he could see only dark war-clouds gathering thick and fast around him. To use a slang phrase, he was "up against it," and his only hope of escape was through the blundering stupidity of his adversaries.

RETREAT FROM JEFFERSON CITY

During the first day of his discontent at Jefferson City, October 7, General Price's division and brigade commanders played their usual game of bluff at a distance, and occasionally advanced and tried the Federal lines, but invariably fell back under a galling fire to places of safety. Late in the evening Generals Fagan and Shelby moved up with their divisions and formed with a flourish as though they were going to smash things the next morning. But when the next morning came, they were not there. During the night the divisions of Fagan and Marmaduke hit the road leading toward the setting sun, and early on the morning of the eighth Shelby's division followed in the wake.

Scarcely had the enemy left the field when the Federal cavalry under Colonel Phillips was on their heels and flank. Price, with Fagan's division and their train, moved off on the road leading southwest to Russellville, and thence northwest to Boonville; Marmaduke, with his cavalry, covered all the roads leading in a southwesterly direction, evidently with the intention of misleading the Federal cavalry; Shelby pushed west on the California road; but they all encamped for the night in the vicinity of Russellville.

Early on the morning of the eighth General Pleasanton arrived in Jefferson City and assumed command of the Union forces. All afternoon of the eighth the brigades of Phillips and Gravelly hung heavy on the flanks of the enemy, fighting most of the time, until it was too dark to see how to shoot. That night General

Sanborn reached the front, and at daylight the next morning drove in the enemy's pickets and had a sharp engagement with Marmaduke's cavalry in and through Russellville. From there General Price moved his army to Boonville, where he remained for two days, when he was routed and driven in the direction of Lexington, with General Sanborn heavy on his rear.

CONCENTRATION OF FEDERAL TROOPS AT KANSAS CITY

Meantime Generals Curtis and Blunt, and the Governor of Kansas, were concentrating their forces at Kansas City, and General A. J. Smith, with a part of the Sixteenth Corps, was moving forward with a steadiness of step that bespoke the soldier. When it became known that General Price was forging his way through Missouri in the direction of Kansas, General Thayer at Fort Smith gave Colonel Cloud and myself leave of absence with instructions to report to General Curtis at Kansas City. On the twelfth of October we left Fort Smith with a light escort; and on arriving at Fort Scott, I received a despatch, of which the following is a copy:

WYANDOTTE, *October 15, 1864.*

COLONEL CRAWFORD,

Fort Scott:

General Blunt desires you to come up immediately and report to him at Hickman Mills, Mo.

C. S. CHARLOT,

Major and Assis't Adjutant-General.

I received this despatch on the evening of the seventeenth and at one o'clock on the morning of the twentieth Colonel Cloud and I reported to General Curtis at Independence, and were immediately assigned to staff duty.

General Blunt, at the time, was fighting Price's advance at Lexington, and I could not reach him that day. Besides, some twenty-odd regiments of untrained Kansas State Militia were in the vicinity of Kansas City, on both sides of the State line, and it was the desire of

General Curtis to have Colonel Cloud and myself assist Governor Carney and General Deitzler in bringing them to the front, and getting them into position and condition to assist in checking Price in his onward march to Kansas City and Southern Kansas. But, for political reasons, our services were respectfully declined. General Deitzler, Major-General of the Kansas State Militia, thought he had his troops well organized and could handle them without assistance, "in case they were needed at the front." How well he could handle them was very clearly demonstrated that afternoon and the succeeding two days. Nor was it the fault of the men. The truth is, they were not handled at all. They all stood ready to move and do their duty; but unfortunately some of their officers of higher rank took fright at that imaginary thing called a State line.

Governor Carney, Commander-in-Chief of the State Militia, and his brigade commanders, except Colonel Blair, were inexperienced in military affairs, and had no conception of the dangers that confronted them and the State of Kansas; nor of their duty and responsibility. Martial law had been declared in Kansas — that is, the laws of the State had been suspended — and everything, including Governor Carney and his State Militia, was under the military rule and control of Major-General Curtis. But Governor Carney and his Militia generals did not grasp or comprehend the situation, nor realize the consequences of their inexcusable conduct.

INJURIOUS COURSE OF NEWSPAPER

The Governor, at the time, owned a newspaper which was freely circulated among his Militia; and up to the time when General Blunt was fighting and falling back before Price's advance from Lexington to Independence, Governor Carney's paper — under scarecrow headlines — was telling the Militia and people of Kansas that Price was not in Missouri; that the whole thing

was a political scheme of Senator Lane to get the Militia of the State called out for political purposes; that under the laws of Kansas (which has been suspended) the Militia did not have to cross the State line; and other similar statements, calculated to discourage and demoralize the State troops and render them of little use when the enemy appeared.

If, at the proper time, General Curtis had arrested a half-dozen politicians in the Militia camps and sent them to Fort Leavenworth in irons, and at the same time shot one or two Militia brigadiers from the cannon's mouth, he could have had an invincible army of fifteen thousand men — infantry, cavalry, and artillery — in line, confronting Price when he crossed the Blue on the twenty-second. But instead, most of them were away at a distance where they could be of no assistance.

Price was there in a trap, with the Missouri River on his right, Pleasonton in his rear, and General A. J. Smith on his left. If Curtis had had his troops in proper position, the Price raid would have ended then and there. But Curtis's troops were not in the proper position. Three brigades were scattered from Olathe to Leavenworth — ten, twenty, and thirty miles away — with Governor Carney's newspaper and some of his Militia generals telling the troops that Price was not coming. General Curtis made a faint effort to concentrate his troops at Kansas City, but his orders were disobeyed with impunity; and as a result, Price slipped through the lines with his shattered forces, after they had been hammered to a frazzle and driven into a corral by Pleasonton's forces — mostly State troops of Missouri.

Any person who cares to do so can readily find a distinction with a difference, by contrasting the conduct of Pleasonton and his brigade commanders with that of Carney, Dietzler, and their brigadiers. To a soldier the comparison is odious, except in so far as

Colonel Blair was concerned. He was a courageous officer, and handled his brigade with skill. But of the others — their conduct speaks for them. Nor does the blame for such conduct attach to their regimental or line officers; nor to the men composing the regiments and battalions. They all stood ready to obey orders and do their duty, the same as Colonel Blair's brigade; and the regiments, battalions, and batteries of Colonels Veale, Snoddy, Montgomery, Colton, Hagan, Murdock, Iler, Ross, Burns, and others, who crossed the State line and faced the enemy with the courage of true soldiers.

No, the trouble was not with the men, line officers, or regimental commanders, but lay at the tent-door of General Curtis, who allowed Governor Carney and his plumed political brigadiers to scatter the seeds of discord and mutiny all over the camp. They all knew that Price was approaching Kansas with a large army, and their whole object and aim seemed to be to demoralize the Militia and baffle Curtis in his every attempt to concentrate his troops and be prepared to meet Price and his army. Hence, I say that such mutineers should have been put in irons or tried by a drumhead court-martial, and shot before breakfast. But neither was done. They were allowed to go on playing their game among the troops with impunity; and before it was concluded the enemy's guns were thundering at the gates of Kansas City.

That they all had positive proof that Price with a large army was in Missouri and rapidly approaching Kansas, will be observed by reading the despatches, proclamations, communications, orders, and reports of General Rosecrans and others, as shown by the Rebellion Records, published in full by the War Department. General Curtis was a grand good man, and meant well; but as a general in command of an army in the field, like General Fred. Steele, he fell short, and in the face of an enemy was helpless as a child.

At Kansas City we were face to face with a condi-

tion. Price was advancing with an army of at least nine thousand veteran soldiers, beside two or three thousand recruits and bushwhackers. To meet this force General Curtis had four thousand veteran soldiers and fifteen thousand State Militia. Price's army had been marching and fighting from Pilot Knob to Jefferson City, and thence retreating and fighting to Lexington, Missouri. His horses were jaded, and many of them unserviceable; and his men were tired, ragged, hungry, and short of ammunition. Curtis's troops were fresh, well mounted, armed, and equipped with everything essential; and yet in the crisis he hesitated, declined to move out and face Price on the open field.

General Blunt, with a brigade of cavalry, met Price's advance at Lexington on the nineteenth and contested every inch of the ground from there to the Little Blue River, in order to give General Curtis time to concentrate his forces and put them in line for action.

BATTLE OF THE LITTLE BLUE, OCTOBER 21, 1864

When General Blunt reached the Little Blue he made a stand with one brigade of cavalry and two sections of artillery, and held Price in check until about noon of the twenty-first, when he was ordered to fall back to the Big Blue. His position at the Little Blue was well chosen, and had he been reinforced with one brigade of infantry and another battery, he could have held the crossing until Grant reached Appomattox. There was no other bridge on that stream over which Price could have crossed his train and artillery *en route* to Independence. But instead of reinforcing Blunt, General Curtis ordered him to fall back, and he obeyed orders.

While Blunt was holding Price's advance in check at the Little Blue, General Pleasonton's division was slashing him right and left in the rear. But when Blunt retired, Price's engineers repaired the bridge, and the next morning his troops and trains crossed over and

moved forward on the road to Independence, followed closely by Pleasonton's force.

Before reaching Independence, Fagan's division, with the trains, took the left-hand road leading to Westport, leaving Marmaduke to hold Pleasonton's troops in check as best he could. From the Little Blue Pleasonton drove Marmaduke's division steadily through the fields, over hills, and around hedge-fences to Independence, and on at a run down to Rock Creek, and up almost to the muzzles of Curtis's guns at the Kansas City crossing of the Big Blue. From here, Marmaduke, defeated in every engagement during the day, and finding himself almost surrounded at night, retreated southward and rejoined Price and Fagan, who had thrown up their job and started home.

Had General Curtis been equal to the emergency, Price never could have escaped from the trap he was in. While Blunt was holding the crossing at the Little Blue on the twenty-first, Curtis should have brought forward all his State troops and stationed a heavy brigade of infantry, with artillery, at each crossing of the Big Blue, leaving Blunt to strike with the cavalry where he could do the most good. Then with Pleasonton in the rear and A. J. Smith on the flank, Price, crippled as he was, could not have escaped. But unfortunately, General Curtis was not in a fighting mood.

After Pleasonton had defeated Marmaduke's troops on the twenty-second and started them on a run for Dixie, General Curtis abandoned the Big Blue and fell back on Kansas City, preparatory to retreating to Fort Leavenworth. From some cause the old gentleman lost his nerve, and while Pleasonton was hammering the life out of Marmaduke within hearing of the guns, and Blunt was fighting Joe Shelby at the upper crossings of the Big Blue, with a handful of men at each, General Curtis, without consultation, was moving his ammunition and baggage trains across the Kansas River, headed for Leavenworth.

Of this movement General Blunt and his officers

knew nothing, and at first no one believed it; but later the report was confirmed, and it created consternation and no little indignation among the officers at the front who happened to hear of it. General Blunt immediately sent a staff officer to Curtis with the request that he bring back the ammunition wagons and troops, and also the horses of Colonel Blair's brigade, which, without his knowledge, had been sent across the Kansas River. General Curtis had most of Deitzler's division, at least five thousand State troops, back near the State line, which should have been sent to the front early in the morning. If that had been done, the battle would have been fought on Saturday, the twenty-second, by the combined forces of Curtis and Pleasonton. But that was not done. General Curtis seemed to have lost his head at the critical moment, and ordered his troops to the rear instead of the front.

COUNCIL OF WAR, SATURDAY NIGHT, OCTOBER 22, 1864

Late on Saturday afternoon General Curtis consented to call a Council of War, to meet at the Gillis House in Kansas City that night. It was then known by all who were at the front during the day that Price had abandoned all hope of entering Kansas City on the Independence Road, and that his only hope was to come in from the southeast on the Westport Road. To guard against this remote possibility, General Blunt stationed his division accordingly, and at the same time directed me to assist in the formation of a second line on the road to Kansas City, with the regiments of the Kansas State Militia, which were within reach.

When this work was completed, I rode over to the Gillis House and found a lively Council of War in successful operation. General Curtis, General Blunt, General Jas. H. Lane, and a number of staff officers and volunteer aides were present. General Curtis, the Major-General commanding, was strenuously insisting upon crossing the Kansas River with the remainder of

his troops and retreating to Leavenworth. That, of course, meant the destruction of Kansas City and the devastation of Southern Kansas. It also meant an abandonment of General Pleasonton and his troops, who had driven Price to the very muzzle of our guns; and worse, it meant the brand of cowardice indelibly stamped upon soldiers who had never flinched or faltered in the face of an enemy.

Every officer present at the council, except General Curtis, felt absolutely certain that even without Pleasonton's division, we had men enough to meet Price on the open field or anywhere else; and to listen to talk about retreating was galling in the extreme. Finally, about two o'clock on Sunday morning it became unbearable, when some of the officers took General Blunt to the other end of the parlor and told him that there was but one thing for him to do, and that was to place General Curtis in close arrest and assume command. General Blunt replied by saying: "Gentlemen, that is a serious thing to do."

"Yes," we replied, "but not so serious as for this army to run away like cowards and let Price sack Kansas City and devastate Southern Kansas."

In reply to this, General Blunt asked the question, "Will the army stand by me?"

"Yes," we replied, "and we will stand by you while making the arrest."

The General then said that something must be done, and done quickly; whereupon we all walked back, and standing in front of Curtis, while Senator Lane was still arguing with him, General Blunt said in no uncertain tones: "General Curtis, what do you propose to do?"

General Curtis looked up and, seeing determination depicted on resolute faces, thought a moment and said, "General Blunt, I will leave the whole matter to you. If you say fight, then fight it is."

Blunt's reply was, "I say fight, and we will con-

centrate the troops on the prairie south of Westport." Then requesting Curtis to have the troops, ammunition train, and cavalry horses brought from over the river, he asked me to go to the front with him.

BATTLE OF WESTPORT, OCTOBER 23, 1864

At three o'clock on the morning of October 23, the Council of War terminated, and General Blunt and I mounted our horses and started for the front. We arrived at Westport while it was yet dark, and the General immediately sent staff officers in haste with orders to the various brigades and batteries of his division to move promptly to the prairie a mile southeast of Westport. A part of his division, with the First Colorado battery, was already in Westport; and others, as fast as they arrived, were pushed forward across Brush Creek and formed in line of battle.

The first line was composed of the Eleventh, Fifteenth, and Sixteenth Kansas Cavalry, a battalion of Missouri cavalry under Captain Grover, the Second Colorado Cavalry, and a section of McLain's battery. The second line, or reserve force, was composed of State troops, infantry, and dismounted cavalry. In a short time after Blunt's lines were formed, Shelby's division of Price's army appeared on the farther side of the prairie, about a mile distant. Blunt immediately opened on Shelby with McLain's two guns, which were answered by two guns from the other side of the field.

Instead of having two guns in action, and a half-dozen regiments of State Militia in line as a reserve, he should have had twelve guns, McLain's and Dodge's full batteries, ten howitzers, and twenty regiments of State troops — most of which had been scattered about three or four miles in the rear by Generals Curtis and Dietzler, where they were of no earthly benefit.

We all knew (or should have known) that Price was trying to get out of a trap with his troops and train. We all knew that Pleasonton's troops were hammering

him desperately in the rear and on his left flank; and we had good reason to know that Shelby's division was thrown out on Price's right flank that morning to hold Curtis back and prevent his forming a junction with Pleasonton. All these things General Blunt and his officers who were at the front knew; and every regiment present was ready at any moment to charge Shelby's battalions scattered as they were over the field.

While McLain's two guns were exchanging shots with Shelby's guns, there was an occasional clash or skirmish on different parts of the field, which invariably resulted in our troops driving the enemy back. In fact, every movement showed that Shelby was not there to fight. He had no consecutive line of battle. His regiments were scattered about over the prairie where they would show to best advantage; and when Blunt should have made a dash and cleared the field, he ordered his troops, in response to an order from General Curtis, who was on the roof of the Harris Hotel in Westport, to fall back to the north side of Brush Creek among bushes and underbrush where it was impossible to handle cavalry.

This was an unfortunate movement, and led to confusion and the loss of valuable time. What Shelby thought of it while he was hanging by the gills, of course, we had no way of knowing. But what many of the officers on our side thought, was plainly expressed in terse language. The retrograde movement at that particular time was inexcusable. If Blunt had been left alone and properly supported, he would have driven Shelby from the field in the early morning, and been on Price's right flank coöperating with Pleasonton. But General Curtis did not see it that way, and his word was law.

When Blunt's cavalry moved back to Brush Creek, Shelby moved his brigades farther out on the prairie, and was playing his game of bluff to the queen's taste.

But finally, Blunt returned to the field with his cavalry, and then there was something doing. He moved to the right with the Eleventh and Fifteenth Kansas, and Grover's battalion of Missouri cavalry, and directed me to look after the Sixteenth Kansas and Second Colorado Cavalry on the left.

In front of these two regiments, about four hundred yards distant, was a brigade of Shelby's troops on the open prairie. When I came up, both lines were using their carbines in a random sort of way, but so far apart that neither could hurt the other. I instantly ordered the commanding officers of the two regiments to sling their carbines and draw pistols, which was done in one time and two motions. I then ordered the bugler to sound the advance and the charge. With a yell the men of two regiments dashed forward, and in less than three minutes the Rebels were flying at full speed over the prairie with our men in close pursuit.

About the same time General Blunt made a charge on the right, driving everything before him, until we cleared the field and Shelby was in full retreat. This was what I wanted Blunt to do when Shelby first appeared on the prairie, early in the morning, but he thought best to wait until the enemy was more fully developed, lest we dash into Price's main force. He had been cautioned by General Curtis, who was still on the roof of the Harris Hotel in Westport, a mile in the rear.

RETREAT TOWARD FORT SCOTT

As soon as Shelby was driven from the field, General Curtis came to the front, booted, spurred, and ready to follow whithersoever Price might lead. While Shelby was playing hide-and-seek with him, Price, with his train and the remainder of his army, was moving rapidly in the direction of Fort Scott, with Pleasonton still hanging like a bulldog on his flank and rear. Leaving most of his own troops behind, General Curtis

with a light heart and escort, dropped in the wake, Overtaking Pleasonton in the afternoon, he asserted his rank and assumed command.

General Blunt, with a part of his division, pushed south on the line road to Little Santa Fe, where they all stopped and camped for the night. There, while General Curtis was resting, sleeping, and writing flaming despatches, General Price was moving at a run to save his demoralized army. After halting at Little Santa Fe from 4 P. M. Sunday until 6 A. M. Monday, General Curtis resumed the pursuit, with Blunt's division in advance. But Price's forces had been moving rapidly all night, and on Monday morning when Blunt started, they were twenty-odd miles away.

On Monday evening Curtis halted at West Point, Missouri, to let the men and animals rest and get something to eat. Price camped that night at the Trading Post in Kansas, about twenty-five miles north of Fort Scott — our depot of army supplies. After resting some four hours, General Curtis resumed the pursuit with Pleasonton's division in advance. This offended Blunt, because Price was now on Kansas soil, and he thought the Kansas troops should be at the front.

Nevertheless, about 8 P. M. General Pleasonton moved, with Sanborn's brigade in advance. Curtis, in his ambulance, followed in rear of Sanborn until two o'clock the next morning — Tuesday, October 25 — when, receiving a message from Sanborn to the effect that he had driven in the enemy's pickets and found a strong force stationed on the hills in his immediate front, General Curtis halted and sent back orders to Sanborn to remain where he was until daylight and then move forward. It was then about 3 A. M. and quite dark and drizzling.

Colonel Blair, who had previously been in command of a brigade of Kansas State troops, and whose home and family were in Fort Scott, came up at this time, and he and I were discussing the situation when Curtis

despatched his last order to Sanborn. Hearing this order, Colonel Blair was very much depressed, and said to me: "Fort Scott is gone." I said "No, we yet have two chances to save the town. First, let's try and get Curtis to send General Blunt with his division around to the west, and strike Price at daylight while crossing the river near his camp, which he must do when he moves. Second, if Blunt fails to get there in time, then let Curtis have him fiercely assail Price's rear with his fresh troops and horses, and not let up until he forces a battle."

These two propositions Colonel Blair and I submitted to General Curtis about three o'clock on the morning of October 25. To the first he shook his head and said, "No, I will not separate the forces." To the second, he said, "Yes, I am going to fight the battle over on the prairie south of the river early in the morning." Blair and I both knew what that meant. Every officer in both armies (except Curtis) knew that Price was not going to stop and fight a battle if he could possibly avoid it. His army had been retreating and fighting from the time he passed Jefferson City, and he was in no condition to fight a battle. Besides, he was necessarily out of rations and forage, and Fort Scott was his last hope.

We told General Curtis all these things, and more, but we could not move him from his preconceived idea that Price was going to stop and wait for him. Failing in everything else, we told him that Pleasonton's men having been in the saddle for thirty days or more, flanking and fighting to keep Price first out of Jefferson City and then out of Kansas City, were well-nigh exhausted; that his horses were jaded, and on that account we thought he ought to order Blunt's division to the front. But for some unexplained reason he even declined to do that.

Then Blair and I turned away from him and agreed to go to the front at daylight and do what little we

could to save Fort Scott. General Price's troops crossed the river during the latter part of the night, except one brigade left back to check Sanborn's advance. Colonel Blair and I reached the front before it was quite light, while Sanborn was engaging Price's rear guard north of the river. After crossing his train and artillery, Price had chopped down trees on both banks to delay Curtis. This, however, did not seriously impede the progress of the cavalry, and Sanborn's brigade, followed by other brigades, soon crossed over.

From the Marais des Cygnes, Price moved south on the old military road leading to Fort Scott, with Shelby's division in advance, followed by the train and the divisions of Fagan and Marmaduke in the order mentioned. Two separate Brigades — General Tyler's and Colonel Jackman's — were on the flanks, and Colonel Nichols and a horde of recruits were out as freebooters scouring the country for something to eat.

When Marmaduke's rear-guard crossed the Marais des Cygnes a regiment was formed in line about six hundred yards south of the ford. Colonel Blair and I reached and crossed the river in the rear of the Second Arkansas Cavalry, which regiment was immediately deployed and moved forward to within about four hundred yards of the Rebel rear so formed. The two lines were facing each other on the open prairie with about the same number of men in each.

The Second Arkansas belonged to Pleasonton's division, and on that account I hesitated about interfering, but rode forward to the rear of the regiment, where I was met by Adjutant Remiatee, who had formerly been with me in the Second Kansas Cavalry. With the Adjutant I rode to the left of the regiment to get a better view of the situation and see if the enemy had a reserve force upon which to fall back.

Finding the field absolutely clear, I told Remiatee his regiment must charge and break that line. Riding back to about the centre of the regiment we met the

commanding officer, and I ordered him to make the charge; this he did without hesitation, and I stayed with him until the enemy broke and fled from the field. The Rebels had two howitzers in their line, which we should have secured, but for a mistake of one of the captains in ordering a halt at the wrong time. But the regiment, considering the condition of their horses, made a most gallant charge, and deserved great credit for it.

I do not know the name of the regimental commander who made the charge, but presume it was John E. Phelps, Colonel of the regiment. This rear-guard, when routed, did not stop until the men overtook Marmaduke's main column, which was wending its way over the prairie in the direction of Mine Creek.

Within a few minutes after this charge was made, Major Hopkins, with a battalion of the Second Kansas Cavalry, and Captain Green, with a battalion of the Second Colorado Cavalry, came up with their men and horses in good condition and joined in the pursuit. We gained rapidly on Marmaduke's forces, until he was compelled to throw a regiment in line to hold our advance in check, while he was forming his division for action.

CHAPTER XII

PRICE'S RETREAT AND ESCAPE

BATTLE OF MINE CREEK — CHARGE OF COLONELS PHILLIPS AND BENTEN — GEN. PRICE'S REPORT — BATTLE OF THE LITTLE OSAGE, OCTOBER 25, 1864 — GEN. SHELBY'S REPORT — PRICE DEMORALIZED — THE PURSUIT — HIS ESCAPE — THE LAST DITCH.

THE battle of Mine Creek was one of the most important of all the battles ever fought on the soil of Kansas. General Price with an army of about nine thousand ragged, hungry soldiers, after a wild, reckless raid through Missouri, was trying to make his escape through Kansas and back to the dismal swamps of the Sunny South. He had been fighting and running for thirty consecutive days and his deluded followers were crying for bread.

Price was on his last legs, and his men were on their uppers. At Fort Scott, twenty miles away, was a Federal depot of army supplies; and to reach and capture that post was the ambition of his military life. To keep him out of Fort Scott was the determination of the Federal troops, including Colonel Blair, Colonel Cloud, and myself. We three had previously fought Price, Marmaduke, Shelby, and Fagan at Wilson's Creek and on other bloody fields. We had been ordered from another department to assist in keeping these bold riders out of Kansas, and we could not afford to linger in the rear and let Fort Scott go down.

On the field at Westport we became satisfied that Shelby was short of ammunition. In charging Marmaduke's rear early that morning I knew his men were not

prepared to fight, because the regiment making the charge did not lose a single man. Of course, the enemy had a limited supply, but not enough to hold a pursuing army in check; and I was thoroughly convinced of that fact when Marmaduke was forming his line of battle north of Mine Creek.

His rear guard formed on top of the hill or elevation in his front, to hold the Federal troops back while he was forming his main line. But his rear-guard did not stand on the hill a minute before the guns of our advancing troops. They broke and fell back on Marmaduke's main force, which was then rapidly forming in two lines, parallel with the creek. When Marmaduke's rear-guard broke, we deployed two companies of cavalry as skirmishers and pushed them forward to within about four hundred yards of the enemy, and held the remainder of the advance in line as a reserve.

As our skirmish line advanced, Marmaduke opened fire with two pieces of artillery. I then sent Sergeant J. P. Hiner, of Company A, Second Kansas, back to tell General Blunt that the enemy had halted and formed in line of battle, and asked him to bring his division to the front as quickly as possible. When Sergeant Hiner started, I called in the skirmishers and ordered Major Hopkins and Captain Green to move their battalions over in front of Marmaduke's extreme left, so as to give Blunt an open field when he arrived.

I knew he was furiously mad about having been put in the rear at West Point the previous evening, when his men and horses were comparatively fresh, but I had no doubt about his coming to the front quickly when he heard that Price was in battle array on Kansas soil. After waiting a short time, which seemed to be longer than it was, Sergeant Hiner returned with the information that General Blunt was still roaring and declined in most vigorous terms to take any further part. For the exact language used by the General on that occasion, I must refer the reader to Mr. J. P. Hiner of

Paola, Kansas, late Treasurer of Miami County; but it was terse and vigorous. Nothing like it is found in any of the chapters of the New Testament.

It was a sad disappointment to Colonel Blair and myself. For thirty minutes we had been picturing such a cavalry scene as is seldom witnessed on the field of battle. The formation of the ground—a broad, smooth, down-grade prairie—was perfect. Marmaduke had formed his lines on the farther side with a skirt of timber along the creek in his rear. Fagan's division was in line on the other side of the creek about a quarter of a mile in rear of Marmaduke.

When Sergeant Hiner returned and reported that Blunt was not coming, he and I rode back to the summit of the divide and meeting Col. Blair, held a brief council of war. Marmaduke's lines were in our immediate front and Fagan's troops in full view on the farther side of the creek. I said to Blair that we must break those lines north of the creek with a charge, and force a general battle; else Price would be in Fort Scott that night.

CHARGE OF COLONELS PHILLIPS AND BENTEN

Just then two of Pleasonton's brigades, commanded by Colonels Phillips and Benteen, were coming up the hill, or rather a gentle ascending slope, with Phillips in advance to the right of the road and Benteen in his left rear on the opposite side. After consulting a few minutes while these brigades were advancing, Hiner and I rode down, and, meeting the commanding officer of the nearest brigade (who I afterwards learned was Colonel Phillips of Pleasonton's division), I explained to him the position of the enemy, and suggested that he form his brigade and move forward in position for a charge. I told him that I would see the commanding officer of the other advancing brigade and ask him to do likewise.

While Colonel Phillips was forming his brigade and moving forward to the summit of the elevated plateau,

directly in front of Marmaduke's left and centre, I rode over and explained to the commanding officer of the other advancing brigade — Lieutenant-Colonel Benteen — the situation of the enemy's lines, and asked him to form for a charge on the left of Phillips's brigade, then in line under a raking fire from the Rebel artillery.

In forming his line Colonel Benteen made a mistake by throwing his brigade left-front into line and leaving a gap between his right and Phillips's left — plainly visible to Marmaduke. Benteen should have thrown his rear regiment right-front into line and filled up the gap. His line as formed extended far beyond Marmaduke's right flank, while Phillips's right did not reach quite as far as Marmaduke's left.

The lines of Phillips and Benteen, when formed, faced almost due south, while Marmaduke's first line conformed to a bend in the creek, which on his right rear extended north several hundred yards from a due east-and-west line. That, of course, brought Benteen's line proportionately nearer to Marmaduke's right than was Phillips's right to Marmaduke's left. Besides, it brought Marmaduke's right almost opposite Benteen's centre and that was why one of his regiments had to move from left to right of his brigade after the charge had been sounded.

By reason of Marmaduke's lines extending in a northeasterly direction from left to right, Phillips's brigade had to ride in the charge some two hundred yards farther than Benteen's before the crash came; and again, Phillips's brigade, while in line waiting for Benteen to form, was under a galling fire from the enemy's artillery, which was kept up from the moment he ordered or sounded the charge until his line was within fifty paces of Marmaduke's first line.

Both brigades advanced to the charge about the same instant, but Benteen having less distance to ride, struck and staggered Marmaduke's extreme right while Phillips was yet advancing; but within two minutes the

additional distance was covered and the clash of steel rang aloud all along the line. In good time Major Hopkins with his battalion dashed in and closed the gap between the two brigades. For twenty minutes, officers and men, Feds and Confeds, were all mixed in a life and death struggle. The roar of musketry, the rattle of rifles and pistols, the clash of sabres, and the shrieks of the wounded, created a scene that was perfectly awful.

Steadily the gallant Union soldiers cut their way through the red glare and over a wall of guns and batteries of artillery, until the shouts of victory were heard over and above the din of battle. Slowly the enemy's lines melted away, and one by one their Generals, Colonels, and battalions laid down their arms and passed to the rear as prisoners of war. My sword was not laid down, but in the thick of the fight it was shivered in pieces on a gun that protected the head of a fighting Rebel.

Within thirty minutes after his lines were broken, Marmaduke and the flower of his division were prisoners, and the remainder of his troops were fleeing as though they expected the devil to take the hindmost. They threw away their guns and fell over each other while crossing Mine Creek. General Fagan, seeing Marmaduke's disaster, halted and formed his division in line of battle about a quarter of a mile to cover the retreat of those who might escape.

Phillips and Benteen, with their men whose horses were serviceable, and Major Hopkins, with a light battalion of the Second Kansas, and Captain Green, with two companies of the Second Colorado, followed the retreating Rebels across the creek and captured prisoners within range of Fagan's line.

When the broad prairie between the creek and Fagan's line was cleared of fleeing Rebels, we began forming a line south of the creek and in Fagan's immediate front for a second charge. I threw

Major Hopkins and Captain Green with their battalions on the right. Phillips's men that had crossed the creek were rapidly forming in the centre, and Benteen's men who had crossed lower down were coming into line on the left.

We already had in our new line about one thousand men, and were waiting for two or three companies of Benteen's brigade that were coming at a gallop. A second charge would have been made in less than ten minutes, had it not been for an order from General Pleasanton to remain where we were until further orders were received. On receipt of this order, I naturally supposed that he was coming to the front with the remainder of his division to take advantage of the demoralized condition of the enemy produced by the first charge.

Marmaduke's division, for fighting purposes, had been utterly destroyed and all the officers and soldiers at the front knew that fact. That the demoralization would extend to Fagan's division, we had good reason to believe; and on that account we were preparing for a second charge. After the order to halt was received, the remainder of Benteen's men who were south of the creek came up and completed the formation of the new line.

Then and there, we had about twelve hundred and fifty men, burning with zeal and flushed with victory, facing about an equal number of Price's demoralized troops on the open prairie; and yet we were not allowed to move. For twenty minutes the men sat erect in their saddles waiting impatiently for the order to advance. While thus waiting, the enemy in our front broke from line into column and left the field in haste. Our line was then broken up, and the officers and men rejoined their respective commands.

While Phillips and Benteen were exterminating Marmaduke's division by a most gallant and desperate cavalry charge, and while their men, reinforced by the

Kansas and Colorado battalions, were in line awaiting the order for a second charge, the three major-generals in command of the army and the divisions remained at the rear with most of their troops and artillery, seemingly indifferent about what was going on at the front.

One entire division — except two light battalions, and two brigades of the other division, all commanded by generals — was held back in the rear while two young colonels with their brigades forged their way to the front and destroyed Marmaduke's division. Had these two colonels with their light brigades been supported by the generals and their troops, as they should have been, Price and his army would have been eliminated from the Confederate equation before the sun went down on that memorable day.

GENERAL PRICE'S REPORT

I was in the immediate front from daylight in the morning until eleven o'clock at night, and I know who did the work and deserves the credit. To prove that the Rebel army under General Price was shattered into fragments and utterly demoralized by the charge which resulted in the capture of General Marmaduke, his artillery, brigade commanders, and the flower of his division, I quote an extract from Price's official report as follows:

WASHINGTON, ARK., *December 28, 1864.*

GENERAL:

. . . On reaching Little Osage River I sent forward a direction to Brigadier-General Shelby to fall back to my position in rear of Jackman's brigade for the purpose of attacking and capturing Fort Scott, where I learned there were 1,000 negroes under arms. At the moment of his reaching me I received a despatch from Major-General Marmaduke, in the rear, informing me that the enemy, 3,000 strong, were in sight of his rear, with lines still extending, and on the note Major-General Fagan had indorsed that he would sustain Major-General Marmaduke. I immediately ordered Brigadier-General Shelby to take his old brigade,

which was on my immediate right, and return to the rear as rapidly as possible to support Major-Generals Fagan and Marmaduke. I immediately mounted my horse and rode back at a gallop, and after passing the rear of the train I met the divisions of Major-Generals Fagan and Marmaduke retreating in utter and indescribable confusion, many of them having thrown away their arms. They were deaf to all entreaties or commands, and in vain were all efforts to rally them. From them I received the information that Major-General Marmaduke, Brigadier-General Cabell, and Colonel Slemons, commanding brigades, had been captured, with 300 or 400 of their men and all their artillery (5 pieces) . . .

STERLING PRICE,

Major-General, Commanding.*

BRIG. GEN. W. R. BOGGS,

Chief of Staff, Shreveport, La.

This shows what might have been done if the Mine Creek charge had been followed by a second charge, which we were ready to make when the fatal order to halt was received.

For two hours I remained with the battalions of Major Hopkins and Captain Green, where we halted until General McNeil came up with his brigade and requested me to go to the front with him. He, like Phillips and Benteen, was full of fight and fire. He inspired his men to deeds of daring by the example of his own heroic valor. The Kansas battalion, a part of which had formerly been his body-guard, was ordered to the front as the advance guard. On approaching the brakes of the Little Osage, about six miles south of Mine Creek, McNeil struck General Shelby's brigades, which had been called back from the front to save the wreckage of Price's army, remaining after the onslaught of Phillips and Benteen in the morning.

BATTLE OF THE LITTLE OSAGE, OCTOBER 25, 1864

Shelby, by all odds, was the skilful general of Price's army, and his division was the last of the bold

*Rebellion Records, Vol XLI, Part I, pp. 636-637.

raiders who flaunted the flag of defiance as they rode into Missouri; who routed General Ewing at Pilot Knob, baffled Rosecrans at St. Louis, drove the Federals into their entrenchments at Jefferson City, and frightened Curtis at Kansas City. Marmaduke was the next; and Fagan, as a general, was passable.

At the Little Osage Shelby, with his war-scarred veterans, was brought to the rear as a forlorn hope. He formed on the undulating ground a mile north of the Osage in the edge of the timber, and awaited the coming of McNeil's brigade. He had not long to wait. With a whirl McNeil's brigade went into line and then steadily moved forward until the lines locked in the embrace of victory or death.

After a most terrific struggle Shelby's line began to waver, when one of McNeil's regiments in my immediate front made a sudden dash, instantly followed by the other regiments with their commander roaring like a lion. For a few minutes the men of the two contending forces wielded their weapons without fear, favor, or affection. Step by step Shelby's men yielded, and finally fled in confusion to the river with the Federals close on their heels.

After crossing the river, Shelby rallied a part of his men and tried to make a stand; but it was brief. Again, one mile south of the river, Shelby rallied all his forces with a part of Fagan's division, and prepared for another desperate struggle. His position here was well chosen and his line difficult of approach. At places the sides of the hill were steep, rugged, and covered with underbrush; but slowly McNeil's men worked their way to the top, and then for about forty minutes blows were given and blows received.

It was a square stand-up-and-knock-down fight. But finally, Shelby's men, as they had done at the engagement north of the river, reeled and staggered to the rear, leaving their wounded and two pieces of artillery on the field. This loss, with the six guns captured at

Mine Creek, rendered Price helpless in so far as his artillery was concerned.

From this last engagement south of the river, Shelby fell back to the junction of the Fort Scott and Marmiton roads, followed closely by General McNeil. On reaching this point late in the afternoon, Price with his train and a host of unarmed soldiers and recruits, had taken the left hand or Marmiton Road leading back into Missouri, and halted about a mile from the junction, on the open prairie. Shelby formed the fragment of his division at the junction of the roads, and was dislodged and driven back on Price's rear by McNeil's brigade in less than thirty minutes.

GENERAL SHELBY'S REPORT

Everything indicated that the enemy was out of ammunition, and his last stand was purely a game of bluff. In his pathetic report of these engagements, on that memorable day, General Shelby shows the desperate condition of Price's army at the close of the last onset. He says:

HEADQUARTERS SHELBY'S DIVISION, *December —, 1864.*
COLONEL:

. . . Day and night the retreat was continued until the evening of the 25th, when my division, marching leisurely in front of the train, was ordered hastily to the rear to protect it, while flying rumors came up constantly that Marmaduke and Cabell were captured, with all their artillery. Leaving Colonel Jackman with his brigade to watch well my left flank and guard the train, I hastened forward with Thompson's brigade and Slayback's regiment to the scene of action. I soon met beyond the Osage River the advancing Federals, flushed with success and clamorous for more victims. I knew from the beginning that I could do nothing but resist their advance, delay them as much as possible, and depend on energy and night for the rest.

The first stand was made one mile north of the Osage River, where the enemy was worsted; again upon the riverbank, and again I got away in good condition. Then taking

position on a high hill one mile south of the river, I halted for a desperate struggle. The enemy advanced in overwhelming numbers and with renewed confidence at the sight of the small force in front of them; for Captains Langhorne and Adams and Lieutenant-Colonel Nichols with their commands were ahead of the train on duty. The fight lasted nearly an hour, but I was at last forced to fall back.

Pressed furiously, and having to cross a deep and treacherous stream, I did not offer battle again until gaining a large hill in front of the entire army, formed in line of battle, where I sent orders to Colonel Jackman to join me immediately. It was a fearful hour. The long and weary days of marching and fighting were culminating, and the narrow issue of life or death stood out all dark and barren as a rainy sea. The fight was to be made now, and General Price, with the pilot's wary eye, saw the storm-cloud sweep down, growing larger and larger and darker and darker. They came upon me steadily and calm. I waited until they came close enough and gave them volley for volley, shot for shot. For fifteen minutes both lines stood the pelting of the leaden hail without flinching, and the incessant roar of musketry rang out wildly and shrill, all separate sounds blending in a universal crash. The fate of the army hung upon the result, and our very existence tottered and tossed in the smoke of the strife. The red sun looked down upon the scene, and the redder clouds floated away with angry sullen glare. Slowly, slowly my old brigade was melting away. . . .

JOS. O. SHELBY,

Brigadier-General, Commanding Division.*

LIEUT. COL. L. A. MACLEAN,

Assistant Adjutant-General, Army of Missouri.

As Shelby says, it was for them "a fearful hour." The fate of their army, as he verily believed, hung upon the result. But nobody was "tossed in the smoke" of battle, and nobody on our side, in so far as I ever heard, was either killed, wounded, or turned up missing. It was simply a lively skirmish. Shelby had an irregular line formed out on the prairie; and General McNeil moved his brigade forward at a steady walk and fired

*Rebellion Records, Vol. XLI, Part I, pp. 659-660.

two or three volleys. Shelby's men fired a scattering volley, and like the "red clouds, floated away with angry sullen glare."

Then McNeil dismounted his brigade. I rode back about a mile and, meeting General Curtis, told him that it was all over; and in my opinion General Price was waiting to surrender. I further told him that two brigades of Pleasonton's troops had smashed the divisions of Marmaduke and Fagan to pieces and captured their artillery in the morning, and that General McNeil had just completed the destruction of Shelby's division, leaving Price helpless and stranded over there on the prairie.

Price's army was then halted in full view on the left-hand road leading to Missouri. General Pleasonton had just passed with his division, except McNeil's brigade, and taken the road to Fort Scott; and General Blunt, with his division, which had not fired a shot during the day, was then passing around McNeil on the same road. Curtis immediately sent staff officers forward to each of these Generals, ordering them to halt and form on McNeil's brigade, which was within half a mile of Price's helpless troops. But neither of them paid the slightest attention to Curtis's order.

General Curtis, finding himself impotent and helpless, directed General McNeil to remain at the junction of the roads during the night; and when Blunt's division had passed, he dropped in the rear and rode away to Fort Scott, leaving McNeil with a light brigade within close striking distance of Price's army.

Seeing Curtis's army move off on the road toward Fort Scott, Price gathered up his fragments and limped off over the divide to the Marmiton River and went into camp. McNeil camped on the ground where the last skirmish had taken place, and I remained with him until 11 P. M., when I took a light escort and rode into Fort Scott.

PRICE DEMORALIZED

That was the end of the Price Raid, in so far as fighting was concerned. It was the end of Price's army as a factor in the Confederacy. Like the serpent of old, with its fangs drawn and spine dislocated, it dragged its weary body over the divide and down to the sluggish waters of the Marmiton River, where it writhed in agony until 2 A. M. During the night General Price issued an order of which the following is a copy:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF MISSOURI,
CAMP No. 52, *October 25, 1864.*

GENERAL ORDERS,

No. 22

I. The army will march to-morrow at 2 A. M. in the following order: First, Major-General Fagan's division; second, army and ordnance train; third, Major-General Marmaduke's division; fourth, Brigadier-General Shelby's division. Major-General Fagan will detach a brigade to march on the right flank of the train. Colonel Tyler's brigade will march on the right flank of the train in rear of the brigade of Major-General Fagan's division.

II. The army train, with the following exceptions, will be parked under directions of division commanders and burnt before leaving camp: First, one-half the army headquarters wagons; second, there is allowed to each division headquarters one wagon, with ambulance for commanding officer; third, one wagon for brigade headquarters; fourth, one wagon for each brigade; fifth, one medical wagon for each division; sixth, all the ordnance wagons absolutely required; seventh, all the ambulances and carriages (except buggies, which are to be burnt) will be turned over to the division quartermaster for the use of the division surgeon, to be used only for conveying the sick and wounded; eighth, all the serviceable stock to be retained by the division and brigade quartermasters for use as may be required; ninth, no enlisted man under any circumstances to have a led horse. No white man between the ages of seventeen and fifty to be used by officers for this or any other purpose beyond his military duty.

III. Private families travelling with the army will be

allowed such spring vehicles only as are absolutely requisite for their transportation.

IV. The inspector-general and chief quartermaster will examine the train on the march and assist in carrying out this order.

By command of MAJ. GEN. S. PRICE:

L. A. MACLEAN,*

Lieutenant-Colonel and Assistant Adjutant General.

Price was now out of Kansas and back in his own State, which his mob of bushwhackers, recruits, deserters, and camp-followers had, with his knowledge, plundered from one end to the other. To these red-handed assassins and renegades were largely due the disasters that befell the divisions of Marmaduke, Fagan, and Shelby. Such cattle must necessarily have embarrassed the fighting troops at every turn in the road. From this dismal camp on the Marmiton, the remnant of Price's shattered forces, after destroying their baggage and burning their wagons, started early and travelled late. On the retreat they were burdened only with wounds, bruises, and sad recollections.

At the same time the buccaneers, bushwhackers, deserters, and camp-followers, who had been gathered in and harbored by General Price—to his everlasting discredit—moved off in other directions in search of innocent and defenceless victims whom they could rob and murder in their zeal to help to establish the Southern Confederacy.

General Price, with his real soldiers, passed on down by way of Carthage, Neosho, Pineville, and Maysville to Cane Hill, where he stopped a few days to take stock and count noses. By this time his regular troops, officers, and men were thoroughly demoralized and clamoring for furloughs and leaves of absence. As shown by the subsequent reports of his officers and the evidence submitted to a Court of Inquiry and published in the Rebellion Records, Price and his army while on

*Rebellion Records, Vol. XLI, Part IV, pp. 1013-1014.

their raid in and through Missouri, degenerated into a lawless mob with no discipline whatever.

From Cane Hill they scattered to the four winds, and Price's army became a thing of the past, "gone but not forgotten." His troops, like the Macedonians on their return from India, wanted to go home; and, unlike the Macedonians, they went. Two of his generals, with skeleton commands, stuck to the hull until it reached the south bank of the Arkansas, when Fagan marched east, Shelby west, and Marmaduke stayed back as our guest.

General Price, like Napoleon from Moscow, faced the November storms and jogged along southward, wrapped in thoughts of the wreckage occasioned by his indiscretion. He may have been an honest man and a good citizen, but he was not a skilful general. He had no conception of the formation of a line of battle, nor did he know how to handle troops in action. If he had a division composed of three or four brigades, instead of throwing his whole force into line and crushing his opponent, he would send in his brigades one at a time and see them slaughtered in detail; and the same with his divisions — just as he did at Mine Creek, the Little Osage, and Jenkins's Ferry. I saw his troops in action at Wilson's Creek, Jenkins's Ferry, Westport, Mine Creek, and the Little Osage, and in none of these engagements did he have more than one-third of his force in action at one time.

But he was not the only general of the Civil War who lacked many of the essential elements of generalship. There were others. Many major-generals in both the Union and Confederate armies, appointed through political influence, were absolutely incapable of handling troops or even of taking care of themselves on the field of battle. Nor did this apply exclusively to major-generals. There were still others, and all such should have resigned or been dismissed the service when their incompetency was clearly established.

But fortunately the political drones, artful dodgers, and abject cowards were not all on one side.

General Price finally reached his old stamping ground in Southwest Arkansas with a handful of his hungry, bedrabbled followers, and immediately entered upon a defensive campaign involving his reputation as an officer and a gentleman. To settle all disputes, charges, and counter-charges among Confederate officers, growing out of the raid through Missouri, a Court of Inquiry was established, the proceedings of which may be found in the Rebellion Records.

Late in the afternoon of October 25, when the fighting was all over, and General Price's army stood helpless out on the prairie within speaking distance, half-clad and without ammunition, artillery, food, or forage, Generals Curtis, Blunt, and Pleasonton came up and without halting moved past on the road to Fort Scott, leaving General McNeil and his brigade without support, if Price and his troops had been in condition to fight.

Instead of moving around McNeil on the west, *en route* to Fort Scott, they should have moved around Price on the east and halted long enough for him to surrender. That would have saved the Generals a deal of trouble and their tired troops and jaded horses untold hardships.

THE PURSUIT

On the morning of October 26, Generals Curtis, Blunt, and Pleasonton held a powwow in Fort Scott to consider the question of further pursuit. Generals Grant, Halleck, and Rosecrans were exceedingly anxious to have Price and his army captured. But the three major-generals conducting the pursuit were an inharmonious set. No one would respect the orders or wishes of the other, and Rosecrans was eighty miles away, powerless to bring order out of chaos.

Curtis's incompetency was plainly visible to Blunt

and Pleasonton; Blunt's rebellious — if not mutinous — conduct from the Marais des Cygnes to Fort Scott was observed by Pleasonton and understood by Curtis; and Pleasonton's deliberate disobedience of Curtis's orders, in leaving the field and moving into Fort Scott, was apparent to all. It was a muddle disgraceful and detrimental to the service. Whatever their grievances, one with another, they were all to blame; and they, each and all, in due time received their punishment.

That Blunt and Pleasonton each had a justifiable grievance, no one familiar with the facts will dispute; but that was not the time nor the place to settle such matters. Instead of leaving the field at the close of day, when the enemy was within easy reach, Blunt and Pleasonton should have thrown their divisions in line and settled with Price first, and with Curtis afterwards.

Had McNeil, Phillips, or Benteen, whose brigades had done substantially all the fighting that day, been there alone with their troops, Price and his army would have been prisoners of war before the sun went down. But that was not to be. "To Fort Scott or bust" was emblazoned on the escutcheons of the major-generals — and to Fort Scott they went.

Thus three times in three days Price had been in a trap, and each time he was allowed to escape. At Independence, Curtis left the door open; and he walked out. At Mine Creek, Blunt refused to come to the front; and Pleasonton prevented a second charge. If Blunt had come, or Pleasonton kept still, Price and his army would have been ours before the halt was sounded.

At the forks of the road where the last fighting occurred, the major-generals were again at fault for leaving the field before the work was finished. All day long they lingered in the rear, and knew not the helpless condition of Price and his troops. Invariably they reached the fighting ground after the advance had done its work and passed on. In that brilliant charge of

Phillips and Benteen at Mine Creek, when they swept everything before them on the north side and dashed across and were rounding up the prisoners, General Pleasonton reached the summit of the plateau from which the charge was made and opened fire on his own men who had crossed the creek.

It was subsequently asserted that only four shots were fired. That is a mistake. Sergeant Hiner and I were among the first to cross the creek in pursuit of the fleeing Rebels, and while we and many others were gathering up prisoners within range of Fagan's line, which had formed to cover Marmaduke's retreat, the artillery opened fire from the rear and drove all our men on the extreme left back to shelter.

As proof of this I quote from the report of one of the officers as follows:

HEADQUARTERS FOURTH IOWA CAVALRY,
DIAMOND GROVE, *October 27, 1864.*

MAJOR-GENERAL CURTIS:

. . . We advanced so far into the enemy's ranks that Major-General Pleasonton ordered our own battery to shell us, thinking we were the retreating enemy, and my men were obliged to scatter to avoid being cut to pieces by our own shells. I should have called to see you, General, had not I received a severe wound in my foot which prevents my riding my horse.

A. R. PIERCE,
Major, Commanding Fourth Iowa Veteran Cavalry.*

Again, Colonel Cloud of the Second Kansas Cavalry, being at the front when the artillery opened, rode back to the rear where the battery was planted, and told General Pleasonton, who was near the guns, that he was firing on his own men. Pleasonton, who had just reached the field, snubbed Cloud and continued firing until an officer rode back from beyond the creek where the men were pursuing and capturing the retreating Rebels and told him that he was killing his own men.

*Rebellion Records, Vol. XLI, Part IV, p. 290.

He then gave the order to cease firing, after he had driven the Fourth Iowa Cavalry from that part of the field.

Had Pleasonton or any one of the major-generals been at the front, where they belonged, this and many other inexcusable blunders would not have occurred. Their conduct during the entire day was the reverse of what it should have been; and the same is true of Curtis and Pleasonton after they reached Fort Scott. They wrangled like children all the next forenoon over the highly important question, whether the prisoners and captured artillery should go to Leavenworth or St. Louis. Next they differed on the question of pursuing Price. Then Pleasonton contended that he and his troops were not subject to the orders of General Curtis; and so the wrangle became worse and worse entangled, until Pleasonton submitted the questions of dispute to General Rosecrans, who replied as follows:

HEADQUARTERS CAVALRY DIVISION,
FORT SCOTT, *October 27, 1864.*

MAJOR-GENERAL CURTIS,

Commanding Department of Kansas:

GENERAL: Major-General Rosecrans has just telegraphed me instructions from Warrensburg to send Generals Sanborn's and McNeil's brigades to their respective districts at Springfield and Rolla, and to conduct the remaining brigades with the captured prisoners and property of their commands to Warrensburg. I shall therefore start to-morrow morning to execute these orders.

I remain, General, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

A. PLEASONTON,
Major-General Commanding.*

On receipt of this despatch General Curtis got busy and sent a despatch to General Halleck, of which the following is a copy:

*Rebellion Records, Vol. XLI, Part IV, p. 287.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE BORDER, *

NEWTONIA, MO., *October 29, 1864—5 A. M.*MAJ. GEN. H. W. HALLECK, *Chief-of-Staff*:

After our victory last night I started the troops at 3 this morning in farther pursuit of Price, General McNeil in advance, when orders from General Rosecrans, through Pleasonton, were received, taking McNeil to Rolla and Sanborn to Springfield, and otherwise disposing of all other troops, including my prisoners, who remained in the rear. I am left with only the fragments of my own regular volunteers, not exceeding 1,000 fit for duty; and deeming it improper to continue a pursuit in another department, suspended by its proper commander, I shall return by slow marches to my own department command.

S. R. CURTIS,
Major-General.*

Halleck informed General Grant of what his generals were doing and not doing in Missouri. Grant was a true soldier, and had no use for fuss and feathers; nor patience with envy and jealousy. By a single despatch he caused five major-generals, who had been following Price around over Missouri for thirty days, to stand up and take notice.

HIS ESCAPE

Price, with his bedragled fragments of an army, had slipped the halter and was gone, but they were ordered to follow him to the Arkansas River. Blunt, with a light brigade of cavalry, was already in pursuit. General Curtis followed, and reached Carthage on the twenty-eighth, where he was joined by Generals Sanborn and McNeil with their brigades, who had previously been ordered by Rosecrans to Springfield and Rolla. General Rosecrans, with A. J. Smith's command, was at Warrensburg, a hundred miles away. Pleasonton was in Fort Scott; and Phillips and Ben-teen, with their exhausted brigades, were struggling

*Rebellion Records, Vol. XLI, Part IV, p. 318.

along on Price's trail in obedience to orders issued by generals; not with the expectation of overtaking Price, but manifestly for the purpose of hiding their own moccasin tracks. At Newtonia on the afternoon of the twenty-eighth, Blunt and Sanborn had a skirmish with Shelby's cavalry; and that was the last of the fighting, in so far as the pursuit of Price was concerned.

General Curtis remained in Newtonia until the thirtieth, when he moved west six miles to Neosho and despatched General Rosecrans as follows:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE BORDER,
IN THE FIELD, NEOSHO, *Oct. 30, 1864 — 1 A. M.*

GENERAL ROSECRANS:

An order just received from Lieutenant-General Grant, directing the pursuit of Price to be continued to the Arkansas River, seems to conflict with your order directing the troops of General Pleasanton to their several districts. I have therefore ordered your troops to resume the pursuit, supposing it will meet with your approbation, as there are no other troops sufficient to carry out the purpose of the lieutenant-general commanding. Since my militia has left me, your portion of the command has been much the greatest, and I have expected your arrival to assume the responsibilities of the movement against Price.

S. R. CURTIS,
Major-General.*

On the same day General Curtis despatched General A. J. Smith as follows:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE BORDER,
NEOSHO, MO., *Oct. 30, 1864 — 1 A. M.*

GENERAL A. J. SMITH:

Your despatch of the 27th instant is just received. After fighting Price at Newtonia last night he retreated toward Cassville. An order from General Rosecrans withdrew his troops, and I, not being strong enough without them, came thus far on my return. Orders just received from Lieutenant-General Grant induce me to resume the pursuit. I shall need infantry very much, but do not see how you will

*Rebellion Records, Vol. XLI, Part IV, pp. 331-2.

be able to overtake me except by conveying your men in wagons and travelling night and day.

S. R. CURTIS,
Major-General.*

Following this despatch General Curtis issued orders to the brigade commanders of Pleasonton's division, of which the following is a copy:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE BORDER,
IN THE FIELD, NEOSHO, MO., *October 30, 1864 — 1 A. M.*
BRIG. GEN. JOHN McNEIL,

Commanding Brigade in the Field:

Despatches just received from Lieutenant-General Grant require me to continue the pursuit of Price to the Arkansas River. You will, therefore, proceed forthwith to Cassville, reporting to me with your command at that place. If you find Price's trail leaves the road, halt and inform me as soon as possible.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

S. R. CURTIS,
Major-General, Commanding.*

The orders to Sanborn, Phillips, and Benteen were substantially the same as that to McNeil. When these orders were issued, Price, with what remained of his army, was at Maysville, fifty miles west of Cassville, the place of rendezvous.

While Curtis was at Cassville, Price moved to Cane Hill and sent Fagan with a bunch of his worn-out troops over to Fayetteville for supplies. A detachment of the First Arkansas Cavalry, being on duty there, stood Fagan off and notified General Curtis, who had moved forward to the battlefield of Pea Ridge. On hearing of Fagan's proximity to Fayetteville General Curtis moved in that direction; and when Curtis moved, Fagan ran back to Cane Hill, and then General Price gathered up his luggage and pushed on to the Arkansas River.

*Rebellion Records, Vol. XLI, Part IV, p. 332.

In due time Curtis reached Fayetteville, and from there, by easy going, finally arrived at the Arkansas River on November 8, 1864, eleven days out from Fort Scott. On arriving at the north bank of that long-sought river, General Curtis was informed that Price with the remnant of his raiders, all clad in their pajamas, had crossed the previous day and scattered "like chaff before the wind."

The old fox having made good his escape, General Curtis levelled his guns in the direction where he was last seen, and fired a national salute as a tribute to the masterly skill displayed by the commanding generals in rescuing the States of Missouri and Kansas from their perilous condition. He also fired a few spherical case-shot across the river at the trail Price left behind, as a warning to evil-doers.

THE LAST DITCH

Thus ended the most reckless, ill-advised, disastrous raid from either army during the War of the Rebellion. General Price marched into Missouri with a mob of nine thousand undisciplined, unmanageable thieves, robbers, and murderers. Many of his officers, but comparatively few of his followers, were brave, gallant soldiers; but his so-called army, as a whole, was a disgrace to civilization.

On the twenty-eighth of August, 1864, General Price and staff started from Camden, Arkansas; August 30, he marched north with the divisions of Generals Fagan and Marmaduke, five thousand strong; September 6, he crossed the Arkansas River at Dardanelle, almost under the guns of Major-General Fred. Steele of the Federal Army; September 16, he reached Pochontas, and was there joined by General Shelby, who had preceded him for the purpose of gathering up deserters, stragglers, and renegades who had been hiding out in the hills of Southern Missouri and Northern Arkansas.

On the twenty-seventh of September he reached

Pilot Knob and attacked General Ewing's small command with artillery at a distance. After shelling Fort Davidson all day, he withdrew to a place of safety for the night. With Shelby's division added and the deserters and conscripts brought in by him, Price then had nine thousand men with him, while Ewing had about fifteen hundred. During the night Ewing retired taking with him such ordinance and stores as he could transport, and destroying the remainder.

If Price had an army of nine thousand trained soldiers, or half that number, why did he not attack Ewing in Pilot Knob or on the road to Rolla, with small arms? Not once did he come within range of Colonel Fletcher's infantry regiment. That, of itself was sufficient to show General Rosecrans that Price was not in Missouri on a military expedition.

From Pilot Knob General Price wound his way around over the hills, by way of Franklin to Jefferson City, without risking a battle anywhere, except when he met unarmed citizens or could find an isolated company of State troops off their guard. Then his savage barbarians immediately became lions, ravenous for blood.

On arriving at Jefferson City he mounted his white horse, Bucephalus, and made a display that was terrific to behold. Not knowing the man, General Grant would have been staggered by it, or Napoleon would have been driven across the Alps. All day on October the seventh, he raved and frothed, formed and reformed, and marched and countermarched, but never once did he or any of his cavaliers venture within range of the frowning Federal guns, backed as they were by a line of true blue, eager for the fray. But he did not advance. He was there to be seen, not heard. The range of the field-glass was preferable to the range of musketry, and he was content to let well-enough alone.

Like Renatus of Anjou, his line of battle was in the form of a crescent, with Marmaduke on the right, Fagan

in the centre, and Shelby on the left. He foamed and looked fierce as he dashed to and fro on old Bucephalus, exciting his war-scarred veterans to deeds of daring. They had not assailed a chicken roost, robbed a smoke-house, or murdered an unarmed citizen since the previous night, and they were fairly chafing for a chance to show their skill as savage warriors.

Often while in-line during the day their swords would leap from their scabbards and whirl through the air, cutting the pigeon wing, to scare the Federals, who were chafing for an opportunity to be "up and at 'em." Thus the bluffers bluffed throughout the day, and when the dark mantle of night was spread, they sheathed their swords and stole silently away.

This was further proof positive to General Rosecrans that Price did not mean to fight. From Jefferson City he moved on, ravaging the country as he went by way of Boonville and Lexington to Kansas City, where the whole gang should have been arrested and sent to the dry Tortugas. And yet, when we take into consideration the terrible ordeal through which General Price and his followers passed on their retreat from Kansas City back to the canebrakes of Arkansas, it is a question whether it were not best for us to let them flounder along, in haste, over bad roads, with scant supplies, to the last Confederate ditch, which to them was already in full view.

The Price Raid was a stupendous blunder from the beginning. It tarnished the record of General Price, both as a man and a soldier, and wiped his army out of existence. It demoralized most of his officers and soldiers, and rendered them unfit for future citizenship. It led to the destruction of vast quantities of property and the loss of many valuable lives after the downfall of the Confederacy was a certainty.

When General Price, with a remnant of his raiders, returned to Camden, broken, discouraged, and dishonored, he was assailed by his superior and subordinate

officers, and driven to the necessity of demanding a Court of Inquiry to place responsibility where it belonged, and save his reputation as an officer and a gentleman. This Court listened to a vast amount of testimony from Confederate officers and soldiers, and then lay down and died with the Confederacy.

With the crushing of this noted raid through Missouri and Kansas, my services as a soldier in the Civil War ceased, and I returned to the peaceful pursuits of life. After this there were no battles of importance west of the Mississippi. The Confederate Army, in what the enemy called the Trans-Mississippi Department, was hopelessly stranded in the last ditch. Their men were deserting and going home in squads; and their officers were looking one at another and saying, "I told you so."

East of the Mississippi the war was still raging with great fury. Steadily the Union armies were closing in on the enemy and driving him slowly back — back to the last ditch. Grant had Lee bottled up in Petersburg and Richmond; Thomas was rounding up the fragments of Hood's army in Tennessee; Sherman was sweeping the field from Atlanta to the sea; and Sheridan was settling the dispute with Jubal Early over in the Shenandoah Valley.

Everywhere things were coming our way. The so-called Confederacy was on its last legs — tottering to the fall. The arch-conspirators who had caused all the trouble were floundering in the depths of dark despair, while their misguided army officers, who had often led their gallant soldiers to the muzzle of our guns, stood silent in the shadow of the lost cause, awaiting orders to take down the flag of treason.

At the helm of the Government at Washington, with his strong right hand grasping the wheel, and his great heart beating in unison with the step of his soldiers, stood Abraham Lincoln, the true, loyal, courageous pilot who had guided our ship through the storm to a harbor of safety.

PART SECOND

PART SECOND

CHAPTER XIII

ELECTION OF 1864

DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION — GEO. B. M'CLELLAN
NOMINATED FOR PRESIDENT.

THE Presidential election in the Fall of 1864 was of vital importance to the cause of the Union. The War of the Rebellion was still raging, and conspirators at home and abroad were active in their efforts to destroy the Government of the United States. The home traitors wanted a President who would stop the war and allow them to establish a separate Government based upon the institution of slavery. The foreign conspirators wanted to see the Union dissolved, and our Republican form of Government broken into fragments, which sooner or later would become involved in war among themselves and eventually become an easy prey to the avarice and greed of the despotic powers of Europe.

Especially was this true of Louis Napoleon, the usurper and coward on the throne of France, who was at that time imploring the authorities of Great Britain to join him in recognizing the independence of the so-called Confederate Government. Also many of the English officials, including members of Parliament and others high in authority, were clamoring for the same. But Queen Victoria, the queen of queens, said "No," and that left the Rebel cause in the hands of home tal-

ent, with Napoleon's troops stranded on the plains of Mexico.

Then, when all hopes of foreign intervention had vanished, and their armies were rapidly approaching the last ditch, the Confederate authorities, in the agonies of despair, undertook to save themselves and the wreckage of their folly by the aid of political bushwhackers in the loyal States. All their guns — rifle and smooth-bore, flint-lock and muzzle-loading, good, bad, and indifferent — were turned on Mr. Lincoln. Emissaries were sent by Jefferson Davis from Richmond into Canada to help to organize and discipline his allies in the extreme Northern States; and Rebel ambassadors, by the score, were sent from Kentucky, Tennessee, and Missouri into Indiana, Illinois, and Iowa to help to organize and discipline the Anti-war Democrats, Knights of the Golden Circle, Sons of Liberty, Copperheads, Bounty-jumpers, and other similar characters in those States. In fact, everything was done by the Rebel authorities that could be done to unite their dupes and sympathizers under the banner of Democracy, with the view of electing a President who would take down the American flag, call home the Federal troops, dissolve the Union, and let the slave-holding States go their way in peace. That was exactly the object and purpose of Jefferson Davis and his Northern allies.

DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION

The whole scheme was clearly revealed by the Democratic National Convention, which assembled at Chicago on the twenty-ninth of August, 1864. Horatio Seymour of New York, a notorious Rebel sympathizer, was made President of the Convention. On assuming the chair he made an extreme anti-war speech, which was cheered to the echo. C. L. Vallandigham of Ohio, who had previously been banished for treasonable utterances, and then sent back by

Jefferson Davis through Canada to attend the Convention, was there, and a leading spirit on the committee of resolutions. The resolutions reported by Vallandigham, as the Democratic platform for that year and adopted by the Convention, were saturated with treason, and would have been ratified by every soldier in the Rebel army. Section II reads as follows:

Resolved, That this Convention does explicitly declare, as the sense of the American people, that, after four years of failure to restore the Union by the experiment of war, during which, under the pretence of a military necessity of a war power higher than the Constitution, the Constitution itself has been disregarded in every part, and public liberty and private right alike trodden down, and the material prosperity of the country essentially impaired, justice, humanity, liberty, and the public welfare demand that immediate efforts be made for a cessation of hostilities, with a view to an ultimate Convention of all the States, or other peaceable means, to the end that, at the earliest practicable moment, peace may be restored on the basis of the Federal Union of the States.

This man Vallandigham, who reported the platform from which the above is an extract, had previously been tried by a military tribunal, convicted as a public enemy, and sent through the Federal lines as a criminal. The next heard of him, he was in Richmond telling the Confederates what to do and how to do it. In an interview with commissioners, appointed by Davis to confer with the authorities at Washington on terms of peace, he said: "If you can only hold out this year [1864] the peace party of the North will sweep the Lincoln dynasty out of political existence."

Having urged the Rebels to hold out for another year, and having otherwise given such aid and comfort to the enemy as lay within his power, he is next heard of in Canada with Clement C. Clay, James P. Holcombe, George N. Souders, and other Confederate agents, organizing raids and plotting schemes of invasion, robbery, and murder along our northern frontier settle-

ments. And lastly, having made the rounds and done all he could against the Government and people of the United States, he sneaks back through the lines and bobs up in the Chicago Convention with a platform declaring the war a failure, and demanding that the Union Army be called home and disbanded.

Then with the "Lincoln dynasty swept out of political existence," and the Rebel Government and army still "holding out," there would have been nothing more for Jefferson Davis and his army to do, except march over to Washington and distribute the spoils of war. In view of what the Confederate authorities said to Vallandigham while in Richmond, and the ultimatum of President Davis, as expressed to Colonel James F. Jaques of the Seventy-third Illinois and J. R. Gilmore of New York, who visited him by permission of Mr. Lincoln, the audacity of Vallandigham and his committee on resolutions was refreshing in the extreme. Nevertheless the committee was cheered to the echo, and the resolutions were adopted without a dissenting vote.

When those resolutions were reported and adopted as the platform of the Democratic party, every member of the committee and every intelligent delegate in the Convention knew that nothing short of a dissolution of the Union and the independence of the Confederacy would be considered by Jefferson Davis for a moment. Seymour, the President of the Convention, understood it; Vallandigham, who had talked with Davis and others at Richmond, understood it; Colonel Marmaduke of Missouri, Colonel Grenfell of John Morgan's staff, and other Confederate officers who were delegates in the Convention, understood it. In fact all, except the chumps, knew exactly what the resolutions meant and the object and purpose at which they aimed.

The empty words at the foot of the resolution quoted,—namely: "to the end that at the earliest practicable moment, peace may be restored on the basis of the Federal Union of the States,"—in the face of the

remainder of the resolution, and the known ultimatum of President Davis, were meaningless, except as a decoy for ignorant but loyal Democratic voters. If a single doubt ever existed in the mind of an intelligent person of the North or of the South, as to the purpose and determination of Jefferson Davis, that doubt was removed by his ultimatum, delivered to Colonel Jaques of Illinois and Mr. Gilmore of New York in June, 1864.

At the close of a protracted conference, President Davis said:

The North was mad and blind; it would not let us govern ourselves; and so the War came; and now it must go on till the last man of this generation falls in his tracks, and his children seize his musket and fight our battle, unless you acknowledge our right to self-government. We are not fighting for slavery. We are fighting for Independence; that or extermination we will have.

Again, at parting, Mr. Davis said to them:

Say to Mr. Lincoln, from me, that I shall at any time be pleased to receive proposals for peace on the basis of our independence. It will be useless to approach me with any other.

Thus it was settled and proclaimed to the world that the war must go on until the Confederacy was recognized as an independent Government, or the people of the South were exterminated. And yet Seymour, Vallandigham, and their fellow-conspirators at Chicago were resolving that the Federal Army was the only obstacle in the way of peace and the restoration of Federal Union of all the States.

Such absurdity would not have been attempted in a convention composed of intelligent, loyal citizens. Nor would the treasonable utterances of many of the delegates in that convention have been tolerated by anybody but traitors. Some of them soared aloft and hurled all sorts of things at the Union Army and the Lincoln dynasty. The dirtier and more vulgar they became, the louder they were cheered.

One pure-minded, polished delegate (the Rev. Henry Clay Dean, of Iowa), smarting under the wounds that had been inflicted upon him by the "usurper, traitor, and tyrant" (Lincoln), sallied forth with spikes in his belt and poison on his lips, and proceeded to declare his sentiments thus:

For over three years, Lincoln had been calling for men, and they had been given. But, with all the vast armies placed at his command, he had failed! failed! failed! failed! Such failure had never been known. Such destruction of human life had never been seen since the destruction of Sennacherib by the breath of the Almighty. And still the monster usurper wanted more men for his slaughter pens. . . . Ever since the usurper, traitor, and tyrant had occupied the Presidential chair, the Republican party had shouted "War to the knife, and the knife to the hilt!" Blood had flowed in torrents; and yet the thirst of the old monster was not quenched. His cry was for more blood.

Not to be overshadowed by this patriot from the scrub-oaks of Iowa, in his devotion to the cause of the Union, the Hon. C. Chauncy Burr, of New Jersey, stepped to the front and proceeded to shake the rafters with his eloquence, clothed in polished language and well-rounded periods. Chauncy was an all-round master of men and was ready at all times to lead where duty called. He had read the "Art of War in Europe," guided the elephants at Arbela, snuffed the battle of Marathon, and covered the retreat from Moscow; and now he was ready to storm the gates of Camp Douglas and send home eight thousand Confederate gentlemen who had been ruthlessly torn from their beloved homes in the South by Lincoln's army, and were then held at Camp Douglas as prisoners of war. In the course of his fierce onslaught, this orator further said:

We had no right to burn their wheat-fields, steal their pianos, spoons, or jewelry. Mr. Lincoln had stolen a good many thousand negroes; but for every negro he had thus

stolen, he had stolen ten thousand spoons. It had been said that, if the South would lay down *their* arms, *they* would be received back into the Union. The South could not honorably lay down her arms, for she was fighting for her honor. Two millions of men had been sent down to the slaughter-pens of the South, and the army of Lincoln could not again be filled, neither by enlistments nor conscription. If he ever uttered a prayer, it was that no one of the States of the Union should be conquered and subjugated.

This astounding information concerning the theft of pianos, spoons, and negroes, by "Mr. Lincoln and his boodlers," set the rang and file of the Convention on fire. The delegates shrieked for vengeance, and were clamorous to be led against Camp Douglas — "the Black Hole of Calcutta," as they called it. Seymour, their presiding officer, tried to call the rabble to order, but it would not be called. The braves wanted their war-bonnets and a leader; and then good-bye to the "Lincoln dynasty," good-bye to the butchers in the slaughter-pens of the South, good-bye to the tyrant Lincoln, good-bye to Federal prisons!

They were going to hit the war-path, suppress the tyrant Lincoln, knock his army out, and turn things over to Jefferson Davis without waiting for the Presidential election. The more they were called to order, the louder they roared, until finally Colonel Grenfell (of the staff of John Morgan, the Rebel raider), and Colonel Marmaduke (brother of the Rebel General whom we captured at Mine Creek) stepped to the front and ordered them to be quiet. The disturbing elements having been assuaged and order restored, Judge Miller, a meek and mild-mannered patriot from Ohio, proceeded to tell the Convention all about the peculiarities and characteristics of War Democrats.

It so happened that a great many of the brave boys in blue, who were then at the front battering down the walls of treason, had originally been Jeffersonian Democrats in the state of Ohio. Generals Grant, Sherman,

Sheridan, Buell, Stedman, the two Mitchels, and many other gallant Union officers of Democratic proclivities, were sons of that glorious State.

But who and what were these men in comparison to the valiant Vollandigham of Ohio, the noble Dean of Iowa, and gallant ex-Rev. C. Chauncy Burr of the great commonwealth of New Jersey. Echo might have answered, but for that renowned jurist, philosopher, and statesman, Judge Miller of Ohio, who forged his way to the front and in stentorian tones said: "There is no real difference between a War Democrat and an Abolitionist. They are links of one sausage, made out of the same dog."

Thus the delegates being enlightened on all important matters, the Convention was prepared to nominate a candidate for the Presidency who would sweep the country like a prairie fire. Then the great question was, Who would be the most available man? The Confederate Army officers and Rebel delegates from Virginia, Kentucky, and Missouri wanted General Lee. Indiana, Illinois, and Iowa wanted Jefferson Davis; and Ohio, Delaware, New York, and New Jersey wanted a Northern man with secession proclivities — a Rebel sympathizer who would stand pat on the platform just adopted.

GEO. B. M'CLELLAN NOMINATED FOR PRESIDENT

After skirmishing, beating the brush, and scouring the woods all round in search of a candidate who could deceive the greater number of voters, someone discovered George B. McClellan, in Barcus Alley, nursing his wounds and vowing eternal vengeance against the "tyrannical dynasty" at Washington, and in a loud voice exclaimed "Eureka!" The name of George B. McClellan was not entirely satisfactory to Vollandigham and the ultra "let-'em-go-in-peace" delegates, because he had at one time worn the Federal uniform as an officer in the Army. But when reminded that he was

not an officer to hurt, but merely a grand stand performer, heavy on dress parade and hasty on the retreat, all objections were removed, and he was unanimously nominated amid cheers and Rebel yells.

After another lively skirmish, George H. Pendleton, of Ohio, who had opposed the war at every step taken by Mr. Lincoln for the preservation of the Union, was nominated for Vice-President.

McClellan had led the Potomac Army — at that time the finest and best equipped army the world had even seen — to the walls of Richmond, and finding the gates wide open, turned around without a battle and beat a hasty retreat to a place of safety, without the loss of a man. Such skill was seldom equalled and never surpassed in modern or ancient warfare, and yet it did not please the authorities at Washington, who at the proper time gave the distinguished General indefinite leave of absence. Hence he was discovered by the Chicago Convention as the man of all men to lead where traitors could follow.

CHAPTER XIV

NATIONAL UNION CONVENTION OF 1864

PRESIDENT LINCOLN NOMINATED FOR RE-ELECTION — RESULT OF THE ELECTION — THE CONFEDERACY DOOMED.

THE National Union Convention, composed of Republicans and War Democrats, assembled at Baltimore on Tuesday, June 7, and organized, electing the Rev. Robert J. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, as temporary chairman, and Ex-Governor Dennison, of Ohio, as permanent President. This Convention was made up of men loyal and true to the Government of the United States, and the cause of humanity. Henry J. Raymond, of New York, was chairman of the committee on resolutions, and reported a platform from which the following is an extract:

Resolved, That we approve the determination of the Government of the United States not to compromise with Rebels, nor to offer them any terms of peace except such as may be based upon an unconditional surrender of their hostility and a return to their just allegiance to the Constitution and the laws of the United States; and that we call upon the Government to maintain this position, and to prosecute the war with the utmost possible vigor to the complete suppression of the Rebellion, in full reliance upon the self-sacrificing patriotism, the heroic valor, and the undying devotion of the American people to their country and its free institutions.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN NOMINATED FOR RE-ELECTION

To find a man for the Presidency, who could stand with both feet on this platform, required no search war-

rant. All eyes were turned on the pilot of pilots, the captain of the home-coming ship that had sailed the bloody seas, and was rounding into port with the Stars and Stripes flying from the top-mast. Our army and navy, in good form, were still there, while the Confederacy was tottering on the verge of despair. The people had said to their delegates at Baltimore, "Don't stop to swap horses in the middle of the stream." Mr. Lincoln was unanimously nominated for reelection; and Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee, was chosen as the candidate for Vice-President.

The two national tickets with their platforms were now before the people. No one entertained a doubt as to where Mr. Lincoln stood, nor as to the intent and purpose of the Union platform. It meant war to the knife, death to the Confederacy, freedom for the slaves, and the Union of the States. The Chicago platform meant the dissolution of the Union, and the Independence of the Southern Confederacy.

Mr. Lincoln stood square on his platform, and never wavered or faltered for a moment in his determination to suppress the Rebellion. George B. McClellan, in his letter of acceptance, repudiated a part of the Chicago platform and accepted other parts. No one could tell where he stood, nor what he intended to do if elected President. He knew the ultimatum of Jefferson Davis, yet he wanted to disband the Union Army and stop the war. He knew that with the Union Army disbanded, and the armies of Lee, Hood, and Johnson still in the field, the independence of the Confederacy was a foregone conclusion; and yet he pretended to be in favor of peace "on the basis of the Federal Union of the States." His position was not only untenable, but it bore falsehood on its face.

The campaign, though largely one-sided, was spirited and in some localities hot and exciting. A million Union men or more were away in the army, and that gave the Knights of the Golden Circle, Sons of Liberty,

deserters from the army, and traitors generally, a chance to annoy the old men and frighten the women and children, and thereby keep as many Union voters from the polls as possible. But all such work, disreputable and detestable as it was, availed them nothing.

The Union orators went straight to the loyal people and laid bare the false pretences of McClellan and his supporters. The Union press and pulpit stood in line with all sails to the breeze, and spoke in no uncertain sounds. The voice and pen of Harriet Beecher Stowe, Julia Ward Howe, Mary A. Livermore, Susan B. Anthony, Lucy Stone, and a thousand other brilliant loyal women rang the changes on impending dangers to the Republic, and portrayed the disasters that would follow in the wake of fragmentary Governments.

While the battle for ballots was thus raging throughout the North, a million loyal guns were hurling missiles of death at the Confederacy throughout the South. Closer and closer Grant was drawing his lines around Lee at Richmond and Petersburg. Right on the heels of the Chicago Convention, bang went Sherman's guns, and down went Atlanta in the heart of the Confederacy. Incessant was the roar of cannon and the rattle of musketry along Thomas's lines among the hills of Tennessee. All rolling and tumbling went Jubal Early's forces back from the Shenandoah, with Phil Sheridan and his cavaliers in close pursuit. About the same time Mobile went down under Farragut's guns, and the troops elsewhere were moving with a steadiness of purpose that bespoke the beginning of the end.

These grand achievements following each other in rapid succession, after the Chicago Convention had branded the army as thieves and declared the war a failure, were emphasized by a Proclamation from President Lincoln for Thanksgiving and national salutes. This led up to the autumn elections in a number of the States, preceding the Presidential election of that year.

RESULT OF THE ELECTION

In all the States holding elections in October, with one exception, the returns showed decided Union gains. The dear old State of Indiana, which had been claimed by the Knights of the Copperhead Circle for McClellan and Pendleton, led the van of October States by giving the Republican State ticket a majority of over twenty thousand and a gain of four members of Congress. These elections left no doubt about the reëlection of Mr. Lincoln, although McClellan and his disloyal supporters in the north, and Jefferson Davis and his army in the South, held on, grasping like drowning men at straws, and hoping against hope, until the election in November, which sealed their doom.

At that election McClellan and Pendleton carried just three States — New Jersey, Delaware, and Kentucky — twenty-one electoral votes; and Lincoln and Johnson carried all the other States — two hundred and twelve electoral votes. No election was held in the ten States then in rebellion. The vote of Kentucky should have been excluded on account of the vast Rebel vote cast for McClellan and Pendleton in that State; but since it did not change the result it was allowed to be counted.

The result of this national election was a death blow to the Confederacy. It settled the political schemes and aspirations of the Confederate conspirators at Richmond, and their allies in the loyal States. It broke the backbone of the Confederate army and left the officers and soldiers stranded on false hopes and unfulfilled promises. Through the dark gloom that enshrouded every camp, they saw the handwriting on the wall. From that moment they began to inquire, one of another, what they should do to be saved.

THE CONFEDERACY DOOMED

West of the Mississippi the jig was up. General Price was retreating southward from his disastrous

raid through Missouri, when he received the news of McClellan's defeat. On the morning of the election he crossed the Arkansas River with the shattered fragments of his followers, and that was the last ever heard of him as a factor in war. His divisions scattered and his soldiers vanished. Kirby Smith, with sad recollections, and dark forebodings, betook himself to the pineries of Louisiana, while his ragged, hungry, battle-scarred veterans were wandering about over the country in search of something to eat. Dick Taylor crossed the Mississippi and reported to Hood; Marmaduke was already a prisoner of war in Missouri; Shelby was organizing an expedition to Mexico; Fagan was at home in Arkansas, taking observations and calculations as to the exact time when the Confederate meteor would disappear; Gano was camped at Caddo, guarding the remains of Price's army, and endeavoring to suppress the rebellion among Cooper's Indians; Cooper was looking after boot-leggers from Texas; and from the Ides of November to the fall of Richmond the remainder of the Confederate army officers in the Trans-Mississippi Department were serving on Courts of Inquiry and Boards of Review, convened for the purpose of trying each other on recriminating charges incident to an army that had been the architect of its own misfortunes.

East of the Mississippi the armies of Lee, Hood, and Johnson, although staggering and bleeding, were still holding out. Lee was bottled up in Richmond and Petersburg, with the Army of Northern Virginia slowly melting away. Hood had given up in despair; and Johnson was in North Carolina trying to coöperate with Lee in Virginia.

But the die was cast; the Confederacy was doomed. General Grant held his death-grip on Lee until he took down the Confederate flag and surrendered the Army

of Northern Virginia as prisoners of war. General Thomas, at Nashville, knocked Hood over the ropes and sent his army glimmering through the dreams that were; General Sherman closed in on Joe Johnston; and the Confederacy became a thing of the past.

CHAPTER XV

THE KANSAS STATE CONVENTIONS AND ELECTION OF 1864

STATE MILITIA AND POLITICAL GENERALS — RESULT OF THE ELECTION — GOVERNOR'S MESSAGE — REORGANIZATION OF THE STATE MILITIA — THE SECOND INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN — ON TO CITY POINT — ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

ON the eighth of September, 1864, the Republican State Convention assembled at Topeka, and organized by the election of John T. Cox, of Coffey County as President; Wm. M. Inman, Captain Bowman, Wm. Tholen, W. E. Bowker, and Thaddeus Prentice as Vice-Presidents; and R. R. Lockwood and F. G. Adams as Secretaries.

After adopting resolutions endorsing the administration of President Lincoln, ratifying the National Union platform adopted at Baltimore, and demanding a vigorous prosecution of the war, the Convention proceeded to nominate a State Ticket, Associate Justice, Presidential electors, and Member of Congress as follows:

For Governor, Samuel J. Crawford, Anderson County.
For Lieut. Governor, James McGrew, Wyandotte County.
For Sec. of State, R. A. Barker, Atchison County.
For Auditor of State, J. R. Swallow, Lyon County.
For State Treasurer, Wm. Spriggs, Anderson County.
For Atty. General, J. D. Brumbaugh, Marshal County.
For Supt. Pub. Instruc., I. T. Goodnow, Riley County.
For Associate Justice, Jacob Safford, Shawnee County.
For Member of Congress, Sidney Clark, Douglas County.
For Presidential Electors: Ellsworth Chesebrough, Atchison County; Nelson McCracken, Leavenworth County; Robert McBratney, Davis County.

Before the election Mr. Chesebrough and Mr. McCracken died, and Colonels Cloud and Moonlight were chosen by the State Central Committee to succeed them on the electoral ticket.

On the thirteenth of September two opposition Conventions were held in Topeka; one composed of Anti-Lane Republicans, and the other of mugwump Democrats. The one endorsed the Baltimore platform and advised its followers to support Mr. Lincoln. The other endorsed the Chicago platform and ratified the nomination of George B. McClellan and George H. Pendleton. Then the two Conventions came together and named a State ticket, composed of disaffected Republicans and War Democrats as follows:

For Governor, S. O. Thacher, Douglas County.

For Lieut. Governor, John J. Ingalls, Atchison County.

For Sec. of State, W. R. Sanders, Coffey County.

For State Treasurer, J. R. McClure, Davis County.

For State Auditor, Asa Hairgrove, Linn County.

For Atty. General, H. Griswold, Leavenworth County.

For Supt. Pub. Instruc., Peter MacVicar, Shawnee County.

For Associate Justice, S. A. Kingman, Brown County.

For Member of Congress, A. L. Lee, Doniphan County.

For Presidential Electors: T. Bridgens, Bourbon County; A. G. Ege, Doniphan County; Nelson Cobb, Douglas County.

All the Democrats were earnest supporters of George B. McClellan.

STATE MILITIA AND POLITICAL GENERALS

After the State Conventions had nominated their tickets, the State Militia (as hereinbefore shown) was called out to resist the Rebel General Price, who was advancing on Kansas; and that prevented a political campaign, except such as Governor Carney and his adherents attempted among the State troops while they were in camp to protect their homes.

It was asserted that the Governor did not believe

that Price was in Missouri, or that Kansas was in danger; but that was not a reasonable excuse for his conduct and the mutinous conduct of some of his Militia generals and their staff officers. They all knew that Price with a large force was coming, and nothing but bullets and bayonets would check his advance. Nevertheless the political tempering with the troops went bravely on until Blunt's and Pleasonton's guns were thundering around Independence and along the Big Blue, within hearing of the Kansas State troops.

But then it was too late to repair the damage that had been done. Those who were responsible for the position and condition of the State troops, stood aghast or betook themselves to the brush, and left the untrained regiments to look out for themselves. Had not Blunt and his tried veterans thrown themselves into the breach, Price would have marched through Kansas City and made an ash-heap of Southern Kansas and the scattered regiments of State Militia.

It was a close call. Every intelligent officer and soldier at the front saw the danger from the moment the first gun was fired at the Little Blue, but they could not help themselves. The political generals over the line had their "eyes sot" on the forthcoming election, and votes were of more importance to them than all the Rebels in Missouri. But the demoralized condition of the Militia was not entirely attributable to the political hucksters in their camps. Quite a number of copperheads and Rebel sympathizers were there tampering with the troops and putting in their best licks to keep them from crossing the State line.

Yet after all, their ill-advised conduct availed them nothing, in so far as votes were concerned. The rank and file of the Militia saw through the schemes and traps that had been set for them; and when they returned home and went to the polls two weeks later, they expressed their opinions in no uncertain way.

RESULT OF THE ELECTION

The election was held on the eighth day of November, just two weeks after the Battle of Mine Creek, the day Price was torn to pieces and driven from the State. The combined opposition, composed of disaffected Republicans, Anti-War Democrats, mugwumps, copperheads, and blanket Osages, carries just six counties; and in three of these, they voted every bushwhacker and Rebel sympathizer within reach, from both sides of the Missouri River, who had escaped Federal prisons and who were dodging Federal troops. The Republican State ticket, including the Presidential electors for Lincoln and Johnson, carried all the other counties; and every candidate on the ticket was elected by a sweeping majority. At the same election members of the Legislature were chosen, with both Houses largely Republican.

Thus the new State of Kansas, having escaped the dire calamities of an invasion by Price and his legions of demoralized outlaws, and made a clean sweep in the election of Lincoln Republicans to fill the various positions created by the Constitution, was now ready to take its proper position among the States of the Union and give the National Administration at Washington its loyal support.

On the ninth of January, 1865, the oath of office was administered to the State officers elect, by the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, and the Great Seal of State turned over to the new Governor, Samuel J. Crawford, who immediately entered upon the duties of his office.

At that time the Executive Offices and Legislative Halls were in buildings known as the "State Row," located on the west side of Kansas Avenue, between Fourth and Fifth Streets. On the tenth of January, 1865, the new Legislature convened, organized, and appointed a Joint Committee to notify the Governor that

the two Houses were in session and ready to receive any communication he might have to make.*

When I assumed the duties of Governor, I was inexperienced in State affairs. The State, as yet, was new. Many of the young men were in the army, and the older ones were on duty at home, endeavoring to protect their families and their own lives and property against bushwhackers from Missouri, and thieves, robbers, and murderers, who were prowling along our borders on the south and east, and often making raids on the interior settlers.

At the same time a band of lawless Osage Indians, who had been in the Confederate service and kept along with the Rebel troops in the Indian Territory for scalping purposes, returned to their reservation in Southern Kansas and started out to plunder our settlers in that part of the State. Also the wild tribes of the plains, the Cheyennes, Arapahoes, Kiowas, and Comanches had been tampered with by Confederate authorities, and were making war on our Western frontier settlements. Then, again, there were quite a number of young able-bodied Kansas Patriots engaged in the laudable business of stealing cattle in the Indian Territory and driving them to Kansas in droves to be placed where they would do the most good.

In addition to all this, the revenue of the State was deficient and its credit at a heavy discount. Some of the State institutions had been located by the Legislature, but nothing done by the State authorities in the way of securing public buildings and setting the institutions in active operation.

Also, I found on assuming the duties of the office, that a draft for troops had been ordered in Kansas by the Secretary of War; when, as a matter of fact, the State had already furnished over three thousand volunteers more than had been officially called for by the President.

*See Appendix.

So, all in all, the affairs of State were in bad shape. But existing conditions had to be met, entanglements straightened out, and a new order of things set in motion.

GOVERNOR'S MESSAGE

On the eleventh of January, 1865, as required by the Constitution, I transmitted to the Legislature, a Message in writing from which I make the following brief extracts:

The Constitution of the State makes it the duty of the Governor at the commencement of each session of the Legislature to communicate, in writing, such information as he may possess in reference to the condition of the State and recommend such measures as he may deem expedient. In compliance with this requirement and in accordance with established usage, I herewith transmit to you such information as I have, together with such recommendation as in my judgment the interests of the State require.

During the past season our citizens have been blessed with health and unusual prosperity. Although the productions of the soil have been less abundant than in former years, yet they have been sufficient to meet our wants, and amply reward the husbandman for his labor. . . .

The reëlection of Abraham Lincoln is the people's declaration that the war is not a failure, but that it shall be vigorously prosecuted until the last vestige of American Slavery is extirpated—until every traitor lays down his arms and bows in allegiance to our flag, and submission to the laws of our Government.

It is our duty, and not ours only, but the duty of every loyal man in the nation to support the Federal Administration, and afford every facility for the vigorous and successful prosecution of the war, to a speedy termination. . . .

The State has furnished for the war seventeen regiments, with an aggregate of twenty thousand eight hundred and twenty-two men (including after-enlistments into these regiments to fill their decimated ranks); of this number one thousand two hundred and nine have reënlisted as veterans.

The quota for Kansas under the various calls to July 19,

1864, was fourteen thousand one hundred and four; add to this quota under the last call, which will be, if assigned to Kansas two thousand two hundred and thirty-three, and we have a total of sixteen thousand three hundred and thirty-seven, which, with due allowance for those enlisted from other States and accredited to Kansas will still give the State an excess over and above all calls; but from some cause we have not received credit for all the troops furnished by the State.

I most respectfully call your attention to the subject of education. It cannot be too carefully considered by you. A summary statement furnished by the Superintendent of Public Instruction shows eight hundred and fourteen School Districts organized, with thirty-seven thousand five hundred and eighty-two children. Of this number twenty-two thousand four hundred and twenty-nine attended school the past year. . . .

To you, as one of the coördinate branches of our State government, is entrusted the important business of making the laws. It will afford me pleasure to give in detail any such information I may possess, and not now attainable, and pledge you my hearty coöperation in all measures for the protection and development of the interests of the State and its growing population. I would suggest retrenchment where it may be made without prejudice; and a rigid economy in all appropriations. I am not aware that there is such an amount of legislation as will occupy your attention during the whole time limited by law, and would therefore suggest that your session be as short as a proper regard and care for the public interests will justify.

The reports of the State officers and recommendations relative thereto, embodied in this message, are of record in the several departments of State, and are therefore herein omitted.

Amid surroundings peculiar to a new State in time of war, the executive officers and the State Legislature of Kansas started early in January, 1865, to grope their way through a wilderness beset with obstacles. Prowling about the State capital, and in the slums of the larger cities, were *statesmen* who made politics a

trade and lived by their wits. When the Legislature of 1865 met, they were there in force to direct legislation and see that no political mistakes were made. Promptly they organized their forces into a body piratical, known as "The Third House," which, like all Gaul, was divided into three parts—one to look after the Executive Department, one to manage the Legislature, and one to guard against the Judiciary.

Their schemes were numerous, and their audacity knew no bounds. They acted as though they were old hands at the business, and seemed to think the State a legitimate object of common plunder. But ere long they learned that things were not always as they seemed; that Kansas had a written Constitution and a code of printed laws, all of which must be respected and would be rigidly enforced, regardless of politicians, or previous circumstances. This was undesirable information, but it had the desired effect. Soon "The Third House" adjourned *sine die*, and its patriotic members, in squads, folded their tents and stole silently away to their haunts, vowing vengeance against military despots.

REORGANIZATION OF THE STATE MILITIA

On the twelfth of January James H. Lane was re-elected United States Senator, and then the Legislature settled down to steady work. Of the many acts passed by the Legislature of 1865, one provided for the organization, discipline, and pay of the State Militia. In pursuance of this act, the State troops were reorganized, and general and staff officers were appointed and confirmed as follows:

W. F. Cloud, Major-General.

John A. Martin, Brigadier-General, First District.

Jas. M. Harvey, Brigadier-General, Second District.

John T. Burris, Brigadier-General, Third District.

Harrison Kelley, Brigadier-General, Fourth District.

T. J. Anderson, Colonel and Adjutant-General.

J. K. Rankin, Colonel and Paymaster-General.
D. E. Ballard, Colonel and Quartermaster-General.
N. T. Winans, Colonel and Surgeon-General.
Ed. G. Ross, Lieut-Colonel and Aide-de-Camp.
Cyrus Leland, Lieut-Colonel and Aide-de-Camp.
Charles Dimon, Lieut-Colonel and Aide-de-Camp.
H. T. Beman, Major and Ass't. Adjutant-General.
John G. Haskell, Captain and Ass't Quartermaster-General.

Through the instrumentality of Colonel Anderson, the records of the Adjutant-General's office were brought up and made complete, giving the name and record of every volunteer officer and soldier mustered into the United States service during the Civil War. The official services of Colonels Rankin, Ballard, and Dr. Winans were also efficient and without a blemish. The generals all stood ready to do their duty when occasion required, but fortunately their services were seldom needed.

After the close of the war the civil authorities along our eastern border proved equal to every emergency, although their duties were often arduous and dangerous. The sheriffs in the border counties, from Cherokee to Doniphan, were men who had been tried on other fields; and all evil-doers soon learned to respect them. Along the southern border the sheriffs, assisted by General Kelley and Major Chitwood, were able to protect the people against marauding bands of thieves, robbers, and rebel Osages. But of the Osages and the wild tribes on our western border, I shall hereinafter have something more to say.

The State had more than filled its quota for troops under each and every call made by the President, and yet, when I reached Topeka, I was informed by the War Department that a draft for still more troops had been ordered in Kansas. Knowing that somebody was in error, I directed the Adjutant-General to make a preliminary report, showing the aggregate number of troops furnished by the State, the number for which

the State had received credit, and the excess over and above all calls.

The Legislature, having been informed of the pending draft, and assured of its injustice, set about in earnest to expedite needed legislation, so as to adjourn at the earliest practical moment and thereby enable me to proceed to Washington and secure credit for all the soldiers furnished by the State. While the Legislature was thus hastening its work, the Adjutant-General was busy gathering and compiling statistics for his report. On the twentieth of February the Legislature adjourned; the next day the Adjutant-General's report was completed, and on February twenty-second I started for Washington.

On arriving there I presented the report to the Secretary of War, the Hon. E. M. Stanton, who referred it to Colonel Vincent of the War Department, with instructions to make it special and report the facts to him at the earliest practicable moment. When I reached the War Office I found a number of other Governors there endeavoring to have the draft suspended in their States; but as Secretary Stanton informed me, no one of them had furnished his quota; and, of course, in such States the draft could not be suspended. In the course of a day or so, Colonel Vincent reported to Secretary Stanton that he had carefully examined the records and found that Kansas had furnished her full quota of troops under all calls, and in addition thereto, a surplus of over three thousand.

When this report was made, General Grant was pressing Lee at Richmond; Thomas was winding up the Confederacy in Tennessee; and Sherman was battering down the walls of treason along the Atlantic coast. The authorities at Washington, therefore, were rather reluctant about doing anything that would in the slightest degree check reinforcements or in any other way interfere with the onward movements of troops in the field.

Nevertheless the need of troops in Tennessee was not

so pressing as in the Potomac Army, and on that account Stanton ordered the draft in Kansas suspended, and the drafted men, who had been sent forward to fill the depleted ranks of Kansas regiments, discharged and returned home. This order was sent at once to the Provost Marshal of Kansas; but by request of Secretary Stanton, for obvious reasons, it was not made public at the time. In fact, most of the drafted men after they reached their regiments in Tennessee did not care to be discharged. Those assigned to the Tenth Kansas served with that gallant regiment until mustered out of service at the close of the war. To have been in at the finish of such a war was better for young, able-bodied men than not to have been there at all.

Having completed my work in the War Department, I was invited by Secretary Stanton to remain in Washington until after the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln, and then visit the Army in front of Richmond and Petersburg. To visit the Potomac Army at that stage of military operations was a privilege seldom granted to any person not connected with the army. Hence I readily accepted the Secretary's kind invitation.

THE SECOND INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN

The second inauguration of Mr. Lincoln was an important event in the history of this country. It marked the beginning of the end of the Rebellion. It meant a reunited country; a nation among nations; a Government that was republican in form and in fact. The oath of office was administered by the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court; and from the east portico of the Capitol, Mr. Lincoln delivered his inaugural address to an immense throng of statesmen, soldiers, and citizens.

He seemed to be deeply impressed with the subject-matter of his discourse. The vast audience listened intently and often expressed their approval of what he was saying, but generally speaking, they were serious and thoughtful. Everybody realized that the

war was rapidly drawing to a close, and Mr. Lincoln, no doubt, shared in that general belief; and, yet, in view of the triumphs already achieved, and the momentous results soon to follow, he was profoundly serious.

In closing this never-to-be-forgotten address, Mr. Lincoln said:

Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bond-man's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, "The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive to finish the work we are in,—to bind up the Nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle and for his widow, and his orphan; to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and a lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.

On the evening of March 4, following the inaugural ceremonies, all eyes were turned toward the Department of the Interior, where the usual inauguration ball was to be given. This, as the young folks seemed to think, was the event of the occasion. Certainly it was grand, and in many ways dazzling. The ballroom was filled to overflowing, packed almost to suffocation, with charming ladies and with men of various grades. In all respects, the second inauguration of Mr. Lincoln was an event in the history of our country never to be forgotten by those who were there.

Of the Kansas party present, was an observing young lady from Atchison, who has kindly refreshed my memory on things as they occurred on that important occasion. In a recent communication she says:

ATCHISON, KANSAS, *October 14, '10.*

MY DEAR GOVERNOR:

I received your letter, and am only too happy to relate to you the little incidents of our trip to Washington in 1865, and our attendance at the Inaugural Ball.

You probably recall that the Atchison party met yours at St. Joseph, where we all took supper at the old Patee House, now no more and forgotten. Our party was composed of several ladies and gentlemen, including my Mother and myself. At St. Joseph we took a Hannibal and St. Joe train to Junction City, Mo. The train carried no sleeper. Arriving at Junction City, we transferred to the Missouri Pacific and crossed the river at St. Charles in a ferry boat; and upon our arrival in St. Louis, the Atchison party registered at Barnum's, and I think you and Mr. Conway went to the Planters'. We remained in St. Louis all day, taking the Baltimore & Ohio in the evening for Washington. I remember that we were detained by an accident in Ohio, and were obliged to remain over night at some small town. The next morning we resumed our journey, reaching Bell Air the following day. Here we were detained again because of the activities of the Rebels, who had torn up the track; and it was another day before we could resume our journey. Although the track was guarded by Union soldiers the rest of the way, we were again detained at Relay Station, where we spent the night; and resuming our slow journey the next morning, we reached Baltimore late in the afternoon. We found the hotels crowded with travellers on their way to Washington. The ladies of our party being unable to secure rooms, the dining-room of our hotel was converted into a dormitory by the accommodating landlord, and beds were made of the tables by a liberal use of mattresses. Being tired and exhausted, we soon fell asleep and rested well.

The next day was the third of March; and on the morning of the 4th we went down to Washington. It was raining, and the mud was ankle-deep on Pennsylvania Avenue; for that was before the days of "Boss" Sheppard, and Washington streets were not paved.

We proceeded to the Capitol, where we were received by Senator Pomeroy. He conducted us to the private gallery in the Senate Chamber, but it was so crowded, only the

ladies of our party could find seats. Being then the Governor of Kansas, you, of course, were seated on the Senate floor.

After Andrew Johnson was sworn in as Vice-President, by Hannibal Hamlin, we were all conducted to the east front of the Capitol, where President Lincoln took the oath of office, the second time. The rain had ceased, the sun was shining, and the impatient crowd, weary with many hours of waiting in the wind and rain, cheered as the President stepped forth and Chief Justice Chase administered the oath of office. How little we then realized that in a few weeks, the country he had saved would be called to mourn his loss. The inaugural address was brief; and after the crowd dispersed, we returned to the hotel to get ready for the great ball in the evening.

I found my invitation waiting for me, engraved on a piece of cardboard, about eight by ten inches, with the American eagle emblazoned thereon. As I beheld my name—"Miss Louisa Chesebrough"—written upon it, I was filled with joyous anticipation of the coming event. (Alas! this invitation, which I so highly prized, was lost in the fire which completely destroyed our old home in 1888.)

You called for us about nine o'clock. The ball took place in the Interior Department Building; and when we arrived we were conducted to the room reserved for the Governors and the ladies of their families. After removing our wraps and straightening out the kinks in our extension hoops, which were then the prevailing fashion, we proceeded to the ballroom. Ornate hair-dressing was very much in vogue, and the style which was used was called the water-fall. My own costume was of net over white silk, looped with garlands of black and white flowers, and was made in Baltimore, having been previously ordered.

President Lincoln and his Cabinet stood upon a platform and as we were presented, he grasped our hands in a most cordial and friendly manner. Mrs. Lincoln was dressed in the extreme of fashion and seemed ill at ease. She possessed neither beauty nor grace. The most distinguished-looking man on the platform was Secretary Seward, a man of high breeding and culture. I was much disappointed in the appearance of the Presidential party, so far as the women were

concerned, and in spite of their elaborate gowns, feathers, and jewels, they had neither charm nor style.

We joined the promenade and walked through a cotillion and afterwards watched the crowd. When supper was announced, the scramble and rush was terrific and in spite of guarded doors, the throng pushed on undaunted and unabashed. Most of the women, after passing through the doors, presented a forlorn appearance, with feathers and puffs and flounces torn, and faces flushed. I arrived in fairly good condition, due largely to the skill and gallantry of my escort.

The banquet table, without exception, was the most beautiful I ever saw, and the viands were choice and abundant. The confectioner's art was well displayed, table decorations at that time being very high, and flowers were not much used; but such fairy palaces of spun sugar with towers and turrets made of sweets, I never saw before and have not seen since! The service was excellent, and after all had recovered from the tempestuous entrance to the feast, we did ample justice to the occasion. Everybody seemed happy and joyous. The war was almost over, and peace and quiet were anticipated, with no fear of the future. No one thought of the tragedy that was so soon to occur. And after all, how blessed it is, that the future is veiled, for were it not so, few would have the courage to live on! We are all cheered by Hope and in the faith that all will be right.

I shall always remember this great event; and when I had returned to my hotel, I was conscious of having spent the pleasantest evening of my life. I was still young, and life was new and fresh to me, and yet I fully realized that it was a memorable event.

I recall but few incidents of the homeward trip; but when the telegraph, shortly after our arrival in Atchison, brought the terrible news of the assassination of our President, I could not help but feel grateful through the gloom that oppressed me, that I was permitted to see the wonderful Lincoln and to have touched the hand that guided our beloved country through the great trial.

Sincerely yours,

ANNA LOUISA CHESEBROUGH INGALLS.

This young lady was subsequently the wife of the Hon. John J. Ingalls, of Kansas, who served his State with distinguished ability for eighteen years, in the United States Senate.

After the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln, I visited New York and made arrangements for a Fiscal Agency for the State, in that city. As yet the credit of the State had not been established. Our bonds, with interest payable in New York, had previously been negotiated and were floating at a heavy rate of discount. Those who were handling them were uninformed as to the assets and resources of the State. When told that Kansas embraced over fifty million acres of land, unsurpassed in richness and fertility; that the climate was mild; that the vast prairies were interspersed with streams of running water and covered with grass suitable for grazing purposes, and that the soil was well adapted to the production of fruit and agricultural products of all kinds, the financiers, whose business it was to deal in bonds, stocks, and money, began to take notice. During the war, our Kansas State Bonds were sold at prices ranging from sixty-five to ninety cents on the dollar; but after the Confederacy collapsed, they steadily increased to par, and finally to a premium.

While in New York I also made arrangements with the National Bureau of Immigration for the distribution of pamphlets and circulars, printed in English and other languages, relating to Kansas and the Homestead and Preëmption Laws.

Having finished my work in New York, I returned to Washington preparatory to a visit to City Point and the Potomac Army at Richmond and Petersburg. In my absence Senator Lane, Colonel A. S. Johnson, Colonel Weer, and other Kansas friends had made all necessary arrangements for our trip to the seat of war.

The revenue cutter which Secretary Stanton had previously tendered was placed at our disposal, and was in readiness to start. On the evening of March

twenty-third we all went abroad, and soon our stanch man-of-war was steaming down the Potomac River. We entered the Chesapeake Bay late in the afternoon, and ploughed the waves southward to Fortress Monroe, and thence onward into Hampton Roads.

ON TO CITY POINT

After viewing the wrecks of the Congress and Cumberland, which were silent, but still visible in Hampton Roads, and each of us telling how (if we had been there) we should have drawn and quartered the *Merrimac* and scalped its officers for deserting our Navy, we swung around into the James River and steamed for Richmond.

Soon we were passing over the historic grounds, where our ancestors first made settlement on American soil. The ground upon which they landed had been washed away by the river. Their cabins, their forts, their fields, orchards, and gardens were all gone, with no one left to tell the tale. Time and the grand old river, sweeping down from the mountains to the sea, had done their work. The original Jamestown, around which savagery clustered for a century, was gone. It had been swallowed up and lost.

As our stanch little ship ploughed its way over these ancient ruins one could not avoid being impressed with sad reflections and the fickleness of time. Here but a brief period in the past, stood the resolute pioneers of a great Republic, with nothing but their own manly courage, steady nerve, and unerring rifle, for protection against a race of savage barbarians. Here lived the ancestors of many of the heroes of the Revolutionary War; but now buried under the dark waves of rushing waters and surrounded by armed traitors.

From Jamestown (that was) we passed on up the river to Dutch Gap—a work of folly that cost the Government a vast sum of money which might have been expended to a better purpose. It was a gap cut

through a hill of solid stone to avoid a bend of a few miles in the James River. The cost of the gap, or canal, would have paid for the extra hour consumed by Government boats in going around the bend for forty years or more. It was a freak notion that struck one of our generals who should have been giving his attention to the enemy in his front, rather than to a bend in the river in his rear. But freaks struck a good many of our political generals, and, of course, they had to be humored, to prevent them from resigning and running for Congress or the Presidency. Such generals were contemptible, but it was impossible for the Government to get rid of them.

From Dutch Gap we proceeded to City Point and anchored in the James River, opposite General Grant's headquarters. On the morning of March 25, we paid our respects to the General and heard much concerning his plan of operations. Grant was a great General, and knew at all times what he was doing. In Lee he had a powerful antagonist, and nobody understood that fact better than Grant. He grasped the whole situation, and moved his army with the precision of an expert in a game of chess. He anticipated almost every movement Lee would naturally make, and he was generally prepared for it. He figured almost to the day when Lee would abandon Richmond and Petersburg.

After a brief visit the General gave us our liberty within the lines, and also transportation over a rough-and-tumble railroad, running from City Point around in the rear of his line of entrenchments, fortifications, and signal stations, as far as the same extended. At one o'clock the next morning, General Gordon, with a division of Confederate troops quietly advanced across the intervening space between the two lines and attacked and captured Fort Stedman, one of the many forts along the Federal line. Instantly a division of the Sixth Corps, which was in line in rear of Fort Sted-

man, dashed forward and cut off Gordon's retreat. His men sought shelter in the fort they had temporarily captured, but the guns from the forts next on either side were immediately turned upon them and they were quickly shelled into submission. Gordon, with a few of his men, ran the gantlet and made his escape.

Early in the morning following this disastrous charge of Gordon, General Grant opened fire with his artillery from the forts, and at the same time advancing his infantry in the centre and on the left, made things lively during the day. About nine o'clock in the morning, our Kansas contingent boarded a train at City Point and rode out seven or eight miles to an elevated position in rear of the contending forces and viewed the battle from a distance.

When we reached our viewpoint, no less than two hundred guns from our forts were pouring shot and shell into the Rebel lines, and the smoke from fifty thousand muskets was rising slowly over a line of blue, as far as our field-glasses would reach. Nor were Lee's guns silent. Often shot and shell from his artillery would go screeching over our uneasy heads, as we sat on top of our car gazing intently at the awful scene before us.

The operators on top of the signal stations, high in the air, were busy with their red flags communicating General Grant's orders from City Point to his generals all along the line. They looked like little boys playing with toys, but they were unflinching men of nerve giving strict attention to duty, amid dangerous surroundings. Often a Rebel battery would be turned on a signal tower, and when the shells were bursting all around the operator, he paid no attention to them.

As a picture the scene was grand, but terrific. It was a real tragedy enacted in the open field on a magnificent scale. During the day many men were killed and wounded on both sides; but the Union line was advanced, and some three thousand of the enemy were

captured. From that day the fighting continued almost incessantly until General Lee abandoned the field and started on his fatal retreat to Appomattox.

When the thrilling scenes of that ever-memorable twenty-sixth of March were drawing to a close, the Kansas Jayhawkers boarded their car and returned to City Point. The next day we were furnished with horses and visited friends in the different corps of the army; and on the twenty-eighth we started on our return to Washington. To those of our party who had served in the Western Army, the trip was intensely interesting; and our only regret was that we could not be assigned to duty with the Potomac Army and be in at the finish. But duty called us elsewhere. After attending to some matters in the Departments, we bade Mr. Lincoln and others good-bye and wended our way westward.

ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN

A few days after I left Washington, Mr. Lincoln was assassinated by J. Wilkes Booth, a dissolute, degenerate son of a noble ancestry. On receiving the news of this awful calamity, I issued a Proclamation of which the following is a copy:

EXECUTIVE OFFICE,
TOPEKA, KAN., *April 15, 1865.*

A PROCLAMATION

An inscrutable but all-wise Providence has suddenly visited the nation amid its rejoicings and newborn hopes.

President Lincoln has been wickedly assassinated; a loyal people are shedding bitter tears of sorrow; grief, the most poignant, fills the heart of every true patriot in the land; a calamity that seems almost unbearable has visited the nation! Let us submit with Christian resignation to the great affliction—kiss the hand that smites us, remembering that it is our Father's will.

I do recommend that in respect to the memory of the slain hero and patriot, the public and private buildings in the State be draped in mourning, so far as practicable, for

the space of ten days; and that on Sunday the 23rd inst., especial prayers be offered to the Almighty God that He will sanctify this great calamity to the good of our bereaved country.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto caused the great seal of the State to be affixed, at Topeka, this 15th day of April, 1865.

S. J. CRAWFORD, Governor.

The assassination of Mr. Lincoln, following so closely the surrender of Lee and his army, turned the loyal people of the United States from the camp of rejoicing into a house of mourning. It shocked the Nation, and staggered even the Confederate soldiers who had fought bravely and surrendered manfully. But the "Golden Circle" patriots, who had opposed the war and were "agin the government," betook themselves to the dark alleys and rejoiced over this heinous crime of their loathsome confederate.

These miserable creatures were silly enough to think that the life of the Republic was in the hands of one man, and since he was removed the Government of the United States would fall to pieces. Soon, however, the wires flashed the news that Andrew Johnson was President. Lee had gone home, Jefferson Davis was in prison, the assassins were in irons, and the Government at Washington was much alive. This was sad news for the copperheads. They had been listening, with ear-trumpets, to hear of Davis in the White House, Grant in prison, Lee marching on Washington, and Wilkes Booth as Provost Marshal General.

Thus, bereft of all hopes, and suddenly "plunged into the depths of dark despair," they shed their butternut garb and signaled for lifeboats. When the boys in blue came marching home with the flag of their country untarnished, these Northern traitors-at-heart, burned the records of their treasonable organizations, bowed to the inevitable, and moved off to places where their evil deeds were unknown.

The assassination of Mr. Lincoln was the last of a chain of dark and despicable crimes committed by traitors during the so-called Civil War. It was revolting in the extreme, but in keeping with the methods adopted and sanctioned by Confederate authorities generally.

Of all loyal men, Mr. Lincoln was the last who should have suffered such a fate. He had stood bravely at the helm and guided the ship safely through the storm without turning to the right or left. His great heart went out in sympathy to those who fell; and while he was lowering his life-boats to bring them in, the fatal shot was fired. For a while humanity was shocked, and the civilized world stood aghast; but the Ship of State rode the storm with all sails spread to the breeze.

Of all our American statesmen and patriots, Mr. Lincoln stands first and foremost. In peace and war he was the noblest of them all.

CHAPTER XVI

HOMEWARD BOUND

INDIAN MARAUDERS — STATE AFFAIRS — IMMIGRATION SOCIETY.

THE Confederate Government having been blotted out, and the armies of Lee and Johnston having surrendered to Grant and Sherman, peace at last began to dawn on our bleeding country. The roar of cannon, the rattle of musketry, and the clash of sabres, were now heard but faintly on distant fields. A long and bloody war was drawing to a close. Many homes were draped in mourning, and many mothers, wives, and sisters bowed down in grief.

But serious, sad, and sanguinary as had been the struggle, it had to be. It was that or worse. The wreck and ruin of other republics, scattered over the history of time, and the struggle through which our ancestors had passed, were too plain in the memory of loyal Americans to allow the Government of the United States to go down, merely to gratify the whims of ambitious politicians.

After the surrender of General Lee and the capture of Jefferson Davis, the Rebel brigades and battalions elsewhere, quickly followed in the wake, and soon the survivors of the lost cause were homeward bound. The Confederacy having thus gone down and out, the Federal troops were ordered home to be paid off and honorably mustered out of service.

One by one the Kansas regiments, battalions, and batteries of artillery, with their ranks depleted, came marching home, turned over their untarnished flags to the State, and then the brave survivors of the bloodiest

war of modern times resumed the peaceful pursuits of life.

For a while the Rebel bushwhackers, outlaws, and sneak-thieves generally along the eastern and southern borders of Kansas, defied the civil and military authorities and attempted to continue their dastardly deeds of crime. But in Kansas they were handled without gloves and peace was speedily restored. General C. M. Dodge, a true soldier, was assigned to the command of the Department, with headquarters at Fort Leavenworth; and with his assistance these marauders were quickly rounded up and mustered out of service, or furnished with quarters in the State Penitentiary.

INDIAN MARAUDERS

But not so with the wild Indians of the plains, whom the Confederate authorities had armed, equipped, and started on the war-path. When the grass sprang up in the Spring of 1865, these savage barbarians came out from their winter haunts and waged a relentless warfare against the frontier settlers of Kansas and Nebraska.

To protect the lives and property of the people and suppress this wide-spread insurrection, the Eleventh, Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Seventeenth Kansas regiments were sent to the plains; also a number of regiments from Colorado and elsewhere. But the nomads were wary and hard to catch. Their field of operations extended from Southern Kansas to North Dakota. Their main objective points were the frontier settlements of Kansas and Nebraska and the overland routes of travel and transportation from the Missouri River to the Western Territories.

The Platte River seemed to be the dividing line between the Northern and Southern Indians. For marauding purposes the overland route and country northward belonged to the Sioux tribes and their allies; while the old Santa Fe trail and settlements in West-

ern Kansas belonged to the Cheyennes, Arapahoes, Kiowas, and Comanches.

During the Spring and Summer of 1865, Colonel Cloud, with the Fifteenth Kansas and some other troops, held the Southern Indians off the frontier settlements, except on two or three occasions, when small parties dashed in and captured a number of horses and other property. But in spite of the troops many depredations were committed on the Santa Fe and Smoky Hill overland routes. Emigrant trains and trains loaded with merchandise for New Mexico and other Western Territories were captured and a number of people killed.

Thus the summer wore away, with the State and the War Department endeavoring to protect the settlers and the lines of travel; and the Interior Department and its agents trying to protect the hostile Indians. It was an anomolous sort of proceeding, but no more so than the so-called Indian policy adopted by the Interior Department at the close of the Civil War and adhered to for four years thereafter, while the State of Kansas was trying to push its settlements westward, and the Government was endeavoring to secure the building of a railroad to the Pacific. But of this policy and its results, I shall hereinafter make mention.

In the Fall of 1865 the hostile Indians returned as usual to their winter haunts and the Kansas Volunteers were ordered home and mustered out of service. That left the State virtually on its own resources. It was in the days of reconstruction following the Civil War, and most of the United States troops were on duty in the South.

STATE AFFAIRS

On my return from the East in April, 1865, having secured full recognition of the State by the authorities at Washington, and made satisfactory arrangements in New York concerning State finances, I set about to re-

construct matters generally and place the State in line with the other States of the Union.

As yet but little had been done. The War of the Rebellion had disturbed things generally. The feud among ambitious politicians in Kansas had been raging with great fury during the war. The election of a U. S. Senator and State officers, when there were no vacancies, and the impeachment of certain State officials, had kept the politicians in a state of turmoil and strife, which left our proud young Commonwealth in a deplorable condition financially and otherwise. No money, no credit, no State buildings nor institutions, and no standing before the Executive Departments of the Government at Washington.

But the Kansas troops in the field had made their mark, and notwithstanding the political muddle at home, the flag of the State was still flying. In every important battle west of the Mississippi and in many to the eastward, Kansas soldiers were there and always found in the front line; and that is where the State in its civil affairs should have stood from the beginning. But fate decreed otherwise, and I had to take things as I found them.

Soon after assuming the duties of the office, I rounded up the cattle thieves and turned them and their stolen herds over to General Dodge. Then the thieves, robbers, and murderers along the border were brought to a standstill and disposed of in a way commensurate with their evil doings.

In the early Spring of 1865 the Adjutant General's office was reorganized, with experienced officers and men in charge, who soon made it a model office. The record of every Kansas officer and soldier in the Civil War was made up, and will be read by future generations.

During the Summer the State Militia was reorganized and placed on a footing where they could be of service when required. The general officers and the field

and staff, as already shown, were men of military experience, and many of the enlisted men were veteran soldiers who had served in the Civil War.

These preliminary arrangements for the preservation of the record of Kansas soldiers and the protection of the lives and property of our citizens being completed, I turned my attention to the necessities of the State from other than a military standpoint.

As yet our State Capitol, State Penitentiary, and State institutions were all in embryo. Most of them had been located, but that was all, except a contract which had been let for the building of one wing of the Penitentiary, but which had been violated and was about to involve the State in litigation. So, as a matter of fact, we had nothing with which to set up house-keeping, except the State Seal, a lease on some leaky buildings, and quite an assortment of bills payable.

But the War of the Rebellion was over, the Union armies were disbanded, and a million soldiers were at their homes throughout the country adjusting themselves to the new order of things. The young ladies of the country had been waiting patiently for the return of their *fiancés* and were now ready to enlist, "go West, and grow up with the country." The boys in blue, fresh from the field of battle, where their courage and powers of endurance had never been questioned, were now ready to surrender at discretion and be led away whithersoever their tyrannical bosses might choose to take them.

IMMIGRATION SOCIETY

Knowing something of the characteristics of these battle-scarred veterans, and how susceptible they would be when returned home, I organized an Immigration Society in Topeka and set about to inform the veterans and others of the opportunities, advantages, and vast natural resources of the State of Kansas. During the Spring and Summer of 1865 I prepared and dis-

tributed throughout the States east of the Mississippi many thousand copies of pamphlets and circulars, showing the vast amount of rich agricultural and grazing lands in Kansas that were open to settlement under the homestead and preëmption laws.

Gradually the tide of immigration, which previously had been to Minnesota and the Northwest, turned to Kansas, and by the early Fall every road leading from the East was lined with emigrant wagons coming our way. Many immigrants also came by boat up the Missouri River and by rail over the Hannibal and St. Joseph road. For four years we kept up this immigration work until Eastern Kansas was well occupied, and the immigrants were moving westward at a rapid rate. Until the railroads reached the interior of Kansas, most of the settlers came in wagons, and brought with them horses, cattle, and other things of value that added to the taxable property of the State.

This enabled the Legislature and State authorities to begin work on much needed State buildings and State institutions. Thus the first year of my administration as Governor passed with every good citizen at the wheel. At an early date orders were issued to the sheriffs and State troops in border counties, "Let no guilty man escape," be he a bushwhacker, or criminal of any other class, color, or previous condition. Some of the "Knights of the Brush" were killed outright; others were hanged legally; and the remainder were safely lodged in the penitentiary.

At the close of the year peace reigned supreme and prosperity was visible on every hand. Our own gallant soldiers, who had given their State an imperishable name, were home from the war and busy selecting partners for the "quadrille," and homesteads on the public domain. Their comrades from other States, with their happy courageous brides who had waited patiently for the cruel war to close, were coming. The

roads were lined with covered wagons, and new homes were springing up on every hand.

It was a picturesque scene; a panórama that will never be forgotten by the pioneer settlers. The tide of immigration having thus been turned to Kansas, no effort was spared in keeping it coming our way. Steadily the immigrants pushed southward and westward; new counties were organized; new towns sprang up, and new fields of golden grain stretched away as far as the eye could reach.

CHAPTER XVII

1866

RAILROADS — INDIAN DEPREDATIONS — BATTLE FLAGS —
SUICIDE OF SENATOR LANE — RE-ELECTED GOVERNOR —
A DOUBLE WEDDING — STATE UNIVERSITY — STATE AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

THE year 1866 opened bright and promising to Kansas. It bade fair to be a year of peace and plenty. The bushwhackers and marauders on our eastern and southern borders having been suppressed, and the hostile Indians being away in their winter haunts, the settlers everywhere throughout the State felt secure in their homes.

On the ninth of January the Legislature convened at Topeka,* organized, and notified the Governor of their readiness to receive any message or communication he might have to make.

Among the many laws enacted by the Legislature of 1866, were the acts providing for the erection of the State Capitol Building, the State Penitentiary, the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, and other State institutions. Also acts authorizing the sale of Internal Improvement lands, Agricultural College lands, University, and Normal School lands. Also acts providing for a Geological survey and the sale of lands for State purposes. This Legislature was liberal, progressive, and conservative. The two Houses scrutinized every act, and did what they believed to be for the best interests of the State.

On the twenty-seventh of February the Legislature

*See Appendix.

adjourned; and soon thereafter proposals were published for the building of the east wing of the State Capitol and the north wing of the State Penitentiary. While the architect was preparing his plans for these buildings, I proceeded to New York and sold the bonds which had been authorized by the Legislature; and when I returned, the contracts were awarded and the work of construction was commenced.

RAILROADS

Meantime the Kansas Pacific Railroad was pushing its way westward from Wyandotte and Leavenworth, along the Kansas and Smoky Hill valleys, toward Denver City and the Pacific Ocean. Early in March the road was completed to Topeka, and opened for travel and transportation. On the twenty-fifth of June, the Missouri Pacific was completed to Kansas City, which made a continuous line from Topeka to the Atlantic seaboard. On the first of July, 1866, the Kansas Pacific was completed to Junction City, from which point the overland mail and stage coaches to Santa Fe and the West subsequently started. On the same day the first through passenger train started from Leavenworth, over the Missouri River and Missouri Pacific Railroad to St. Louis.

By the original Act of Congress, the route of the Kansas Pacific (U. P. E. D.) was from Fort Riley to the point where the Union Pacific crossed the one hundredth meridian in the State of Nebraska. But on the third of July, 1866, Congress changed the route to a line running west from Fort Riley to Denver City, and thence in a northwesterly direction to the Union Pacific. As soon as this change was made, the Kansas Pacific Company definitely located their line on the Smoky Hill route, and pushed forward the work of construction.

Their grading parties were strung out along the new route, and soon reached the "Great American

Desert," extending from our frontier settlements to the eastern base of the Rocky Mountains. This vast plain, or so-called desert, during the summer season, was covered with a mat of nutritious grass, and inhabited by countless millions of buffalo, deer, antelope, and other wild animals, and roving bands of wild Indians. The "Great American Desert" of ancient times had passed away, and a most beautiful country, robed in green and jewelled with winding streams of living water, beckoned the coming of railroads and the white man's civilization.

INDIAN DEPREDACTIONS

But not so with the wild beasts and savage barbarians. They seemed to regard themselves as monarchs of all they surveyed, with rights that none could dispute. Especially was this true of the barbarians. They roamed the plains in search of something to kill or somebody to rob. That was their business, their profession, and they had been trained to it by white renegades and incompetent, dishonest officials, who cared nothing for the Indians or for the defenceless frontier settlers.

Early in the Spring of 1866 the "noble" red savages, fresh from their haunts in the western part of the Indian Territory, where they had been supplied with food, clothing, arms, and ammunition, during the previous Winter by U. S. Indian Agents, made their appearance on the old Santa Fe Trail and along the Smoky Hill, Solomon, and Republican Rivers, and began to commit depredations on overland trains, transportation, railroad grading parties, and the frontier settlers.

To meet these barbarians I organized a battalion of State troops along the western border, and held the companies in readiness for action when occasion required. By this means I protected the frontier settlements and prevented them from being rolled back

by the Indians; but the overland transportation to and from New Mexico, Colorado, and the West, and the construction parties on the Kansas Pacific Railroad, suffered heavy losses.

General Hancock was in command of the Department, with headquarters in St. Louis, but he had only a few troops of cavalry on duty in Kansas. Nevertheless, he did all that could be done under the circumstances, as will be observed from a despatch of which the following is a copy:

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF MISSOURI,
ST. LOUIS, Mo., *August 28, 1866.*

GOVERNOR CRAWFORD,
Topeka, Kansas:

I have received your despatch to General Hoffman, concerning Indian troubles on the Solomon. I have directed a scout of one hundred cavalry, from Fort Ellsworth, in that vicinity. Where can they meet a company of State militia, now scouting in that vicinity, so they can operate together? I have also ordered a company of cavalry from Fort Ellsworth to Fort Kearny, and will notify General Cooke, so when they arrive in his department he can use them against the Indians, if necessary. I will do all I can to protect the settlers, and shall always be glad to have any suggestions from you. The company is an addition already in Solomon's Fork.

(Signed)

WINFIELD S. HANCOCK,
Major General Commanding.

Early in May I ordered out a company of State troops on the northwestern frontier, which after scouting a few days, met and had a sharp engagement west of Lake Sibley with a roving band of Cheyennes. After this engagement the Indians fell back on the plains and continued to harass emigrants and overland transportation, until driven back to their haunts by the storms of winter.

While this Indian warfare was being waged on the plains, the work on our public buildings and State institutions was progressing steadily. The left-over

bushwhackers and outlaws along our eastern border having been suppressed, peace once more reigned supreme in Eastern Kansas.

BATTLE FLAGS

The War of the Rebellion having drawn its weary length to a close, I issued a circular of which the following is a copy:

STATE OF KANSAS, ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE,
TOPEKA, *June 1, 1866.*

The battle flags borne by Kansas Soldiers in the late war for the preservation of the Union, will be formally received by the State authorities at the city of Topeka on the 4th of July next, to be deposited among the archives of the State, there to be sacredly preserved and cherished as emblems of the true devotion and patriotism of her noble sons, dead and living, to the cause of LIBERTY and UNION.

All officers and soldiers of Kansas in service during the Rebellion are cordially invited to be present and take part in the ceremonies of the occasion.

By order of S. J. CRAWFORD,
Gov. and Commander-in-Chief.
T. J. ANDERSON,
Adj't General of Kansas.

In pursuance of this invitation, many of the Kansas soldiers were in Topeka on the day mentioned, and turned their battle-scarred flags over to the State, where they are now in safe keeping.

On the twenty-fifth of July, Congress made a grant of lands to aid in the construction of the Kansas and Neosho Valley Railroad, and on the twenty-sixth another grant, to aid in the construction of a road from Fort Riley to Fort Smith, Arkansas. These roads were subsequently consolidated and became the Missouri, Kansas, Texas.

Grants of land were also made to the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe; the Leavenworth, Lawrence, and Galveston; the Central Branch, and the Kansas City,

Fort Scott, and Gulf roads, in 1863, and work thereon was commenced in 1866.

These grants insured the building of the roads; and that, in turn, insured the rapid development of the State. For ten years Kansas had been in the throes of turmoil and strife, and the people were weary and anxious to settle down on homestead and preëmption claims, and grow us with the country.

A few of the old guard, however, who had been playing politics as a profession, and proclaiming war to the knife and the knife to the hilt, when the enemy was at a distance, were still in the saddle. They suddenly discovered, after the fighting was all over and Lee had surrendered, that they were really mad, and it seemed for a while as though nothing would restrain them from an indiscriminate massacre of what was left of the Confederate troops. According to their notion of warfare, the soldiers who had been at the front, fighting for four years, had failed ignominiously in completing their work. "Nary Rebel should they have left to tell the tale." But by degrees their wrath subsided; and the next heard of them was that the whole bunch — thirteen in all — were candidates for Governor.

A new enemy had appeared on the political field, Andrew Johnson was then President, and his policy on reconstruction did not suit them. His home was in the South, where slavery had existed before the war, and while he had been a stanch Union man and always opposed to slavery, he had positive ideas as to what the political status of the Freedmen should be.

On the eighteenth of March, 1866, a Bill entitled "An Act to protect all persons in the United States in their civil rights, and furnish the means of their vindication," was passed by Congress and transmitted to the President for his approval. This bill, among other things, declared all persons of African descent, born in this country, to be citizens of the United States, and conferred upon such persons the right of suffrage. On

the twenty-seventh, for various reasons given, the Bill was vetoed by President Johnson; and on April 9 it was passed by Congress over the veto. This caused a breach between the President and the Republican party, which continued to widen until Articles of Impeachment were preferred against the President by the House of Representatives.

Senator Jas. H. Lane, of Kansas, voted for this Civil Rights Bill on its original passage, but voted against passing it over the President's veto, and that set Kansas on fire against the Senator. Indignation meetings were held in Lawrence and other important towns, disapproving of his vote on the veto message. This disapproval of his action in the Senate brought the Senator home, where he hoped to stay the tide of public sentiment that had set in against him.

SUICIDE OF SENATOR LANE

He arrived in Lawrence June 16, but was coldly received by his former friends. On the eighteenth he made a speech in Topeka and endeavored to explain his vote and justify his action. On the twentieth he started back to Washington, but was taken sick at St. Louis and returned to Leavenworth on the twenty-ninth, stopping with his brother-in-law, General McCall, near that city. On the first of July he shot himself with a derringer, and died on the eleventh. Of this tragedy *The Leavenworth Conservative* said:

On Sunday evening [July 1], being apparently in comparative good health and sound mind, Senator Lane rode out with Mr. McCall from the Farm House. During the time he made excuse to leave the carriage several times, seemingly having a morbid plan of self-destruction, until, arriving at a gate, McCall alighted to open it. As the latter reached the gate, Senator Lane sprang from the carriage and, being then in the rear of it, exclaimed "Good-bye, Mac!" and immediately fired a pistol, the muzzle being placed in his mouth. The ball struck the roof of the mouth and emerged from about the upper centre of the cranium, having passed through the

brain and almost perpendicularly through the head. With a convulsive spring into the air, the Senator fell, apparently lifeless, to the earth. The evidently pulseless body was immediately placed in the carriage by those accompanying — McCall and Capt. Adams, a brother of Gen. Lane's son-in-law — and taken to the house, and surgeons summoned as speedily as possible, who proceeded to make examinations as to the nature and extent of the wound. At present writing (12M.) the Senator is still unconscious, and no hopes are entertained of his recovery.

Thus ended the life of James H. Lane, who in many ways was a remarkable man. He was born in Lawrenceburg, Indiana, June 22, 1814. He was Colonel of the Third Indiana Infantry in the Mexican War; Lieutenant-Governor of Indiana, 1849; elected to Congress in 1852; came to Kansas in 1855; participated in the early struggles to make Kansas a Free State; was elected to the United States Senate in April, 1861, and reëlected in January, 1865. While yet a Senator he came home from Washington, organized a brigade, and made an expedition to Osceola, Missouri. But being a United States Senator, and having no right, as such, to command troops in the field, he retired from the army at an early date and resumed his place in the Senate.

At his death in 1866 the duty devolved on me of appointing his successor. That, in turn, caused many statesmen, in embryo or otherwise, to stand up and take notice. They all wanted the appointment, and some of the applicants pressed their claims with a tenacity of purpose disgusting in the extreme.

After carefully considering the matter, I appointed Edmond G. Ross, of Lawrence, who was subsequently elected to the position by the State Legislature. Ross, himself, had recommended the appointment of another man, but I knew him to be an honest, straightforward soldier of sterling worth and unflinching courage; and on that account he was appointed. I had seen him on the field of battle amid shot and shell that tried men's souls, and I knew he could be trusted.

The appointment of Ross was well received by the people generally and especially by the Kansas soldiers who had served with him in the field and those who had known him before the war. At the time of his appointment he was editor of *The Lawrence Daily Tribune*, and a steadfast Republican. Nevertheless his appointment did not please all the "statesmen" who had remained at home during the war and had been playing politics for their own personal benefit.

They could see why the appointment was bad; and so seeing, they joined forces with the mugwumps and Anti-War Democrats and turned themselves loose on the open prairie to tell the people what to do. The State administration, in their estimation, was a total failure, and must be suppressed by the nomination of some one of themselves for Governor. Otherwise, they would unite all opposition and smash the Republican party. There were just thirteen of these political patriots, each one of whom was a candidate for Governor, and most of whom had been standing candidates since the admission of the State into the Union.

After an all-summer campaign, made by these self-sacrificing statesmen, while I was on the border endeavoring to protect the frontier settlers against hostile Indians and attending to the duties of the office in other parts of the State, the delegates to the State Convention were elected; and on September 5, 1866, the Convention assembled at Topeka.

RE-ELECTED GOVERNOR

The Convention was called to order by Jacob Stotler, of the State Central Committee, and Dr. J. P. Root, late surgeon of the Second Kansas Cavalry, was elected President. It was composed of eighty-two delegates, of whom the thirteen mad warriors, who had been snuffing the battle from afar, had eighteen votes. On the first ballot I received sixty-four votes, and on the second was unanimously nominated for a second term.

For a while some of the defeated candidates sulked in their tents, but finally came out and pretended to support the ticket. It was elected November 6, by majorities ranging from 9,335 to 11,580; my majority being 11,218.

For the sake of harmony in the Republican party, the Convention allowed two of the patriots whose feelings had been lacerated by the appointment of Ed. Ross, to be placed on the ticket; and it so happened that the majority at the polls for these two excellent statesmen fell below that of all other candidates on the ticket. Nevertheless they were elected; and thereafter the terms upon which the Confederate armies were allowed to surrender were not so bad after all. At least we heard no more about a renewal of the war and the extermination of the Rebels.

The election over and the wild Indians of the plains having returned to their winter quarters, the people of Kansas, for the first time in their history, felt secure in every part of the State. Immigration was pouring in from the East; railroads were ploughing their way westward, and new towns were springing up in all directions.

During the Summer of 1866, John G. Whittier, the bachelor poet, came out to Leavenworth to deliver a lecture. Before leaving Boston he expressed a desire to meet some of his bachelor friends while in Kansas. Judge Bailey of the Supreme Court, was both a bachelor friend and an admirer of the poet, and hence, anxious to meet him.

As guests of the Judge, Mr. Holman, a merchant of Topeka, and myself accompanied him to Leavenworth; met Mr. Whittier, and had the pleasure of hearing him recite one of his favorite poems. The Poet, being himself a bachelor, could speak from the record; and while he did not seem in haste to take his own medicine, he gave it to Judge Bailey and his party in liberal doses.

In vivid colors he pictured the lonely home on the

prairie, the author's den in the city, the professor in college, the judge's seat on the bench, and the chair of state — occupied by bachelors. And yet, what he said was not so much as the way he said it. We, the Topeka contingent, knew quite well that we were not doing our duty, but being somewhat timid, we hesitated about enlisting in the Benedictine army.

A DOUBLE WEDDING

However, the great Poet set us a-thinking, and ere long three bachelors bowed to the inevitable and surrendered at discretion. Mr. Holman and I had been selected by Judge Bailey to lead the advance, and he was to follow within supporting distance. For further particulars of this engagement I must refer the reader to a contemporary report, which appeared in *The Topeka Record*, as follows:

THE DAUGHTER OF A GOOD MOTHER

Married — On Tuesday evening, 27th inst., 8:30 o'clock, at Grace Church, by the Rt. Rev. Bishop T. H. Vail, assisted by Revs. Lee and Reynolds, Gov. Samuel J. Crawford, and Miss Isabel M. Chase.

At the same time and place, by the same, Mr. Isaac H. Holman, and Miss Helen E. Tuttle. All of Topeka.

It gives us pleasure to chronicle the above.

Our worthy Governor, and honest Merchant, have taken a very important step in life in leading to the hymeneal altar two of the fairest and purest daughters of the land.

The church was crowded. The ceremony was very interesting and impressive. The Bishop pronounced them man and wife, and then friends and acquaintances came forward to take the happy parties by the hand, and perhaps imprint a kiss on the brow of the new-made wife, and say those loving things suitable to the occasion. An hour was spent thus, when the bride-grooms took their departure for the respective homes of the brides, there to receive presents and make ready for the intended bridal trip.

At eleven o'clock, p. m., there were fifty-two of us took a special car accompanying the bridal-party as far as Wyan-

dotte, reaching that place just as the rosy god of morn was showing the tips of his golden wings.

It would be impossible for us to put on paper the many good things that were said and performed by the bridal party, Major T. J. Anderson, master of ceremonies, being assisted by Gen. John Ritchie, Col. Lawrence, J. W. Steele, Esq., John Fletcher, S. R. Remington, C. C. Kellam, and in fact by the entire party.

Gov. Crawford expressed himself to the effect, that he was glad it was over; having reference, we presume, to the "ceremony" that bound him to the woman of his choice.

Time passed swiftly. Songs and merriment, with now and then a basket of cake, or a glass of "native," around the circle, and all was enjoyment.

Cakes, nuts, fruit, candies, and "native" were stored in abundance in the rear end of the coach, and the waiters were busy from the time we stepped in at Topeka until we stepped out at Wyandotte.

If, perchance, some unlucky individual happened to close their eyes, "tickets!" would ring in their ears.

Woman was there:

"Whose form and whose soul
Are the spell and the light of each path we pursue:
Whether sunn'd in the Tropics or chilled at the Pole,
If Woman be there, there is happiness too."

And without the presence of woman, the affair would have been tame, indeed.

Judge Bailey was there, too, and his presence and counsel contributed much to the general mirthfulness and joyousness of the occasion.

At Wyandotte we took breakfast, gave a look around the town, and were visited by ex-Governor J. P. Root, and W. W. Wright, General Superintendent of the Union Pacific Railway, E. D. These gentlemen seemed well pleased, and exerted themselves to please. Gov. Root is one of Topeka's oldest and warmest friends. Mr. Wright is much of a gentlemen, and it is said that he has no superior as a successful railroad-man.

After breakfast we escorted the bridal party to the depot, and after affectionate leave-takings, took the return train for Topeka.

Although there was not as much vivacity exhibited on the return trip, yet there was a fund of enjoyment, and luckless he or she who cared not to participate. We owe a number of good ones, in return for several already received, and they will be paid in due season, with interest compounded.

The wedded parties were happy, and took the sallies of their friends with the best of humor.

The following named persons composed the outfit. Others were invited but failed to come to time.

Gov. Samuel J. Crawford and wife; Isaac H. Holman and wife; T. J. Anderson and wife; Col. Ritchie and wife; Col. Lawrence and wife; Col. Veale; Judge Safford and wife; J. F. Cummings and wife; Dr. Martin and wife; C. C. Kellam and wife; E. P. Kellam and wife; Fielding Johnson and wife; Mr. Sheldon and wife; S. R. Remington and wife; Col. Rankin and wife; and Judge Miller, of Lawrence, and Miss Montgomery, Miss Case, Misses Otis, Mrs. Elmore, Mrs. Munro, Miss Ward, Miss Butterfield, Miss Elmore, Miss Fitzgerald, Miss Torrey, Dr. Kennedy and sister; and Jake Smith, G. W. Anderson, J. W. Steele, Jno. Fletcher, Mr. Newson, Mr. Lakin, Geo. Chase. We may have missed the names of some of the party, and if so, shall be pleased if we are corrected.

There were no accidents, and it seemed to us that the party could not have been better chosen for enjoyment. And we only hope that we may be successful in getting an invitation to the next, even if the joyousness were cut down one-half. Who comes next? Let the good work go on until not one is left to tell of single blessedness.

The following account is from *The Topeka Ledger*:

THE DOUBLE WEDDING

For once rumor proved correct. It had been whispered around town for several days that there would be two couple married in the Episcopal Church Tuesday evening, Nov. 27. At early candle light last evening the church was lighted, and soon crowds began to gather. The time for the ceremony was 8 P. M., but the house was as full as it could hold at least an hour previous to that time. Nearly all the ladies secured seats, but the gentlemen were obliged to stand. The

aisles, windows, and galleries were packed. Every inch of standing-room had been used. At ten minutes past eight, Samuel J. Crawford, Governor of Kansas, and Isabel M. Chase, daughter of Enoch Chase, Esq., of this city, came into the church, together with Isaac H. Holman and Miss Helen Tuttle. Both couples at once proceeded to the altar, and were united in the holy bonds of wedlock. Bishop Vail of the Diocese of Kansas, was the officiating clergyman, assisted by Rev. J. N. Lee of Grace Church and Rev. Mr. Reynolds of Ft. Riley.

The brides were dressed precisely alike, being dressed in very rich white silk, with long lace veils extending nearly to the feet and adjusted to the head with a bridal wreath of orange blossoms. They wore no ornaments, but their appearance was neat, chaste, and very becoming. After receiving congratulations from friends, the wedding party, with fifty or sixty invited guests started for Wyandotte in a car kindly ordered by the U. P. R. R. Co. The party, except the newly married couples, are to return to-day. Gov. Crawford and Mr. Holman, with their ladies, are going to Saint Louis, to be absent about a week. The bride of the Governor has lived in this city since 1855, her father being one of the first party who settled Topeka. She is known and beloved by all of our old citizens. She is popular with old and young. Mr. Holman is a merchant in Topeka, where he has lived for a number of years, and bears an excellent reputation. Miss Tuttle was formerly from Buffalo, New York, but for a number of years has been a member of Col. Veale's family. She, too, has many warm friends here, having endeared herself to a large circle of acquaintances.

Following in the wake of this memorable event, Judge Bailey, true to his promise, came under the yoke and completed the triple alliance. Whatever the effect on Holman and myself may have been, one thing is certain — a noticeable improvement was thereafter plainly visible in the methods, habits, and customs of the Judge. He was always a grand good man, but when brought under a proper state of discipline, he was one of the very best.

And so it is with many old bachelors of the present



GEN. AND MRS. SAMUEL J. CRAWFORD

(Gen. Crawford at 32 years of age)

day. What they ought to do most of all things, is to select good and true partners for life and live as God intended. Every man of proper age should have a home of his own. It would be best for him and better for the young ladies who are now struggling to support themselves. There is no place like home, and especially should this be true of young ladies of marriageable age.

That they can for a while support themselves and do certain kinds of work as well, if not better, than the men, no one will dispute. But that is not the question and should not enter into the equation. Everybody knows that the end of such a life is bitter; and yet the good people, as a rule, are doing, unwittingly, everything they can to encourage it. Their policy tends to entice and wean young girls from home and then fit them for work that young men could do; while the girls should be perfecting themselves under their mother's care for domestic duties, preparatory to getting married.

A neat comfortable home and pleasant family should be the object of all the young people. That was the prevailing sentiment in Kansas at the close of the Civil War and for many years thereafter, and as a result, we now have a State peopled with good American citizens of sterling worth.

STATE UNIVERSITY

On the twelfth of September, 1866, the first session of the State University opened with three professors and forty students. The Board of Regents consisted of Charles Robinson, J. D. Liggett, W. A. Starrett, T. C. Sears, J. S. Emery, D. P. Mitchell, S. O. Thacher, C. B. Lines, J. L. Wever, E. M. Bartholow, G. W. Paddock, and C. K. Holliday.

STATE AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE

This all-important institution, having been endowed by Congress with a grant of ninety thousand acres of

land, and permanently located by an Act of the Legislature, approved February 16, 1863, was in due time opened under the auspices of the State.

The new State Board of Regents consisted of Judge L. D. Bailey, S. D. Houston, J. G. Reaser, John Pipher, T. H. Baker, W. L. Woodworth, R. Cordley, E. Gale, and D. Earhart. In the fall of 1866 the College opened with a suitable corps of professors and one hundred and fifty students.

Meantime work on the new State Normal School building and other State buildings was rapidly progressing.

Thus the first term of my administration glided by and on into the new year, with fair, if not flattering prospects, for the future of our proud young commonwealth.

CHAPTER XVIII

SECOND TERM

IMPORTANT LAWS — PROTECTION FOR THE FRONTIER — HOSTILE INDIANS.

THE year 1867 opened brightly. On the first of January the new Normal School building at Emporia, having been erected by the State, was dedicated to the higher education of the youth of Kansas. This splendidly equipped institution, upon which depends largely the efficiency of our public schools, shows to some extent the wisdom of those who laid the foundation for our educational system.

On the eighth of January the Legislature assembled, organized, and notified the Governor that the two Houses were ready for business.*

This Legislature, although somewhat disturbed at the beginning, by reason of having two United States Senators to elect, settled down to steady work at an early date. On the twenty-third of January the Senators were elected — the Hon. S. C. Pomeroy for six years, and the Hon. E. G. Ross for four years. I had previously appointed Ross as Senator Lane's successor, and as a matter of course was gratified to have the appointment ratified by the Legislature.

IMPORTANT LAWS

During the session many important laws were enacted, among which were the following:

An act to define the boundaries of Cowley, McPherson, Sedgwick, Sumner, Jewell, Mitchell, Lincoln, Ells-

*See Appendix.

worth, Rice, Reno, Harper, Smith, Osborn, Russell, Barton, Stafford, Pratt, Barbour, Phillips, Rooks, Ellis, Rush, Pawnee, Kiowa, Comanche, Norton, Graham, Trego, Ness, Hodgeman, Ford, and Clark Counties.

An act changing the boundaries of Cherokee, Crawford, Neosho, Labette, Wilson, Butler, Marion, Dickinson, Howard, Greenwood, and Montgomery Counties.

An act ratifying the XIV Amendment to the Constitution of the United States.

An act establishing the Blind Asylum at Wyandotte.

An act to aid Kansas State Agricultural College.

An act relating to the State Capitol Building.

An act to provide for building bridges.

An act to establish the Sixth, Seventh, Eighth, and Ninth Judicial Districts of the State of Kansas.

An act relating to the revision of the laws.

An act to prohibit the selling of intoxicating liquors in the unorganized counties of the State of Kansas. And many other acts of importance to the State.

On the fifteenth of January, 1867, the oath of office was administered to the new State officers by the Hon. S. A. Kingman, Chief Justice of the State Supreme Court.

With the new administration came a number of changes in the Field and Staff of the Governor. Colonel T. J. Anderson, Adjutant General, having completed the record of Kansas troops in the Civil War, resigned, to engage in other work. Colonel D. E. Ballard, Quartermaster General, resigned, to accept a position as one of the Commissioners to audit and correct the Price Raid Claims. Colonel W. F. Cloud, resigned, to engage in business at Carthage, Missouri.

To fill these several vacancies, the following gentlemen were appointed, namely:

J. B. McAfee, Adjutant-General.

J. G. Haskell, Quartermaster General.

Harrison Kelley, Major General.

Cyrus Leland, Brigadier-General, *vice* Kelley promoted.
Ward Burlingame, Private Sec., *vice* McAfee transferred.

On the seventeenth of January, 1867, General W. W. Wright, Superintendent of the Kansas Pacific Railroad, reported to the Governor that the work on that road was commenced at Wyandotte in August, 1863; forty miles was completed in 1864; one hundred and ten miles, in 1865-66, with the track then laid to a point twenty miles west of Fort Riley. He also stated that Shoemaker, Miller & Co. were to complete the road to the two hundred and eighty-fifth mile-post during the year.

On the ninth of February the Legislature appointed a Committee to investigate the Senatorial election. After a careful investigation the Committee concluded their report as follows:

And while this testimony is not sufficient of itself to authorize your Committee to make a special recommendation for definite action on the part of the Senate, they here record their conviction that money has been used for the base purposes of influencing members of the Legislature to disregard the wishes of their constituents, and to vote as money dictated; and regret their failure to procure the evidence necessary to demonstrate the facts to the people of the States.

After the Senatorial election the work of the Legislature moved along smoothly until the Bill for defining the boundaries of certain counties and establishing new counties in Central Kansas was introduced. Then a war to the knife began. This bill, of itself, was right and necessary, as all the members knew.

The counties along our southern border from Cherokee to the Arkansas River were twenty-five by fifty miles in breadth and length, and the occupants wanted them cut in halves, and counties of the usual size created. The country west of Marion and Saline Counties, extending across the State and westward, was unorganized and beyond the reach of our civil authorities.

It was a rendezvous for thieves, robbers, and roving bands of Indians. Ranchmen were there with herds of taxable property; and traders, whose principal business was to supply hostile Indians and outlaws generally with arms, ammunition, and bad whiskey.

To reach these knights of the plains and bring them within reach of the law, I prepared, and had introduced in the House of Representatives, a Bill establishing and defining the boundaries of some thirty-six new counties, and attaching them to organized counties along the western border for judicial purposes.

While this all-important Bill was pending before the Legislature, a Committee of five of the leading citizens of Leavenworth came to Topeka and had introduced in the Senate a Bill authorizing the State to endorse and guarantee the payment of the interest on five million dollars of the bonds of Leavenworth City, to be issued for internal improvement purposes.

Soon after their arrival, the Committee submitted their proposition to me and asked for help. After listening to their arguments, I called attention to a clause in our Constitution which says: "The State shall never be a party in carrying on any works of internal improvements." To this they replied with the usual argument, that "the State, of course, would never have to pay anything," and that they were going to make the effort at any rate. I told them that they could use their own judgment, but that they must figure from the beginning on a two-thirds vote in the Legislature because I would veto their Bill if it should be presented to me.

In some way these gentlemen, who seemed to think the Legislature could override the Constitution, discovered that the State authorities were exceedingly anxious to have the new County Bill enacted into a law, and immediately they set about to defeat that Bill or else force its friends to support their wildcat scheme but in this they reckoned without their host. The

County Bill was passed, and their pet measure went the way of all bad bills in that Legislature. The defeat of that audacious raid on our Constitution saved the State from bankruptcy, and the Legislature from disgrace.

On the twenty-sixth of February, in pursuance of law, I appointed S. A. Riggs, James McCahon, and John M. Price as Commissioners to codify the laws of the State.

On the third of March the Legislature, having completed its work, adjourned *sine die*, and the brave boys who had stood resolutely in defence of the Constitution and fought manfully for such legislation as they believed to be essential, returned to their respective homes conscious of having done their duty.

That Legislature, having created four new Judicial Districts, I immediately thereafter appointed as Judges of the Courts so created:

D. P. Lowe, of Linn County, Sixth District.

Wm. Spriggs, of Anderson County, Seventh District.

Jas. Humphrey, of Riley County, Eighth District.

S. N. Wood, of Chase County, Ninth District.

Soon after the adjournment of the Legislature, I proceeded to New York and disposed of State bonds which had been authorized to aid in pushing forward the work on our new State Capitol and other public buildings. This duty having been performed, I went over to Washington to arrange with the Secretary of War and the General of the Army for the protection of our frontier settlements, overland travel, and transportation to the West, and working parties engaged in the construction of the Union Pacific Railroad, E. D. (subsequently designated as the Kansas Pacific), then pushing its way across the plains westward.

PROTECTION FOR THE FRONTIER

On arriving at Washington I found the War Department and General Grant — that matchless soldier

who extended the right hand of peace to the fallen foe at Appomattox — ready and anxious to suppress the hostile Indians and insure a lasting peace on our frontier. They already had General Hancock, with such regular troops as could be spared, in the field near Fort Dodge, Kansas, to intercept the Indians moving northward from their winter haunts.

After completing arrangements for coöperating with the War Department and General Grant to the fullest extent, I called on the Secretary of the Interior, whose Department had charge of Indian affairs, generally. I found the Secretary unadvised, if not indifferent, to everything pertaining to the wild, hostile tribes. He assumed to know all about them and politely informed me that if there should be any trouble, he would attend to the matter at the proper time.

I told him in language not to be misunderstood, that the proper time was then; that the Cheyennes, Arapahoes, Apaches, Kiowas, and Comanches were already in Kansas, committing depredations, and that General Hancock was at that time (April, 1867) in the field with his troops scattered along the Arkansas Valley, endeavoring to hold them back.

I also told him that his U. S. agents and licensed traders had supplied these hostile Indians with food and clothing during the past Winter, and with arms and ammunition to be used against the frontier people of Kansas during the Spring and Summer. I further told him that the Government, through these vile creatures, had been doing the same thing for three years and more; and that I thought it was about time to let up on that particular humanitarian policy of the Interior Department.

Gradually the Secretary began to take notice, and finally agreed that no more arms or ammunition should be issued to the wild tribes, while they were on the war-path. But his promise was broken almost before I reached Kansas.

Early in the Spring, bands of these Indians broke through Hancock's lines on the Arkansas River and moved north to the Smoky Hill, Solomon, and Republican valleys, where they committed atrocities and outrages most brutal and barbarous. While they were thus dodging the U. S. troops and ravaging the frontier settlements and commerce of the plains, a vast amount of Indian supplies, including arms and ammunition, was shipped to Atchison, Kansas, under contract with the Indian Office at Washington, and loaded into wagons and started to the Southwest, to be issued to the Cheyennes and Arapahoes, who were known to be on the war-path.

The day the train (twelve loaded wagons) crossed the Kansas River at Lawrence, I was notified, and also informed of the arms and ammunition it contained. Immediately upon receipt of this information, I telegraphed General Sherman at St. Louis, and told him that if he did not take possession of the train and prevent the issuing of the arms, ammunition, blankets, and other supplies to the squaws and Indians in camp, whose tribes were then committing depredations in Kansas, I would burn the whole outfit before they reached their destination. General Sherman immediately sent a cavalry troop from Fort Riley, which captured and conveyed the train and supplies to Fort Larned, where they were held under guard until a treaty was made with the Indians late in the fall of that year.

HOSTILE INDIANS

When I returned from Washington, in April, 1867, General Hancock was in the field with a handful of U. S. troops, and the plains of Kansas were swarming with bloodthirsty Indians. Early in the Spring, as had been anticipated, the Indians began to concentrate their forces for the purpose of a general war against the whites, and also for the purpose of preventing the con-

struction of the Pacific railroads. Having received such information, I immediately notified Generals Sherman and Hancock of the same. In reply, I received the following communication from General Hancock:

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE MISSOURI,
IN THE FIELD, NEAR FORT DODGE, KANSAS,
April 27, 1867.

GOVERNOR S. J. CRAWFORD,
Topeka, Kansas:

SIR: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your communication, forwarding the letter from Mr. E. D. Straight, dated Marion Centre, March 22d, 1867; also a former petition of some citizens of southwest Kansas, asking for protection from the Indians of the plains. You would have received a reply from me before this time on this subject, but that the papers above referred to were prevented from reaching me sooner on account of my having been constantly moving since the 25th of March.

I have recently stationed a company of cavalry at Fort Larned, with instructions to patrol the country in that vicinity; and about the first of May will have another company of cavalry stationed on the Little Arkansas, to patrol the line of that stream for the security of that region of country. With the troops I have at my disposal at present, this is about all I can accomplish in this matter, and I trust it may be sufficient. Other movements of troops that are now taking place against the Sioux and Cheyennes between the Arkansas and Platte, will, no doubt, assist in keeping the Indians of the plains quiet, and prevent incursions into the settlements.

I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

WINFIELD S. HANCOCK,
Major General U. S. A., Commanding.

In addition to the above letter I received also a copy of an order detailing two companies to be stationed on the northwestern frontier, with instructions to patrol the country across from the Republican to the Solomon and Saline Rivers; and soon thereafter I received information from the General, saying that another com-

pany had been stationed in the southwest, with instructions to protect and guard that portion of the State.

These companies, together with all other troops on duty in this department, did everything in their power to prevent Indian depredations; but having a border of two hundred miles in length, the public thoroughfares from Kansas west, and the working parties on the Pacific Railroad, to protect, they were inadequate to a work of such magnitude.

Portions of five tribes of hostile Indians — allied for purposes of war and crime, thoroughly organized, armed, and equipped, and regularly receiving their annuities and other supplies from the Government, under treaty stipulations — constituted the main force which was operating with such deadly effect in Western Kansas.

The hostile Indians, having succeeded in murdering and scalping many men, women, and children, and capturing or destroying property to the value of millions of dollars, and in also completely blockading the routes of travel (except when opened by military escort) from Kansas to the mineral States and Territories west; and believing, as they had reason to believe, that they would be sustained by the continued leniency of the Government, became so emboldened as seriously to threaten the destruction of our entire western border.

On the eighth of May I received a despatch from the frontier as follows:

GOV. S. J. CRAWFORD,

Topeka, Kansas:

We, the undersigned citizens of the frontier, appeal to you in behalf of our families, who are in danger of being killed by the Indians.

On yesterday, a war party struck the settlements in White Rock Valley, and killed two men and one woman, and wounded one boy, who escaped to tell the sad story. Others are missing; supposed to be captured or killed. Many families are leaving their homes, and cannot return unless they

have protection. We appeal to you for help and protection against these merciless savages.

(Signed) GEO. W. GLOVER,
WM. NYE,
O. HUNTRESS,
and thirty-six others.

The above was endorsed as follows :

CLAY CENTER, *May 8.*

If you can do anything, do it promptly, that the settlers may return to their homes, and save their stock and other property.

N. GREEN,
Lieutenant-Governor.

Soon after the receipt of this despatch, petitions numerously signed were received from the citizens of the Republican, Solomon, and Smoky Hill Valleys, and from Marion, Butler, and Greenwood Counties, detailing murders and robberies committed by the Indians all along the border, and asking for military protection. In response to these and many other letters, despatches, and petitions of similar import, received at the executive office almost daily, I ordered small detachments of militia to the most exposed localities. But it was found impossible to afford protection without calling out a battalion of State troops.

While the State authorities were thus engaged in an effort to restore quiet and protect the frontier settlements, the United States officers on duty in the department were equally active, although the limited number of troops at their disposal was wholly inadequate to prevent the frontier settlements from being rolled back, and the lines of overland travel abandoned.

This situation grew rapidly worse until June, culminating in a simultaneous attack by the Cheyennes, Arapahoes, and Kiowas, upon the settlers in the Republican, White Rock, Solomon, and Smoky Hill Valleys, and upon the grading and engineering parties on

the Kansas Pacific Railroad, west of Fort Harker, as shown by the following despatches:

JUNCTION CITY, KAS., *June 21, 1867.*

GOVERNOR CRAWFORD:

Thos. Parks, one of our principal contractors, and three other men, were killed by Indians on Tuesday. Gen. Smith says we have all the protection he can give. Can you not give us a regiment of infantry militia at once, to protect our working parties and the frontier settlements?

R. M. SHOEMAKER,
General Supt. U. P. R. R., E. D.

On the twenty-fourth of June, the following was received:

LEAVENWORTH, KANSAS, *June 24, 1867.*

HON. S. J. CRAWFORD, *Governor of Kansas:*

I have just returned from Fort Wallace, over the line of the U. P. R. R., E. D. The Indians along the whole line are engaged in their savage warfare. On Saturday, three more of our men were killed and scalped. Our laborers, one thousand or more, have been driven in. Unarmed men cannot be expected to expose themselves to these savages. General Hancock is away west of Fort Wallace, so I cannot apply to him, and I do not know where a despatch will reach General Sherman. In this emergency, I do not know to whom else to appeal but to you. What can be done to put an end to these atrocities?

JOHN D. PERRY,
President U. P. R. R. Co., E. D.

On the same day, the above despatch, together with the following, was transmitted to the Secretary of War:

TOPEKA, KANSAS, *June 24, 1867.*

HON. E. M. STANTON, *Secretary of War,*
Washington, D. C.:

I send you a copy of despatch from John D. Perry, President of the Union Pacific Railway Co., E. D., just received. This road, west of Fort Harker, the routes of travel across the plains, together with our frontier settlements, will all have to be abandoned, if prompt and decisive measures are not adopted. I can, within a short time, furnish the Gov-

ernment with a sufficient force to put an end to frontier depredations. Do you desire aid?

S. J. CRAWFORD,
Governor.

To this the Secretary replied:

WASHINGTON, D. C., *June 27, 1867.*

GOV. S. J. CRAWFORD,
Topeka:

Your despatch has been referred to General Grant, for his action. Lieut.-General Sherman commander of the military division of the Missouri, has immediate charge of military operations against the Indians, with authority to furnish all necessary supplies, and, upon your requisition, will furnish arms, ammunition, and whatever is necessary.

E. M. STANTON,
Secretary of War.

On the twenty-fourth of June I received the following despatch:

Our locating party, under Colonel Greenwood, was attacked by Indians, west of Monument Station, Saturday morning. The Indians fought four hours for the possession of the camp, but were finally repulsed. Our men killed two Indians, but lost their stock.

R. M. SHOEMAKER.

Later, on the same day, the following was received:

GOVERNOR CRAWFORD:

The Indians have killed two more of our men, near Bunker Hill Station, and driven the workmen all off the line. Please send us arms and ammunition. Unless you send us protection, our work must be abandoned.

R. M. SHOEMAKER.

On receipt of the above, I immediately telegraphed commanding officer at Fort Leavenworth, as follows:

TOPEKA, KANSAS, *June 24, 1867.*

COMMANDING OFFICER, FORT LEAVENWORTH, KANSAS:

Will you issue to the State ten thousand rounds of am-

munication? The Indians have attacked and driven back the railroad men west of Harker.

S. J. CRAWFORD,
Governor.

June 28, the following was received:

LEAVENWORTH, *June 28, 1867.*

GOV. CRAWFORD:

The following despatch has just been received:

“ FORT HARKER, *June 28, 1867.*

R. M. SHOEMAKER:

My camp was attacked by Indians yesterday, at 7 A. M. We lost one man killed, and one badly wounded. Five Indians were killed.

J. B. RILEY,
Engineer.”

Unless we are promptly protected, all the men will be driven off the work, and the citizens out of the country.

R. M. SHOEMAKER.

On the twenty-seventh of June General A. J. Smith called on me for a battalion of volunteers, but on the morning of the twenty-eighth the requisition was withdrawn; whereupon I sent the following to Gen. Sherman:

TOPEKA, *June 28, 1867.*

GEN. W. T. SHERMAN,

St. Louis, Mo.:

Gen. Smith this morning recalled his requisition for volunteers. This leaves our frontier settlers, railroad men and all others in western Kansas, exposed, and liable to be murdered and scalped at any moment. What shall be done? I cannot move against the Indians with militia, but will, if desired, furnish the Government with a volunteer force sufficient to put an end to these outrages. The Secretary of War informs me that full power is vested in you, and the management of the whole affair committed to your discretion. If so, I do earnestly hope you will call out a volunteer force, and move against the Indians at once.

S. J. CRAWFORD,
Governor.

In reply to this, the following despatch was received:

ST. LOUIS, MO., *July 1, 1867.*

GOV. S. J. CRAWFORD:

You may call out a volunteer battalion of six or eight companies, to be at end of track on Saturday next. I will come in person.

W. T. SHERMAN,
Lieutenant General.

On the same day came the following:

FORT LEAVENWORTH, KAN., *July 1, 1867.*

GOV. S. J. CRAWFORD:

Lieut. Gen. Sherman telegraphs me that he called on you for six or eight companies of cavalry, to be at the end of the railroad (Fort Harker) the last of this week. Will have an officer at Fort Harker to muster them as soon as notified that they are ready. The companies will be entitled to one lieutenant-colonel, two majors, eight captains, eight first lieutenants, eight second lieutenants, and not less than sixty privates, nor more than seventy-eight, to each company. Arms and other supplies will be furnished at Fort Harker.

CHAUNCY McKEVER,
Brevet Brig. Gen., and A. A. G.

CALL FOR STATE TROOPS

STATE OF KANSAS, EXECUTIVE OFFICE,
TOPEKA, *July 1, 1867.*

Whereas the central and western portions of the State of Kansas are now, and have been for some time, overrun with roving bands of hostile Indians; and whereas these Indians, though claiming protection from the United States Government, and regularly receiving their annuities in due form, have, without cause, declared war upon the people of this State; they have indiscriminately murdered, scalped, mutilated and robbed hundreds of our frontier settlers and other parties in Western Kansas, who were quietly attending to their own legitimate affairs; they have almost entirely cut off communication between Kansas and other Western States and Territories; the men employed in the construction of the U. P. R. R., E. D., have been driven back, leaving many of

their number butchered and scalped upon the ground. General Sherman and other United States officers are doing all in their power to suppress hostilities, but they have not a sufficient force of United States troops to execute their design, and have called upon me for a battalion of cavalry to aid in the work. I shall, therefore, as speedily as possible, organize eight companies of volunteer cavalry, to be mustered into the United States service for a period of six months, unless sooner discharged. Said companies will be armed, equipped and paid by the General Government, the same as other troops in the United States service.

Recruiting officers will be appointed as soon as the names of suitable persons can be forwarded to this office.

I appeal to all good citizens of this State to favor, facilitate, and aid this effort to protect the lives and property of our frontier settlers.

S. J. CRAWFORD,
Governor of Kansas.

On the second of July the following was received:

FORT HARKER, *July 2, 1867.*

GOV. CRAWFORD:

Please telegraph me the number of companies and strength of each, called for by Gen. Sherman, to arrive at this point soon, that I may make necessary provisions for them.

A. J. SMITH,
Brev. Maj. Gen. U. S. A.

On the fifth the following was received:

FORT HARKER, *July 5, 1867.*

GOVERNOR CRAWFORD:

Arms and accoutrements have been forwarded from Leavenworth to this point, for the Kansas troops. Quartermaster's and commissary stores are now arriving. The troops will be mustered at this place by an officer sent from Leavenworth.

A. J. SMITH,
Brev. Maj. Gen. U. S. A.

Immediately after the proclamation, recruiting officers were appointed, and a battalion of four compa-

nies of cavalry hastily organized and mustered into the U. S. Service at Fort Harker, Kansas, on July 15, 1867. This battalion was designated as the Eighteenth Kansas Cavalry, with Field and Line Officers.*

The officers had previously won their spurs by deeds of daring during the Civil War; and the enlisted men were mostly veteran soldiers.

When the battalion was in line, being mustered into service at Fort Harker, the cholera was raging in the garrison and three of the Kansas boys were stricken down while the oath was being administered. The remainder, however, stood firm and when the ceremony was over, marched off the parade ground with a steady step.

Immediately on being mustered into service, Major Moore took the field and went in red-hot pursuit of the savage barbarians. He moved over to the Arkansas Valley, and from there worked his way northward on the trail of the hostiles, until they began to see the handwriting on the wall.

He had about three hundred brave, determined soldiers; and as he advanced, the roving bands began to concentrate west of the settlements along the Smoky, Solomon, and Republican Valleys. They called to their assistance bands of the Sioux and Northern Cheyennes, until their numbers were estimated at from eight hundred to one thousand.

When advancing northward on the main trail of the Southern Indians, Major Moore detached two companies of his battalion (Captains Barker and Jenness) and sent them in pursuit of hostile bands that were threatening the grading parties along the railroad westward to Fort Harker, while he pushed northward between the settlements and other bands toward the Solomon and Republican Rivers.

Major Elliott, with a battalion of the Seventh Cavalry, was in the field north of Hayes, and Captain

*See Appendix.

Armes, with his troop of the Tenth Cavalry, was operating on the Saline and Solomon Rivers in advance of Moore and Elliott. As already stated, the Indians were concentrating in force on the Solomon and Republican.

Evidently it was the intention of General Hancock to concentrate his three columns gradually and strike the Indians with his combined force, but Captain Armes, who, as yet was widely separated from Moore and Elliott, struck a large body of warriors in the Saline Valley, and being reinforced with two companies of the Eighteenth Kansas (Barker and Jenness), drove them north to the Republican, where the Indians in large numbers were concentrated.

Instantly a battle royal was on, which continued for two days. Armes had about two hundred men in action and the red-skins about eight hundred. The result of this battle was briefly stated in a despatch from General Hancock as follows:

FORT HARKER, KANSAS, *Aug. 26, 1867.*

GOVERNOR CRAWFORD:

Capt. Armes, Tenth Cavalry, with one company of his regiment and two companies of the Eighteenth Kansas Volunteers, was attacked on the 21st inst., at noon, on the Republican River, by a large force of Indians, reported to be 800 or 1,000 in number, and were engaged until the night of the 22d. Our troops, about 150 in number, covering a wide space of country, were finally forced to retire, with a loss of three men killed and left on the field, and thirty-five wounded, who were brought in. The command also lost forty horses during the engagement. Capt. Armes reports a large number of Indians killed and wounded; Lieut. Price of the Eighteenth Kansas, says about 150. The command encamped about three miles from Fort Harker last night. Maj. Moore, of the Eighteenth Kansas, with the remainder of the battalion, and Maj. Elliott, of the Seventh Cavalry, with about two hundred men of that regiment, started this morning for the Indians.

WINFIELD S. HANCOCK,
Maj. Gen. U. S. A.

Captain Armes was an impetuous, daring young officer who could brook no delay. The Indians had been dodging and baffling the troops all summer; and the Captain, not knowing that they had concentrated in force, dashed in against five to one, and soon found himself on the defensive. Had he waited for Moore and Elliott, or either of them, the Indians could have been rounded up and much of the stolen property recaptured. A few days after this engagement, Major Moore, with his battalion, struck a portion of these same Indians and scattered them to the four winds.

The northern Indians returned to their own country, and the Cheyennes, Arapahoes, Kiowas, and Comanches retreated southward, committing depredations as they went. Their supply train having been captured and taken to Fort Larned in the summer by General Sherman's order, they ran short of ammunition, blankets, and provisions, and hence, were not in condition to continue on the war-path. Besides, the troops were on the trail and they were endeavoring to make good their escape. Their supplies from the Government having been cut off, and the Indian traders having been warned not to furnish them any more guns, ammunition, or other war material, they were in an unpleasant predicament.

CHAPTER XIX

COUNCIL AT MEDICINE LODGE

STATEMENT OF INDIAN DEPREDACTIONS — INDIAN DIPLOMACY — TREATIES — BAD OSAGES — THANKSGIVING PROCLAMATION.

DURING the Summer the Indians had raided the frontier settlements northward to the Republican River and routes of travel, westward to the Colorado line. They had killed, wounded, and scalped a large number of men, women, and children. They had robbed and burned the homes of settlers; captured and destroyed overland trains; murdered the grading parties on the Kansas Pacific Railroad; and committed other atrocities too numerous to mention,— all with arms and ammunition furnished them by United States Indian agents and Indian traders.

The agents were under the control of the Indian Office at Washington, and it was largely through their recommendation and misrepresentations that the wicked policy then in vogue was adopted by the Government and persisted in by the Interior Department. There, under the same Government, was the War Department, with an army in the field, endeavoring to suppress Indian hostilities, and at the same time, the Interior Department, furnishing the same hostile Indians with supplies and munitions of war. Back of the Interior Department was a gang of thieving Indian agents in the West, and a maudlin sentimentality in the East, derived from Cooper's novels and impressed upon that Department by ignorant but well-meaning humanitarians. Back of the War Department were the

Army in the field, the State authorities on the ground; the mutilated bodies of hundreds of frontier settlers; and the prayers of many helpless and homeless women and orphan children for protection, all along the border.

Generals Hancock and A. J. Smith, and many other reliable officers were in the field and kept the Government at Washington well informed of the situation, but their official reports had little weight in the Interior Department, the fountainhead of all the trouble from Indians that year. The report of a disreputable Indian agent would take precedence in that Department over the reports of army officers every time.

The train of supplies, *en route* to the Indians, which was seized and taken to Fort Larned by order of General Sherman, left the Indian women and children of the war-parties without food and clothing, and the warriors with only the ammunition they carried with them when they went north in the Spring, and such as they could buy from Indian traders. By seizing the train above mentioned, which was said to contain fourteen hundred pounds of ammunition, Sherman clipped the wings of the Indian agents, and that left only the traders as the source of supply for the Indians on the war-path. Gradually the traders were rounded up, and the supply entirely cut off.

Being out of ammunition and retreating southward, closely pursued by our troops, the Indians were met by messengers from the Peace Commission and invited to a general Council to be held on Medicine Lodge Creek in South Central Kansas, early in October. This was joyful news to the redskins, because Winter was approaching, and their families were destitute of almost everything except buffalo meat.

They knew it meant general amnesty and a full pardon of the crimes they had been committing; they knew they would be allowed to keep all the horses, mules, and other property stolen or captured during the Spring

and Summer; they knew they would receive food and clothing for themselves and their families sufficient for the Winter. Of course, they were ready and anxious to meet the Great Father in Council and agree to whatever he might put on paper for them to sign.

The U. S. troops and the Kansas cavalry were called off the trail and stationed at points of observation. General Hancock returned to Fort Leavenworth, and the "noble red men" moved on to the designated Council grounds, with the scalps of white people dangling on their belts as they rode into camp.

The Peace Commission that was to meet them and treat with them at Medicine Lodge was composed of the following gentlemen:

Hon. N. G. Taylor, Commissioner of Indian Affairs.

General W. S. Harney, U. S. Army.

General A. H. Terry, U. S. Army.

General C. C. Augur, U. S. Army.

General J. B. Sanborn, U. S. Army.

Senator J. B. Henderson, U. S. Senate.

Colonel S. F. Tappan, Citizen.

General Wm. T. Sherman was also a member of the Commission, but was not able to attend this council. By his invitation, however, the Hon. E. G. Ross, Dr. J. P. Root, Colonel J. K. Rankin, and I were present, and to some extent participated in the council proceedings.

STATEMENT OF INDIAN DEPREDACTIONS

At the opening of the Council I submitted a statement relative to Indian depredations on the frontier, as follows:

EXECUTIVE OFFICE,
TOPEKA, KAN., *Oct. 5, 1867,*

HON. N. G. TAYLOR, Commissioner of Indian Affairs,
and President of the Peace Commission:

SIRS: By request I have prepared, and herewith submit to your Board, the following statement relating to our Indian troubles.

In this brief statement it is unnecessary to refer to the cause of these troubles or rather to the origin of this war; for such it is and has been, since the Minnesota massacre of 1863.

The Sioux Indians, who committed such horrible outrages in that State, being driven out, immediately set about forming an alliance with other wild tribes of the plains for the purpose of a general war.

Emissaries were at once sent to the Cheyennes, Kiowas, Apaches, and Comanches, with propositions which were readily accepted by these tribes. A general war was agreed upon, to be commenced as soon as arms and ammunition could be procured.

The alliance thus formed, though comparatively weak at first, has rapidly grown into a powerful army; well organized, armed, and equipped.

During the past three years, thousands of our people have been murdered and scalped; hundreds of women captured and outraged; and millions of property destroyed or stolen by these red-handed fiends. Kansas alone has shared a large portion of these and other outrages, to say nothing of those committed upon the people of other States and Territories bordering on the plains.

The following brief sketch will show a few of the atrocities committed in Kansas and upon citizens of Kansas since 1865:

“ On the 26th day of July, 1865, Sergeant A. J. Custard, with 26 men of the 11th Kansas Cavalry, while escorting a train to Platte Bridge, was surrounded and attacked by 1,500 Indians. After a desperate fight of three hours, his ammunition being expended and one-half of his men having fallen, he was overpowered and taken. Custard was bound with telegraph wire to the wheel of a wagon and burned alive. The wounded were placed in the wagons and also burned alive. Another man was tied by the wrists and swung to a telegraph pole, and while in this position was cut from head to foot and his nerves or sinews drawn out. The others were tortured in a similar way; some of them having their hands and feet cut off while they were still living.

“ The horses, arms, and clothing belonging to the men were taken by the Indians, who afterwards boasted of the manner in which Custard and his men were taken and tor-

tured to death. This is but one of the great many attacks made upon detachments of the 11th Kansas during the year 1865. I refer to this instance to show that the Indians were in force and intended war at that time.

During the same year they attacked a train with which two of our best citizens and their families were crossing the plains to Colorado. The Indians approached the train professing to be friendly. After traveling along for two days and when they had gained the confidence of all connected with the train, at a given signal they made an attack and murdered every white man but one who escaped. The two women were taken prisoners; one of whom soon after made her escape; the other was detained by the Indians and subjected to the most outrageous treatment for seven months, when she was ransomed by the Government upon the payment of \$3,000. The horrible treatment of this woman during her captivity can only be described by herself.

“ During the past three years the Comanche and Kiowa Indians have captured and treated in a similar manner a great many women and children, whom they have sold to the Government through the instrumentality of their agent, J. H. Leavenworth, who says his Indians are at peace and have committed no depredations.

“ Last year the frontier settlers on the Republican, the Solomon, the Saline, and the Smoky Hill, were frequently attacked and driven in by small bands of hostile Indians. In May, 1866, they attacked a small settlement on the Republican River, killing six men and capturing twenty-five head of horses. They also attacked and captured a number of trains on the Smoky Hill and Arkansas routes. Early last Spring hostilities were resumed in the Republican Valley and also on the Smoky Hill and Arkansas.

“ In May an attack was made upon the settlers on White Rock, west of Lake Sibley. Three men and one boy were killed and scalped, and one boy wounded, who made his escape while the Indians were scalping his father. Two women were taken prisoners; one of whom was outraged by a number of Indians and then killed and scalped; the other was taken away to suffer a worse fate and has not since been heard of.

“ During the same month an attack was made upon the settlers in the Solomon and Saline valleys, in which a

number of persons, including men, women, and children, were killed and scalped and a large amount of property either carried away or destroyed.

“About the 1st of June last, a small party of Indians made another raid into the Saline Valley and murdered the family of Mr. Thompson, consisting of his wife and four children. Mr. Thompson, himself, being a few rods from the house when the attack was commenced, escaped while the Indians were murdering his wife and children.

“About the middle of June the Indians in force, made an attack upon working parties on the railroad, and upon freighters and others along the Smoky Hill, killing a number of men and capturing most of the stock on that line. On the 27th of the same month, about fifty Indians attacked the working parties at Wilson’s Creek, killing John Kestler, an engineer, and wounding a number of employees. On the same day they attacked a man by the name of Thompson on the Smoky Hill, and captured and drove away a portion of his stock. Mr. Thompson has been on the plains since 1832; is perfectly familiar with the different tribes of Indians, and says those making this attack were Cheyennes and Kiowas.

“In the month of July they killed and scalped two men near Downer’s Station, killed and scalped one man near Fossil Creek, and killed and scalped one man near Walker’s Creek. On the 28th fifty Indians attacked Clinton and Campbell’s camp (contractors on the road ten miles east of Hays), killed and scalped seven men, including the foreman, and captured most of the stock. On the 30th the Station at Big Creek was attacked, and forty head of horses and mules captured.

“August 5th Mr. Fish, a contractor with twenty-three men, was attacked ten miles west of Hays by four hundred Indians and driven back three miles to a station, losing a number of his men wounded, and a portion of his stock captured. Same day Captain Neeley’s camp fifteen miles west, was attacked by two hundred Indians, who after a severe fight of two hours, were repulsed. Damage not reported. On the same day, a party of one hundred and fifty Indians attacked Mr. Logan twenty miles west of Hays; camp taken and burned, and stock all captured. They also on the same day attacked the respective camps of Holihen, Quinn, Harvey and Todd, and Hall, capturing their stock, burning their camps, and driving off all the workmen.

“ August 7th, they attacked the camp of Sharp and Shaw; killed and wounded a number of men, and captured thirty-two head of horses and mules.

“ August 8th, they attacked Mr. Wicks with an engineering party, west of Hays, wounding one of his men. Same day a party of one hundred again attacked Mr. Fish and party, driving them off the work.

“ I should have stated in the proper connection that on the first of August the Indians attacked Campbell's camp near the North Fork of Big Creek; killed seven men, and captured nine head of stock. Same day they attacked the station of the Overland Stage Company at Big Creek; killed and wounded a number of persons, and captured thirty head of stock.

“ There were many other depredations committed during the month of August — on the Smoky Hill, Arkansas, Republican, and Platte — all of which can be easily ascertained by your board if it is desired. Since it was known to the Indians that the Peace Commissioners were *en route* to meet them in Council, our people suffered more from them than at any previous time.

“ September 7th, they killed and scalped Frank Malone, a trader on Cow Creek, twenty-six miles west of Ellsworth, after which they sacked and burned his store.

“ September 12th, W. G. & John Williams, while making hay eight miles west of Ellsworth, were attacked by fifteen Indians, wounded, and barely made their escape. Their house was robbed and one team captured. The same day they obstructed the railroad seven miles west of Ellsworth and fired into the train. The arrows used were those of the Kiowa Indians.

“ September 14th, the Indians held the road west of Hays during the day. Same day the camp of Mr. Logan, a contractor, was attacked, and a portion of the stock captured.

“ September 15th, Mr. Robinson's train was attacked and a portion of his stock captured near Hays. Same day, Lieut. Howard, 5th Infantry, with a train between Hays and Harker, was attacked, and twenty-five head of stock and other property captured. Same day Mr. Logan's working party was again surrounded by a large force of Indians, who held them in their works for three days. No report of the killed and wounded. Same attacked Mr. Haller's ranch and captured most of his stock.

“September 19th, Parks, a contractor, forty-five miles west of Hays, was attacked and himself and one of his men killed, and another wounded; a portion of his stock captured.

“While these and many other outrages were being committed on the Smoky Hill, the suffering on the Republican and Arkansas routes was much worse.

“September 8th, Powers and Newman’s train was attacked by three hundred Indians twenty miles east of Fort Dodge; four men killed and a number wounded; one wagon and team captured. Same day a Mexican train was attacked, and two hundred mules captured. About the same time Kitchen’s train was attacked seventeen miles east of Dodge, and four wagons, loaded with ordnance stores, captured and burned; one man killed.

“About the twentieth of September they attacked a Mexican train belonging to Frank Hunning, near Fort Zarah, capturing five wagons and all the stock, and killing one man and one woman. About the same time a hay party near Dodge was attacked; one man killed and one team captured.

“September 24th, the Indians captured all the stock of three heavily loaded trains *en route* to New Mexico. This occurred thirty miles west of Fort Dodge. About the same time Gen. Marcy and Gen. Carlton, with an escort of one company, were attacked by three hundred Indians; one man killed and Lieut. Williams severely wounded. Also about the same time and place, Mr. Kitchen’s train was attacked, and fifty mules captured. Also Gen. Wright’s surveying party, with an escort of one company, where ten men were killed and wounded.”

And so I might go on referring to deeds of atrocity committed by the Indians during the past three years; but it seems as though the above, in addition to those heretofore reported, and those committed in other States and Territories, ought to be enough to convince our Congress, as well as this Peace Commission, that prompt and decisive measures should be at once adopted to punish the Indians for what they have done, and secure peace in the future.

The present policy of the Government, which is to encourage the Indians in the most bloody and atrocious crimes, which none but these savages are susceptible of committing, has been tolerated long enough.

It is a common saying among the Indians, that the more murders they commit, and the more property they capture and destroy, the more presents they will receive from the Government; and that capturing women and children, and selling them to the Government, is more profitable than stealing horses. This is virtually paying the Indians — and they so understand it — a reward for every scalp taken and a premium for every woman and child captured.

While the Indians of the plains have been murdering and harassing our people on the west, the Osage Indians have been committing depredations along our southern border. They have during the past twelve months stolen over two hundred head of horses and other stock from settlers near their reservation. They have committed a number of murders and other outrages.

Their agent, Snow, against whom charges have heretofore been repeatedly preferred and suppressed, is notoriously unfit and disqualified for the position; and I attribute all the troubles arising from these Osage Indians to him directly. From the time the last payment was made in the Fall of 1866 until within a few weeks past, he had not visited their reservation, and not then until he was driven to them through fear of being reported and dismissed.

During the Summer a portion of Agent Snow's traders have been supplying the Osage Indians with arms and ammunition, which were doubtless taken out and sold by them to the wild Indians who have been on the war path. Their stolen horses, or a portion of them, were exchanged with the hostile Indians for Government horses and mules and other captured property, of which there is a large amount in the Osage nation at the present time. Had their agent remained with them, these and other outrages might easily have been prevented.

In view of these facts and for the purpose of preventing further depredations and keeping peace between these Indians and our frontier settlers, I would most respectfully, but earnestly, ask that he be removed from the position of agent. I have notified the chiefs of this tribe that I should hold them responsible, not only for the outrages heretofore committed, but for the conduct of their Indians in the future; that if further depredations were committed, they would be punished.

J. H. Leavenworth, agent for the Comanche and Kiowa Indians, is also a bad man. His traders at the mouth of the Little Arkansas River, and wherever else he may have them stationed, have been supplying the wild Indians of the plains with everything necessary to enable them to prosecute the war against our people. Hundreds of our citizens have been murdered and scalped, and thousands of dollars' worth of property captured or destroyed by Indians who received their supplies from Leavenworth and his traders. Some of them deny having furnished arms and ammunition for such purposes, and it may be possible that they are not all guilty of that damnable crime. If they are not, they have been furnishing them with other supplies which is equally as bad.

If the present Peace Commissioners succeed in making a treaty with the hostile Indians and decide upon still further trying the present policy, I would respectfully suggest the propriety of appointing some man who can be relied upon as agent, in place of J. H. Leavenworth. He in my opinion, is directly responsible for many of the outrages committed by Indians. The Kiowas and Comanches have been more extensively engaged in capturing and selling women and children, than any other Indians on the plains, and yet he is no doubt ready to prove, with affidavits, which cost him probably \$0.25 each, that they have committed no depredations, but that the Cheyennes and others have done the work.

The Cheyennes have committed many depredations, but I do not believe that they were on the Arkansas, robbing trains and scalping people from Fort Zarah to Fort Lyon; on the Smoky Hill, murdering railroad men, attacking stage stations, obstructing the railroad, firing into the cars, capturing Government trains, etc., from Fort Harker to Fort Wallace; and on the Saline, Solomon, and Republican, committing depredations all along these lines at one and the same time. If so, the Cheyennes are a powerful tribe.

Respectfully submitted,

SAM'L J. CRAWFORD, Governor.

The Indians were there in force; bucks, squaws, and papooses, five thousand or more, besides their ponies, dogs, and stolen horses and mules.

The Commissioners on the part of the Kiowas were:

Satanka, or Sitting Bear.
Wah-toh-konk, or Black Eagle.
Fish-e-more, or Stinking Saddle.
Sa-tim-gear, or Stumbling Bear.
Cor-beau, or The Crow.
Sa-tan-ta, or White Bear.
Ton-a-en-ko, or Kicking Eagle.
Ma-ye-tin, or Woman's Heart.
Sa-pa-ga, or One Bear.
Sa-to-more, or Bear Lying Down.

On the part of the Comanches :

Parry-wah-say-men, or Ten Bears.
To-she-wi-, or Silver Brooch.
Ho-we-ar, or Gap in the Woods.
Es-a-man-a-ca, or Wolf's Name.
Pooh-hah-to-yeh-be, or Iron Mountain.
Tep-pe-navon, or Painted Lips.
Cear-chi-neka, or Standing Feather.
Tir-ha-yah-gua-hip, or Horse's Back.
At-te-es-ta, or Little Horn.
Sad-dy-yo, or Dog Fat.

On the part of the Apaches :

Mah-vip-pah, or Wolf's Sleeve.
Cho-se-ta, or Bad Back.
Ba-zhe-ech, or Iron Shirt.
Kon-zhon-ta-co, or Poor Bear.
Nah-tan, or Brave Man.
Til-la-ka, or White Horn.

On the part of the Cheyennes :

O-to-ah-nac-co, or Bull Bear.
Nac-co-hah-ket, or Little Bear.
Is-se-von-ne-ve, or Buffalo Chief.
O-ni-hah-ket, or Little Rock.
Moke-tav-a-to, or Black Kettle.
Mo-a-vo-va-ast, or Spotted Elk.
Vip-po-nah, or Slim Face.
Wo-pah-ah, or Gray Head.
Ma-mo-ki, or Curly Hair.
O-to-ah-has-tis, or Tall Bull.

Hah-ket-home-mah, or Little Robe.
Mo-han-histe-histow, or Heap of Birds.
Wo-po-ham, or White Horse.
Min-nin-ne-wah, or Whirlwind.

On the part of the Arapahoes:

Little Raven.
Storm.
Spotted Wolf.
Young Colt.
Yellow Bear.
White Rabbit.
Little Big Mouth.
Tall Bear.

These were the Ministers Plenipotentiary on behalf of these wild tribes.

The U. S. Commissioners and their friends arrived and established camp on the north bank of the Medicine Lodge Creek, October 2, 1867. The train of supplies taken by Sherman's order in the Summer and held at Larned, was brought down to the Council grounds and the boxes of goods, etc., piled up on top of each other in full view, that the Indians might come in and take notice. No boxes were set apart or piled up for the white women and children, whose husbands and fathers had been killed and scalped by the fiendish devils who were waiting for the goods in these boxes.

The bands that had been on the war-path were the last to arrive. Their guilty consciences made them cautious, lest they might run into a trap. But being assured of safety, they finally came up and pitched their tepees some three miles from our camp.

The next day the Peace Commissioners, representing the Great White Chief at Washington, and the Ambassadors, representing the "Noble Red Men of the Plains," assembled in a large tent and, after shaking hands all round and smoking the pipe of peace, opened the Powwow with a brief dissertation from the Hon.

N. G. Taylor, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, as to the object and purpose of the Council.

INDIAN DIPLOMACY

What Commissioner Taylor said was received in silence, and at the conclusion approved by a spontaneous grunt from the nomads. For a while silence reigned supreme, when Bull Bear, the leading war-chief of the Cheyennes, rose to his full height of six feet, with the dignity of a Roman Senator, and drawing his blanket around him carefully to hide his concealed weapons, delivered a harangue; which, when interpreted, showed that the Indians were on the war-path to prevent Kansas and Colorado from being settled by the pale-faces.

He said the Indians claimed that part of the country as their own, and did not want railroads built through it to scare away the buffalo. He said, in his peculiar way, a good many things that reflected seriously on the Indian Policy of the Government and its injustice to the Indians. A great deal of what he said was rambling, irrelevant, and of no consequence. But he did the best he could to justify his people in what they had done. Throughout his talk, there was considerable Indian cunning displayed and much suppressed Indian viciousness.

They had been told by Commissioner Taylor, in his previous talk, that the "Great Father" wanted the Cheyennes and Arapahoes to surrender their claims to lands and the right to hunt in Kansas and Colorado, and remove south to a reservation in the Indian Territory, where game was more abundant; but Bull Bear thought they owned all the country east of the Rocky Mountains and between the Washita and Platte Rivers.

When told that they had previously sold and been paid for most of their lands east of the Rocky Mountains, he squirmed and said, "Yes, but we are now ready to make another treaty." To this the other In-

dians assented with an impressive grunt. Then Little Raven, principal chief of the Arapahoes; Ten Bears, war chief of the Comanches; Kicking Eagle, of the Kiowas; and Wolf's Sleeve, of the Apaches, followed Bull Bear in the order mentioned, and repeated, in substance, what he had said.

Little Raven and Kicking Eagle were less vehement and more diplomatic than the others. They wanted to make peace and be sure of their winter supplies. Besides, they were both *good* Indians and opposed to war. The Cheyennes were the worst of all, and led in all those Indian wars, followed by the young men of the other tribes. Satanka and Satanta, two leading Kiowa chiefs, warlike and always bloodthirsty, sat quiet throughout the morning session and paid strict attention to what was said.

After all who wished to talk had expressed their views, the Council adjourned, to meet the next morning. At the appointed time, the same chiefs, with a number of new arrivals, were there, and substantially the same ground was travelled over as on the previous day.

This farce was repeated from day to day for perhaps a week, when all of a sudden, Satanta, of the Kiowas, arose in his place and made a most vicious talk, boasting of what he had done, and walked out, followed by the other chiefs. His action, to the Army Officers present, was significant and foreboded evil. But the Council proceeded as usual, and at the proper time adjourned until the next morning.

When Santanta left the Council with a wicked expression all over his face, Colonel John K. Rankin and I, also, walked out and over to the camp of our infantry and artillery and suggested to the officers in command, the propriety of ordering their men to camp and holding themselves in readiness for any emergency that might arise.

The next morning Satanta and some other chiefs

did not attend the Council, nor were any of the Indian women or children to be seen about the Council grounds. Besides, bands of mounted Indians could be soon in the distance scouting around, as they had often been seen when on the war-path. A number of the chiefs, however, were at the Council the next day as usual.

All that day and a part of the next, there was considerable uneasiness among the Army Officers, who knew the treachery of an Indian. General Terry, the most skilful Indian-fighter on the ground, was quite uneasy because we had less than five hundred soldiers there, while the Indians, all told, had not less than three thousand warriors within three miles of our camp.

Satanta, Tall Bull, and others contemplated an attack, and, if possible, a massacre of the Peace Commissioners and all present. But seeing the troops kept close in camp, and the artillery trained in their direction, their courage failed them.

Tall Bull was the last to leave the bloody trail and come down to the Council. After reaching the Indian camp, he formed a part of his band — about two hundred mounted warriors — and came over to our camp in line of battle just as the sun was setting. He crossed Medicine Creek and halted a short distance from our tents. The Peace Commissioners and their guests walked out to meet him.

As he sat on his horse in front of his line of mounted warriors, General Harney, an old Indian-fighter, advanced and extended his hand. Tall Bull reached out his hand with one finger extended, which was promptly brushed aside by the General who took no further notice of him. It was thought by some of those present that that was why the renegades subsequently left the Council as they did. However, in the course of a day or so, they returned and negotiations proceeded as though nothing had interfered.

TREATIES

On the twenty-first a treaty was concluded with the Kiowas, Comanches, and Apaches, and witnessed by a number of gentlemen, including Henry M. Stanley, afterwards the African explorer and Member of Parliament. On the twenty-eighth the Cheyenne and Arapahoe treaty was signed, and a vast amount of supplies delivered to the unruly wards.

By these treaties the Kiowas, Comanches, and Apaches received a large reservation north of Red River, on lands that formerly belonged to the Choctaws and Chickasaws; and the Cheyennes and Arapahoes received a reservation of about three million acres on the Cherokee outlet, in what is now the State of Oklahoma, in exchange for all the lands owned or claimed by them in Kansas and Colorado.

Having accomplished their purpose by waging a relentless warfare in Kansas during the summer, they were now ready to return to their winter haunts on Red River and indulge in sports and war-dancing around the scalps of their victims, until the weather was propitious for another raid in Kansas. The Peace Commission had granted them amnesty for past offences and given them food, clothing, arms, ammunition, and other supplies sufficient for the winter, and that made them docile for the time being.

Thus the great Council of 1867 wound up its affairs, and the Commissioners on the part of the United States and their guests, assistants, and escort, folded their tents and returned to their wigwams to await developments.

When the troops in the field were called off the trail and the Indians invited to the Peace Council at Medicine Lodge, General Hancock returned to Fort Leavenworth, and soon thereafter was ordered to relieve General Sheridan at New Orleans. When informed of his going, I addressed a letter to him, of which the following is a copy:

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT.

TOPEKA, KAN., *Sept. 10, 1867.*

MAJ. GEN. W. S. HANCOCK,
Commanding Dept. of Mo.,
Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.

GENERAL:

I learn with regret that you are about leaving this Department for duty elsewhere.

Before you go, I beg leave to say in behalf of the people of this State, that your untiring efforts in the faithful discharge of your official duties while here, are fully appreciated, and that you carry with you wherever you may be called, the heartfelt thanks of a grateful people, who through your exertions, in part, have been spared from the ravages and atrocities of a blood-thirsty foe.

We are fully aware of the difficulties and embarrassments, with which you have had to contend, and fully accord to you the commendation of having most faithfully discharged your every duty.

During the past year many of our people have fallen victims to the savage barbarity of hostile Indians; yet the blood of none of these rests upon you.

Accept this as a slight token of appreciation of your valuable and efficient services while on duty in this Department.

May God grant you health and courage to continue in the discharge of your duty as faithfully as you have done in Kansas.

Sincerely yours,
S. J. CRAWFORD, Governor.

In reply, the following was received:

ST. LOUIS, Mo., *October 16, 1867.*

HIS EXC. S. J. CRAWFORD,
Governor of Kansas,
Topeka, Kansas.

MY DEAR SIR:

Your letter of September 10th, written on the occasion of my being relieved in command of the Department of the Missouri, and commending my services while in the exercise of that command, has been received and affords me much gratification.

I regret very much being sent to another field of duty, and especially before the Indian question has been finally disposed of.

I believe it is only necessary for any person, not interested in trade with the Indians, to travel through the State of Kansas from East to West, to fully understand the Indian question. That all such persons must come to a like conclusion can scarcely be doubted.

That the question will in time be settled in a sensible way is certain; although contrary interests may retard the final settlement.

A judicious course now may prevent the final extermination of the Indians, but before anything tending to a permanent arrangement with them can be accomplished, I believe it will be necessary to make them feel the power of the Government.

With much respect, I remain

Your obedient servant,

WINFIELD S. HANCOCK,

Major Gen. U. S. A.

General Hancock was a true soldier and, had he been allowed to finish his campaign in 1867, we would have been spared the horrible outrages and atrocities perpetrated by these same Indians in 1868.

BAD OSAGES

While the wild tribes were operating on the plains, a band of ex-rebel Osages was prowling about the southern border of the State, stealing horses and other stock from the settlers. During the Summer I visited the Osage nation with an escort, and calling the chiefs together, informed them of what their renegades had been doing, and demanded either the thieves or the stolen property. The property was promptly returned. Sixteen horses were taken back to their owners at one time, as I was informed; and ten at another, as the following letter shows:

FORT SCOTT, *Sept. 27, 1867.*

To the HON. S. J. CRAWFORD,
Governor of the State of Kansas.

A number of our citizens request me to return their thanks for your efforts in their behalf in procuring ten head of horses taken from them by the Osage Indians, as they believe that it was entirely through your efforts that they recovered their lost property. And one man especially, James Connor, a blind man, requests me that I should return his thanks for the recovery of his horses for he says his whole dependence was upon them. And, believe me, that the expressions of gratitude I heard them make will prove sincere should you ever want any assistance from their hands or the hands of their friends.

The names of James Connor, Mr. Smith, Mr. Gray, and Mr. Perkins are mentioned as persons benefited by your efforts, and they all join in returning you their thanks.

Very respectfully yours,
J. S. EMMERT.

This ended our troubles with the Osages, and thereafter they were as good as most of the civilized tribes.

Early in November, 1867, I returned from the Medicine Lodge Council and devoted my time to the affairs of State which had necessarily been neglected.

On the fifteenth of November, the Eighteenth Kansas Cavalry was called home and mustered out of service. The Regular troops engaged in the Indian war of that summer were ordered into winter quarters at Forts Harker and Hayes.

Later in November I visited and inspected the State institutions and public buildings at Topeka, Manhattan, Emporia, Osawatomie, Olathe, Wyandotte, Lawrence, and Leavenworth.

Notwithstanding the ravages incident to our Indian war and the trials and tribulations of our frontier settlers, immigration continued to pour into eastern Kansas, and evidence of prosperity was visible in all directions. New fields, new orchards, new houses, new

towns, and new faces, were here reflecting the light and influence of a progressive civilization.

THANKSGIVING PROCLAMATION

In keeping with the new order of things, and thankful for even a temporary cessation of hostilities on the border, I issued a Proclamation as follows:

STATE OF KANSAS,
Executive Department.

God, in his mercy, has preserved our people through another year. Though in the infancy of her existence, Kansas is enabled to rejoice in the fulness of prosperity.

The year has been one of general healthfulness; our people have enjoyed the privileges of Free Schools, and experienced the ennobling influences of a Free Religion.

Abundant harvests have rewarded the labors of the husbandman, and every department of industry has thrived. Our railroad enterprises have been prosecuted with vigor; that great national thoroughfare which is destined to connect us with the mineral States of the Pacific Coast and place within our reach the wealth of Asiatic commerce, is now far on its way toward the western limit of the State.

In view of these and manifold other blessings and mercies, and in accordance with a time-honored custom, I do hereby designate

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1867,

as a day of thanksgiving and prayer to Almighty God.

Abstaining on that day from all their secular pursuits, I do earnestly invite the people of this State to assemble in their customary places of public worship, to return thanks to our Heavenly Father for the gracious manifestations of His favor in the past, and to implore His guidance, protection, and blessings of the future.

Renewing our solemn vows of fidelity to the nation, and of devotion to the moral, material, and political welfare of the State, let us reverently importune the Father of all good for the continuance of His fostering care.

In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and

caused the great seal of the State to be affixed, at Topeka, this 4th day of November, 1867.

By the Governor, S. J. CRAWFORD.

R. A. Barker, Secretary of State.

Having complied with this Proclamation and partaken of a bountiful Thanksgiving dinner, where the table was laden with Kansas products and surrounded by charming Kansas ladies — and men not so charming — I set about to prepare for the coming of the new year and new Legislature.

CHAPTER XX

THE LEGISLATURE OF 1868

THE new year opened bright and propitious. Peace reigned on the borders and throughout the State. Work on the several railroads was progressing rapidly. On the first of January the Kansas Pacific reached the three hundred and thirty-fifth mile-post in Western Kansas, and the Leavenworth branch was completed. The Central Branch was constructed one hundred miles west from Atchison. Work on other roads was also fairly under way, and the farmers were ploughing and preparing for their spring crops.

On the fourteenth the new Legislature convened.*

This Legislature, on assembling, immediately organized and appointed a Joint Committee to inform the Governor that the House and Senate were in session and ready to receive such communications and recommendations as the Executive Department might have to make.

On the same day, January 14, as required by the Constitution, I transmitted my fourth Annual Message to the two Houses, and the memorable session of 1868 began its arduous duties.

At the beginning of this session the Commission, consisting of S. A. Riggs, J. M. Price, and James McCahon, previously appointed to codify the laws of Kansas, made its report to the Legislature. This report, after being carefully considered by the Legislature, was adopted substantially as reported by the

*See Appendix for the names of the members and officers.

Commission and became the laws of the State of Kansas.

The work of this Commission, and the wisdom displayed by the Legislature in its approval of the same, deserve all the encomiums that have been bestowed upon them. The laws brought forth by that Commission, and reviewed and adopted by the Legislature, were universally approved and commended by the courts, lawyers, and people of Kansas at that time. That they have stood like a granite wall and resisted the assaults of Legislatures, good, bad, and indifferent, for thirty-eight years, is clearly shown by the Hon. John S. Dawson, our present Attorney General, in an address delivered before the Kansas State Historical Society, December 4, 1906.*

That Mr. Dawson is right in what he says of the Legislature of 1868 and its imperishable work, no one familiar with the facts will for a moment dispute. But it should not be forgotten that the Legislature of 1867 preceded the Legislature of 1868. It was that Legislature, working in harmony with the State authorities, that originated the idea and enacted the legislation leading to the codification of the laws by a commission.

The Legislature of 1867 was composed of intelligent, conscientious men, who, generally speaking, were devoted to Kansas and its best interests. Two of the Senators in that body, Samuel A. Riggs and John M. Price, were members of the commission that codified the laws.

The Legislatures of 1865 and 1866 were also composed of first-class men, but both of these were necessarily opening the road through a wilderness of political rubbish that had been strewn in the pathway of the State during the dark days of the war. Nevertheless we waded through and established a solid macad-

*See Appendix.

amized road out on to the broad plain of a glorious future.

The laws of 1868 were only a part of the magnificent structure we established for the State. On the third of March the Legislature of 1868, having completed its work and given the State a code of laws that have stood the test for more than a third of a century, adjourned *sine die*.

CHAPTER XXI

HOSTILE INDIANS

RAID ON COUNCIL GROVE — MASSACRE IN THE SOLOMON AND
REPUBLICAN VALLEYS — DESPATCH TO PRESIDENT JOHN-
SON — BATTLE OF THE ARICKAREE.

SOON after the adjournment of the Legislature, the hostile Indians who had been furnished with supplies (including arms and ammunition) by the U. S. Indian agents and traders during the previous winter, again made their appearance in South-Central Kansas.

The Kiowas and Comanches and a part of the Cheyennes went into camp on Pawnee Creek, in the vicinity of Fort Larned; and the Arapahoes, Apaches, and the remainder of the Cheyennes camped in the vicinity of Fort Dodge, on the Arkansas River; and all proceeded to draw rations from the Government until the buffalo came north in herds sufficient to supply them with food.

With the coming of grass in the Spring came the buffalo; whereupon the Indians grew independent and restless, and showed signs of hostility. They had received arms and ammunition at the Medicine Lodge Council the previous October, when they came there fresh from the warpath, and now they demanded more guns, pistols, and ammunition.

General Sheridan, who had been assigned to the command of the Department, reached Fort Larned early in March, and thence proceeded to Fort Dodge, where he could be in touch with all the Indians in that vicinity. The chiefs, head-men, and warriors talked, smoked, and powwowed with Sheridan almost every

day for a month. They declared that the Peace Commission at Medicine Lodge had promised to issue more guns, pistols, and ammunition to them at Fort Larned in the Spring, and that they had come up to get them.

Sheridan, and General Sully, who was there on duty, seeing the discontent among the Indians and fearing an outbreak, were opposed to giving them the arms and ammunition they were demanding. The Indians and their agents were persistent. One band of Cheyennes made a raid on the Kaws (a civilized tribe near Council Grove), as a beginning of hostilities in the spring, but it so happened that the Kaws were armed and prepared to receive them.

RAID ON COUNCIL GROVE

Their agent, Major E. S. Stover (late of the Second Kansas Cavalry), an officer of skill and unflinching courage, was there, and lost no time in forming his line for action. When Major Stover was told that the Cheyennes were coming, he immediately ordered every man to the front with his gun, and the squaws and papooses into the storehouses near the Agency building for protection.

Near the Agency was a dense forest of timber, through which the Cheyennes had to make their way. Stover stationed his warriors behind trees at the outer edge of the forest and when the Cheyennes advanced within range, they received a volley that sent a number of them to the happy hunting-grounds. The Cheyennes numbered about four hundred warriors, while the Kaws had less than two hundred with arms. The battle raged in the timber and a part of the time on the open field with great fury, from early in the morning until late in the afternoon, when the Cheyennes hauled off and beat a hasty retreat, robbing the settlers as they went.

When the battle began in the morning, Major Stover started a messenger to me at Topeka, sixty

miles distant, with a note, saying that the Kaws had been attacked by the Cheyennes, and a battle royal was raging; but he would "hold the fort" until I arrived with reinforcements. The messenger (Jo Jim) arrived in Topeka about 7 P. M. and related his blood-curdling and hair-raising story.

The only available troops I had within easy reach, were Thaddeus H. Walker, Geo. H. Hoyt, and Colonel J. W. Forsyth, of Sheridan's staff. On reading Stover's note, I announced to these gentlemen that I was going to the front, whereupon they each tendered their services and said they would also go. In a few minutes we were off to the war behind two dashing teams that made the run of sixty miles by the light of a full moon, and reached the field just as the sun was making its appearance over the eastern hills.

When we arrived the battle was over and the Cheyennes were under full retreat westward on the old Santa Fe trail. After viewing the battlefield and reviewing the victorious Kaws, we were escorted over to the beautiful little city of Council Grove by Major Stover, where we found the good people slowly recovering from the excitement of the Cheyenne raid.

While this band of Cheyennes, under the leadership of Tall Bull, was raiding the Kaws and robbing the settlers west of Council Grove, another band of the same tribe was in the vicinity of Fort Wallace, committing depredations along the Kansas Pacific Railroad and stage routes to Denver.

Meantime the Kiowas, Comanches, Arapahoes, and the remaining bands of the Cheyennes were lingering back at Larned and Dodge, demanding guns, pistols, and ammunition as a condition precedent to their remaining at peace. The only reason they did not go out on the war-path when Tall Bull started on his expedition against the Kaws, was that they could not go until they received arms and ammunition from the Government or from their traders. Hence they lin-

gered back at Larned and Dodge and demanded war supplies.

Had it not been for the Council Grove raid, the guns, pistols, and fixed ammunition, which had been sent to Larned for them, would have been distributed in May, as the Indian office at Washington and the Agents with the Indians were demanding. That, and other outrages, which were being committed daily by roving bands, convinced Sheridan and General Sully, who were on the ground, that they meant war. And yet in the face of what was going on all around them, these Generals yielded against their own better judgment and allowed the guns, pistols, and ammunition to be issued to treacherous assassins.

MASSACRE IN THE SOLOMON AND REPUBLICAN VALLEYS

The issue of not only arms and ammunition, but food, clothing, and other supplies was made on the third of August, 1868. Within three days they broke up their camps in the vicinity of Fort Larned, where the war supplies were distributed, and started north on their work of death, desolation, rapine, and robbery. They first struck the Kansas Pacific Road and the settlements along the Smoky Hill and Saline Rivers, and after laying them in waste and leaving a trail of blood and ruin behind, they appeared in the Solomon and Republican valleys.

There their fiendish atrocities were beyond description. Having been informed of the issuance of supplies and munitions of war to the hostile tribes at Larned, I returned from the frontier to Topeka to prepare for the worst. Scarcely had I reached home when I received the following despatch:

SALINA, KANSAS, *August 14, 1868.*

GOV. S. J. CRAWFORD,

Topeka, Kansas:

A messenger just in from the Solomon Valley reports a large number of Indians in Mitchell, Ottawa, and Republic

counties, murdering indiscriminately. They attacked the upper settlements day before yesterday, and swept down the valleys for a distance of thirty miles, butchering men, women, and children as they advanced. The main body has gone north to the Republican Valley. What few settlers escaped in Mitchell County are in a stone corral on Asher Creek. Forty persons reported killed.

R. D. MOBLEY.

In response to this and other similar despatches, I went in person, by special train, to Salina, and there hastily organized a volunteer company and moved rapidly to the relief of the settlers, but arrived too late to save the lives of over forty persons who had been killed or wounded and scalped by the Indians. After having the wounded provided for and the dead buried, I returned to Topeka and sent the following despatch to the President:

DESPATCH TO PRESIDENT JOHNSON

TOPEKA, KANSAS, *August 17, 1868.*

TO HIS EXCELLENCY ANDREW JOHNSON, PRESIDENT:

I have just returned from Northwestern Kansas, the scene of a terrible Indian massacre. On the thirteenth and fourteenth instant, forty of our citizens were killed and wounded by hostile Indians. Men, women and children were murdered indiscriminately. Many of them were scalped, and their bodies mutilated. Women, after receiving mortal wounds, were outraged and otherwise inhumanly treated in the presence of their dying husbands and children. Two young ladies and two little girls were carried away by the red-handed assassins, to suffer a fate worse than death. Houses were robbed and burned, and a large quantity of stock driven off. The settlements, covering a space sixty miles wide, and reaching from the Saline to the Republican, were driven in, the country laid in ashes and the soil drenched in blood. How long must we submit to such atrocities? Need we look to the Government for protection, or must the people of Kansas protect themselves? If the Government cannot control these uncivilized barbarians, while they are under its fostering care and protection, it certainly

can put a stop to the unbearable policy of supplying them with arms and ammunition, especially while they are waging war notoriously against the frontier settlements, from the borders of Texas to the plains of Dakota. The savage devils have become intolerable, and must and shall be driven out of this State. Gen. Sheridan is doing, and has done, all in his power to protect our people, but he is powerless for want of troops. If volunteers are needed, I will, if desired, furnish the Government all that may be necessary to insure a permanent and lasting peace.

S. J. CRAWFORD, Governor of Kansas.

This message was referred to General W. T. Sherman, commanding the Military Division of the Missouri, who immediately set in motion all his available troops and did everything in his power to have the hostile Indians overtaken and punished; General Sheridan, who had returned to Fort Harker, was also doing what he could, but the troops at their command were inadequate for the work before them.

A wide area of country stretching from the Arkansas River to the Republican and westward to Colorado was swarming with roving bands, here to-day and elsewhere to-morrow, committing murder and other horrible crimes with perfect impunity.

After the massacre on the Solomon and Republican Rivers, I received despatches from General Sheridan as follows:

HEADQUARTERS, FORT HARKER, *August 21, 1868.*

GOV. CRAWFORD:

The Indians committing depredations on the Solomon and Saline were a party of about two hundred Cheyennes, twenty Sioux, and four Arapahoes. Since that time two of my scouts have been killed and one wounded, and to-day they have attacked the wood parties at Fort Wallace. I will at once order the Cheyennes, Arapahoes and Kiowas out of your State and into their reservations, and will compel them to go by force. We will not cease our efforts until the perpetrators of the Solomon massacre are delivered up for pun-

ishment. It may take until the cold weather to catch them but we will not cease till it is accomplished.

P. H. SHERIDAN, Major General.

HEADQUARTERS, FORT HARKER, *August 21, 1868.*

GOV. CRAWFORD:

In order to rest in confidence and protect the line of settlements north from this point to the Republican, General Sully will erect small block-houses on the Saline and Solomon and Republican, and garrison them with a small infantry force, and keep a sufficient force of cavalry scouting between these different points.

P. H. SHERIDAN,
Major General, U. S. A.

From the bloody fields of the Solomon and Republican, the Indians retreated westward with their plunder and captives until they were reinforced by other war parties on the Republican, and tributary streams north of Fort Wallace. These several bands, when united, numbered about one thousand warriors; well mounted, armed, and equipped for savage warfare. Simultaneously with these raids in Central and Northern Kansas, other tribes were raiding the construction parties on the Kansas Pacific Railroad and the overland routes of travel and transportation in Western Kansas.

BATTLE OF THE ARICKAREE

On the tenth of September, Colonel George A. Forsythe, of General Sheridan's staff, with Lieutenant Beecher, Dr. Moore, and forty-seven scouts of dauntless courage and unerring aim, left Fort Wallace in pursuit of a band of Cheyennes which had been committing depredations in that vicinity. The trail led north toward the Republican River, and as Forsythe advanced, it gradually became more and more distinct, showing that the retreating Indians were being reinforced from day to day.

On the night of September 16 Colonel Forsythe,

with his scouts, encamped on Arickaree Creek, near the northwest corner of the State of Kansas. He had been following the trail for six days; and occasionally a solitary Indian had been seen, but there was nothing unusual to indicate the immediate presence of the Indians in large numbers. Evidently those he was pursuing had formed a junction with the main force on the Republican and were waiting for Forsythe and his scouts.

At the break of day on the morning of September 17, a small party made a dash through Forsythe's camp and captured some of his horses. A few minutes later about eight hundred warriors made their appearance, yelling like demons, and opened the fight in earnest. Although Forsythe had been on their trail for six days and knew they were being reinforced as they retreated, he did not know they were so near.

When attacked he moved, under fire, across the creek to a small island, with all his men and such of his horses as had not already been captured; but he left back his pack animals, provisions, and camp equipment, which were soon in the hands of the enemy. The island was of sand formation, which enabled the men to burrow and to some extent protect themselves. A range of low hills, however, enabled the Indians to approach within easy range and fire down at Forsythe's men. It was an ordeal that tried men's souls. Fifty white men surrounded by eight hundred red devils in war-paint and yelling like demons.

Colonel Forsythe was the first man wounded. When hit, he said nothing, but continued to direct the fire of his men. Next came two of the veteran scouts; then the gallant young Beecher and Dr. Moore were mortally wounded. Others in their turn, throughout the day, took their medicine but no one of the heroic band faltered so long as he was able to load and level his gun. While Forsythe and his men were suffering and slowly melting away, the redskins were being piled up

on top of each other in their front. Thus the first day of the battle wore away with about one-half of Forsythe's men either dead or wounded, and all their horses the same.

When the mantle of night was spread over that bloody field, the war-whoop died away and everything was still, save the groans of the wounded and the howling of the wolves. During the night the Indians kept a strong guard around the little band of scouts to prevent them from escaping or sending messengers for relief. Nevertheless two of the scouts — Jack Stillwell and Pete Trudell — volunteered to take the risk and go for relief. It was eighty-five miles by a direct line to Fort Wallace, but to avoid Indians the messengers would have to travel a much greater distance.

At twelve o'clock on the night of the seventeenth, these two brave boys started on their perilous journey, and after many hairbreadth escapes reached the main road, fifteen miles west of Wallace, on the twentieth. There they met two colored soldiers with a despatch for Colonel Carpenter, who was then scouting with a detachment of the Tenth Cavalry, some seventy miles southwest of the Arickaree battle-ground. Stillwell and Trudell informed the messengers to Carpenter of the battle and location of Colonel Forsythe, and proceeded to Wallace and delivered their despatches to Colonel Bankhead, who immediately collected his available troops and started for the scene of action.

Meantime, however, the messengers to Carpenter on leaving Stillwell and Trudell in the morning, put spurs to their horses and lost no time in reaching Carpenter. That gallant officer, on being informed of Forsythe's peril and distress, wheeled about and moved rapidly to his relief. On the night of the twentieth Colonel Forsythe, not having heard from his first messengers, started two more of the scouts — Jack Donovan and A. J. Pliley — to Fort Wallace. These steady, reliable young men started at once; on the sec-

ond day out they met Colonel Carpenter moving rapidly to the relief of Forsythe. His arrival on the bloody ground brought cheers and tears from the living, and prayers for the dead.

In this battle the Cheyennes, Arapahoes, Kiowas, and Comanches, paid dearly for the guns, pistols, and ammunition they secured from the Government under false pretences at Fort Larned on the third of August.

While Forsythe, Carpenter, and Bankhead were thus operating in Northwestern Kansas, General Sully was moving against other bands in Southwestern Kansas and the Indian Territory, as will be observed from the following:

FORT HAYS, KANSAS, *September 10, 1868.*

GOVERNOR CRAWFORD:

On the 7th instant, General Sully crossed the Arkansas with nine companies of cavalry, after the Cheyennes and Arapahoes. My object has been to make war on the families and stock of these Indians, and to break them up completely and effectually. This is the only policy to pursue. I will put every available man I have on this duty. To attempt to follow the small raiding parties who have committed depredations at isolated points on the plains would bring no satisfactory results. . . . All the stock and families of the Cheyennes and Arapahoes are south of the Arkansas River, and General Sully's movement will bring back all the raiding parties of those bands operating north of the river, for the protection of their own families.

Colonels Forsythe and Bankhead moved this morning against Pawnee Killer, and the bands connected with him, who are located on the head-waters of the Republican, and are operating in Colorado. . . .

I desire to state to you, that as soon as I can conscientiously believe that the means at my command are insufficient to accomplish the results above stated, I will notify the proper military authorities, and yourself, so that there may be a good reason for the expense which may occur in calling out troops.

P. H. SHERIDAN, Maj. Gen. U. S. A.

Following this despatch came letters and petitions telling of raids all along the border, and begging for protection; whereupon I telegraphed Sheridan as follows:

TOPEKA, KANSAS, *September 11, 1868.*

GEN. P. H. SHERIDAN,

Fort Hays:

Will you issue to me, for the State, five hundred stand of Spencer carbines, with accoutrements and ammunition? If so, I will at once organize a battalion of picked men, well mounted, to guard the border from the Republican to the Arkansas.

S. J. CRAWFORD, Governor.

FORT HAYS, *September 11, 1868.*

GOV. CRAWFORD:

I will give you the carbines and accoutrements for the purpose you indicate. Your proposition will give me seven good companies now on duty on the frontier.

P. H. SHERIDAN,

Major General, U. S. A.

FORT HAYS, KANSAS, *September 13, 1868.*

GOV. CRAWFORD:

I will let you have five hundred Spencer carbines and accoutrements. Am authorized to give you rations for same number of men for two months. Should this period be too short to accomplish the work, perhaps we can get it extended. Where will you have the carbines? Send some one up on Monday's train to arrange with me the points of delivery of the rations. I will require your officers' receipts for the carbines.

P. H. SHERIDAN,

Major General, U. S. A.

On receipt of this despatch I issued a Proclamation calling for troops,* in response to which five companies of State Militia, well mounted, armed, and equipped, were speedily organized, and stationed at suitable

*See Appendix.

points to guard the frontier settlements from the Arkansas River to the Republican.*

After these troops were placed on duty, no further depredations were committed on the border, except on one occasion, when a small party slipped through the lines and killed four settlers. But while they were thus engaged, Captain Potts, with his company of State troops, struck them *broadside* and left but few to tell the tale. He pursued the survivors for many miles and recaptured all the stolen horses and other property they had taken from the settlers.

While Potts was handling this band without gloves, Captain Baker and his company were in hot pursuit of a part of the same band in the Saline Valley, who were fleeing for their lives. This ended the campaign and settled permanently the Indian troubles in that part of the State.

The battalion, having completed its work, was called in and mustered out of service. While in the service, these companies were ever on the alert and ready for action. They were never taken by surprise, and for that reason their losses in killed and wounded were comparatively light. But they did their work effectively, and deserve the thanks of the State and the everlasting gratitude of those whose lives and property they protected.

* See Appendix for roster of Frontier Battalion.

CHAPTER XXII

INDIAN LAND FRAUDS

ATTEMPTED STEAL OF THE OSAGE LANDS — LETTER AND MEMORIAL TO U. S. SENATE — DEFEAT OF LAND-GRABBERS — CHEROKEE NEUTRAL LANDS — OPPOSED BY STATE OFFICERS — FRAUDULENT SALE OF THE SAC AND FOX LANDS.

WHILE these bloody scenes of real tragedy were being enacted in Central and Western Kansas, a play in low comedy was being rehearsed behind the screens in Washington, preparatory to a raid on the Osage and Cherokee neutral lands in Southern Kansas.

ATTEMPTED STEAL OF THE OSAGE LANDS

By treaty of the second of June, 1825, the United States ceded and set apart to the Osage tribe of Indians, a reservation embracing eight million acres, extending from the Neosho River westward, with the width of fifty miles. And by treaty of December 29, 1835, the United States sold and conveyed to the Cherokee nation a tract of eight hundred thousand acres, situated between the Osage lands and the State of Missouri. These two reservations, about nine million acres, fell within the State of Kansas when its boundaries were established. They were of the best quality, and the eyes of vultures were upon them.

By the treaty of September 29, 1865, the Osages ceded to the United States a tract, 30 by 50 miles, off the east end of their reservation, which was soon thereafter opened to settlement under the preëmption laws at one dollar and twenty-five cents per acre. This left to the Osages about seven million acres, known as the Osage Trust and Diminished Reserve Lands.

These seven million acres are now included in, and constitute the greater part of sixteen counties in Southern Kansas, namely: Wilson, Montgomery, Elk, Chautauqua, Cowley, Butler, Sumner, Sedgwick, Harper, Kingman, Barbour, Pratt, Comanche, Kiowa, Clarke, and Ford. This vast body of land was at that time worth many millions of dollars.

The Osages, under the treaty of 1825, had only the right of occupancy, or what was known as the common Indian title, while the fee or real title was in the United States. The purpose of the schemers was first to buy the Indian title for a song, and then, by the same carefully worded treaty, trick the Government out of its fee-simple title, by having the Senate ratify and confirm the treaty. It was an audacious attempt on the part of the Secretary of the Interior and his confederates to transfer to a railroad company by unheard-of methods seven million acres of land for a mere bagatelle in comparison to their real value.

Had these lands been unoccupied public lands of the United States, the scheme would have been bad enough, but they were more than public lands. By the Act admitting Kansas into the Union, every sixteenth and every thirty-sixth section, embracing in the aggregate three hundred and eighty-eight thousand acres, had been granted to the State for school purposes, and thousands of settlers were then occupying other tracts of the said seven million acres, who were ready to pay a dollar and a quarter per acre for the same. But this previous grant to the State, and the rights of the settlers, were of no consequence in the eyes of the Secretary of the Interior and the persons for whose benefit the lands were to be secured.

The Commissioners appointed to consummate the deal were officials of the Indian Office and subject to the orders of the Secretary. The Council was convened on the Osage Reservation about May 20, 1868. I was intending to be present at the Council to look after

our school land grant and the interests of the settlers, but when about ready to start, I was called to the western frontier in anticipation of a raid by the Cheyennes. Not being able to attend the Osage Council, I sent Professor MacVicar, State Superintendent of Public Instruction, with directions to inform the Commission of our school land grant, and also to do what he could to protect the settlers residing on the Osage Reservation.

The Professor, on arriving at the Council ground, was promptly waved aside, and no attention was paid to what he said, nor to the rights of the State and settlers. Not being recognized by the Commission, he established an *observation bureau* and took notice. He soon grasped the situation to some extent and made notes of what occurred from day to day. When the so-called treaty was signed, MacVicar stepped into his carriage and returned to Topeka, bringing with him a letter from Colonel Blair, of which the following is a copy :

FORT SCOTT, KAN., *June 3, 1868.*

HON. S. J. CRAWFORD,

DEAR SIR:

You know, of course, that the treaty in favor of Sturgis with the Osages is completed, although I fought it to the bitter end; but you can scarcely conceive the threats and intimidation that were resorted to in order to accomplish it. Your name, as Governor, was freely used by them, they saying to the Indians that unless they signed, you would turn out the Militia, drive them off their Reservation, or kill them, and they would never get a cent for their land. They knew I had offered \$400,000 more than Sturgis, and they wanted to sell to our road, as they knew all our men and had confidence in them, but the Commissioners would not permit them.

This treaty is as fatal to Lawrence and Leavenworth as to us, if they only knew it. Sturgis is in with Joy, and they propose to construct a road from Ottawa to Kansas City, cross on the bridge, go up Joy's road to the H. & St. Jo. R. R., and thence to Chicago, St. Louis freight branching off from Kansas City by the Missouri Pacific. He can then take the iron off the Lawrence branch and put it down elsewhere with

but little cost, as there are no depots, buildings, or telegraph lines to remove. By this means they will get for their Ottawa road the Kansas City bonds, the Johnson County subscription, and the 125,000 acres of land which belongs to our road; and they can run together till they reach the point opposite the Osage lands (for the Galveston road don't go within 15 miles of the land just sold to it), and then Joy will take the road on south, while Sturgis builds west. They then expect to connect with the S. W. Branch about the lead mines, giving an outlet that way to St. Louis, and thus the whole R. R. System of the State is utterly destroyed and beyond the possibility of change in the future. Our Sedalia road will then, of course, go straight south, seeking connection with the Southwest Branch; and the whole border tier south of Olathe is left on an island, and can never have a main road at any time in the future.

The treaty makes no provision for settlers, schools, or half breeds, but leaves them all at the mercy of Sturgis; whilst our road offered to provide for all. There is no restriction on his purchase. It is a terrible injustice to the hardy pioneers and they all feel it. At Humboldt and through that region, although on the line of the L. L. & G., they are as bitter against the treaty as we are.

The lands thus treated for comprise nearly $1/5$ of the whole territory of the State and are the last chance for endowing railroads. There are enough for three at least, and they should go to our home roads; the largest slice, if any difference, to the one that runs their whole length.

The treaty kills the A., T., & S. F. road as effectually as ours. In short, it cheats the Indians and Government, robs the pioneers, destroys southern Kansas, and completely paralyzes the railroad capabilities of the State. Under these circumstances, we feel that we have a right to call on you, as the Governor of the State, to protect our interests by the exercise of the influence of your high office and secure the defeat of the fraudulent treaty, if possible.

Please write to our Senators and the Senate Committee on Indian Affairs, unless your official duties will allow you to go to Washington in person to see to it, which I suggest most respectfully, your duty to the State requires, if it be at all possible.

I shall start to-morrow, although I can but ill bear the

expense, and if you do not come I shall be happy to hear from you.

I shall fight the treaty to the last.

Very respectfully, Your obdt, servant,

CHAS. W. BLAIR.

LETTER AND MEMORIAL TO U. S. SENATE — DEFEAT OF LAND-GRABBERS

From Professor MacVicar and others, I also learned of the nefarious methods resorted to by the Commission and by the railroad magnates present, in their desperation to secure the assent and signatures of the Indians to the treaty. It was difficult, at first, to procure all the facts and provisions of the treaty, but soon I became satisfied that an attempt was being made to rob the State of its schools lands, and the settlers of their homes; and, so believing, I prepared and forwarded to the parties therein mentioned, a letter and memorial as follows:

EXECUTIVE OFFICE,

TOPEKA, KAN., *June 9, 1868.*

HON. B. F. WADE, President of the Senate,

HON. S. C. POMEROY, Chairman Senate Committee on
Public Lands,

HON. GEO. W. JULIAN, Chairman House Committee on
Public Lands,

GENTLEMEN:

I telegraphed you yesterday in relation to the treaty recently concluded with the Osage Indians, and now write to furnish you additional facts concerning the same, as well as to solicit your influence in opposition to the confirmation of the sale of the Cherokee Neutral Lands in Kansas, made by the late Secretary of the Interior to Mr. James F. Joy and Co.

These two reservations, you are doubtless aware, comprise nearly nine million acres of land, the greater portion of which is as fertile and of as great natural value as any to be found in the Mississippi Valley.

The Cherokee treaty, and the attempted sale of lands under its provisions, were infamous enough; but the recent treaty with the Osages and the iniquitous manner in which

the same was concluded, make the other comparatively respectable — as much so, at least, as one fraud can be said to become respectable by comparison with a greater.

There are at present residing upon these lands more than 10,000 industrious, enterprising people, many of whom served in our armies during the late war, and afterwards emigrated thither for the sole purpose of securing homes for themselves and their families.

The manner in which this treaty, which completely ignores the rights of these people, as well as the substantial and permanent interests of the State, was brought about is simply disgraceful to all concerned in it; and if sanctioned by the Senate, will prove a lasting disgrace to the Government. A price largely in excess of the one accepted was offered for the lands, but the offer was peremptorily, if not contemptuously, declined. The Indians themselves were strongly averse to the treaty, but were finally influenced to assent to it by solicitations and threats. I am reliably informed that it was represented to them that the Governor of the State would, unless they disposed of and removed from their lands, attack them with militia, and either kill or drive them off.

Of course, the details of the treaty will not be definitely known until after the Senate shall have acted upon it; but its principal provisions have been sufficiently ascertained to show conclusively that the whole affair was a flagrant outrage, and that the means resorted to by the Commission, and by other interested parties, to obtain the assent of the Indians, were infamous and disgraceful.

Referring you to the enclosed memorial of the State officers against the ratification of this treaty, and trusting that you will use your influence to defeat a scheme which is so full of wrong and outrage to this State and to her people,

I have the honor to be, very respectfully,

Your obdt. servant,

SAMUEL J. CRAWFORD,
Governor of Kansas.

EXECUTIVE OFFICE,
TOPEKA, KAN., *June 9, 1868.*

TO THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES:

We, the undersigned Executive Officers of the State of

Kansas, most respectfully memorialize your honorable body against the ratification of the treaty recently concluded with the Osage Indians, whereby they agree to cede the lands now held by them in this State to the Leavenworth, Lawrence, and Galveston Railroad Company, on the following grounds, to wit:

First. That the Osages were induced to conclude the treaty by threats and false representations, whereby they were made to believe that it was the design of the State authorities to make war upon them and either kill them or drive them from their Reservation.

Second. That the price agreed to be paid is grossly inadequate to the value of the lands; that a much larger price was offered; that the payments are extended over a long series of years; and that the final consummation of the treaty would be a flagrant robbery of the Indians.

Third. That no provision is made in the treaty for the benefit of Schools, or in the interest of the settlers who have gone upon the lands and made improvements; but that both these interests are remitted to the tender mercies of speculators and monopolists.

Fourth. That the lands thus ceded comprise nearly one-fifth of the area of the entire State, the whole of which will be withheld from settlement and development, except upon such terms as the monopolists may dictate.

Fifth. That the success of this fraud will tend to retard immigration, thus militating against the best interests of this State, as well as of the country at large.

Sixth. That the persons who will derive the chief benefits of this treaty are strangers to the State, and in no wise identified with its interests.

Seventh. That they believe the whole system of permitting or encouraging the Indians to cede to private corporations is pernicious; that in extinguishing Indian titles the Government should become the purchaser, permitting the settlers to procure titles at the *minimum* rate, withdrawing from sale when the aggregate of the purchase money shall have been realized, and then allowing the preëmption and homestead laws to operate as in other cases.

For these and other reasons which might be enumerated, the undersigned respectfully request the Senate to negative

the treaty recently concluded with Osages, and which has been or will be submitted for their consideration.

S. J. CRAWFORD,
Governor.

R. A. BARKER,
Secretary of State.

J. R. SWALLOW,
Auditor of State.

M. ANDERSON,
State Treasurer.

GEORGE H. HOYT,
Attorney General.

P. MACVICAR,
Superintendent
Public Instruction.

In addition to the foregoing I wrote similar letters to President Johnson, Senator Henderson of Missouri, Senator Ross of Kansas, and Sidney Clarke of the House Indian Committee. I also sent the Attorney General of the State to Washington to oppose the ratification of the treaty, which he did with energy and determination. On the tenth of June I wrote General Blair as follows:

EXECUTIVE OFFICE,
TOPEKA, KANSAS, *June 10, 1868.*

GEN. C. W. BLAIR,
Washington, D. C.

MY DEAR SIR:

Your favor of the 3rd is received. I have written and telegraphed Senators Wade, Pomeroy and Ross, and also Mr. Julian, Chairman of the Land Committee in the House, earnestly soliciting their influence against the ratification of the treaty recently concluded with the Osage Indians.

I trust now with what has been done you will be able to defeat the treaty. It is certainly one of the most infamous outrages ever before attempted in this country, and if endorsed by the Senate, would prove a lasting disgrace to the Government.

The Cherokee Neutral treaties, which virtually robbed thousands of settlers of their homes and made them suppli-

cants at the feet of a land monopoly, were bad enough, but God knows they will not in any way compare to this Osage swindle. No adequate provisions have been made for any portion of the settlers, and no provisions whatever made for our common schools. These alone should be sufficient to down the whole thing.

Yours truly,
S. J. CRAWFORD,
Governor.

With this information before them George W. Julian of Indiana, Chairman of the House Committee on Public Lands, and Judge Lawrence of Ohio, opened with Gatling guns and riddled the treaty until it became a stench, and was finally withdrawn from the Senate.

CHEROKEE NEUTRAL LANDS

While this attempt to rob the Government, the State of Kansas, the Osage Indians, and settlers on the Osage lands, was being prosecuted with vigor, a similar fraud was being perpetrated by a gang of boodlers, on the Cherokee Indians and several thousand *bona fide* settlers on the Cherokee Neutral Lands in South-east Kansas.

As heretofore stated the Cherokee nation, by the treaty of December 29, 1835, purchased eight hundred thousand acres lying between the said Osage Reservation and the State of Missouri. By the treaty of 1866 the Cherokee nation authorized the United States to sell these so-called neutral lands in trust for the Cherokee people.

Knowing that the Government had a right to sell these lands, and naturally assuming that they would be sold to actual *bona fide* settlers at a dollar and a quarter per acre — as other public lands were sold — a large number of qualified preëmptors moved upon said lands, selected each one hundred and sixty acres, built homes, planted orchards, and began improving their farms.

A powerful combination of land-grabbers — known as the American Emigrant Company — with headquarters at Des Moines, Iowa (the home of Jas. Harlan, then Secretary of the Interior), set their active brains to work, devising ways and means whereby they might purchase these lands (eight hundred thousand acres) in a body, at one-tenth of their real value.

This company, having secured the active support of *public spirited gentlemen* in the two Houses of Congress, applied to and purchased from the Hon. James Harlan, Secretary of the Interior, the entire tract at one dollar per acre, to be paid for at the convenience of the purchasing company. This was said to be one of the last official acts of Secretary Harlan. The purchase was dated back, to cover accidents and show vested rights antedating the rights of the settlers.

The deal was consummated at the dead hour of midnight, without authority of law, and in violation of every principle of right, justice, and humanity. But it was sanctioned by the coterie of public spirited patriots in Congress, who usually looked out for the main chance.

Having signed, sealed, and delivered the bill of sale for this vast body of land to the American Emigrant Company, Secretary Harlan threw open the doors of the Interior Department to his successor, the Hon. O. H. Browning, who walked in and immediately sent for the papers in the matter of the sale of the Cherokee Neutral Lands by his predecessor. Browning was a lawyer, and it did not take him long to discover that in the attempted sale of the neutral lands by Secretary Harlan, the law had been violated, and a fraud committed. He therefore, as his first official act, declared the sale null and void.

That set the gang, in and out of Congress, howling. It was, in their estimation, an overt act of treason, for which they were going to have Andy Johnson impeached. This method of getting even, however, was

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not sanctioned by the older heads. They thought they could find a way out by another road that would answer the same purpose and save the plunder. The Osage swindle—called a treaty—was still hanging in the balance and being riddled with hot shot, and it would not do, as they put it, “to stir up another hornet’s nest.” So they began to cast about and reason among themselves as to the safest method of procedure.

Some wanted to go direct to the President and offer him a campaign contribution that would insure his reelection. But the “Old Subsidies,” about the Capital, said no, that might involve them in a scandal and endanger their own reelection. Others thought it best to go to the new Secretary and lay the matter before him as simply a grant of lands to aid in the construction of railroads that would compensate the settlers for the loss of their homes.

That seemed more feasible, but the question was, Who will be the proper person to approach the Secretary? Harlan could not do it, because he had made the sale that was set aside, and his pride was mortally wounded; Grinnell could not do it, because he was President of Harlan’s company, and the Secretary had refused to see him; Sturgis could not do it, because he was regarded as a straw man; Pomeroy could not go, because he had voted against impeachment, and had no influence with Secretary Browning; Sidney Clarke could not do it, because he had been on both sides of the Osage treaty, and was supporting the Cherokee treaty in Washington and opposed to it in Kansas; Senator Ross could not go, because he wanted the lands sold to actual settlers at \$1.25 per acre.

Therefore, to use a slang phrase, the schemers were up against it. But not long did they have to tarry. Some one, skilled in the science of official boodlery, discovered a way out. James F. Joy, who was said to have a finger in the Osage pie and to be a relative of

Secretary Browning, was thought to be the man of all men to manage the Interior Department and bring order out of chaos. In due time he was hastened to the scene of action, and a new deal was speedily consummated.

The Cherokee delegates then in the City of Washington — and as corrupt as Satan — were willing to do what they could “for the good of the cause.” Secretary Browning, having revoked and set aside the sale of said lands by his predecessor, immediately turned around and sold the same lands to James F. Joy on terms similar to the Harlan deal. That sale was satisfactory to all parties interested, except the settlers who were being robbed of their homes. But that sale, like Harlan’s deal with the Emigrant Company, was made without authority of law, and could not become valid and binding without the approval of Congress.

The beneficiaries under both deals, having pooled their interests and sworn allegiance to each other, prepared an Act which they called a treaty, ratifying and confirming the consolidated fraud. This so-called treaty was submitted to the Senate and supported by the Kansas delegation in both Houses of Congress. It was a cheat and a fraud in every particular, and should have been encircled with hell’s blackest marks. The pretended authority for this gigantic swindle was a proviso in Article 17 of the Cherokee treaty of July 19, 1866, which reads as follows:

Provided, that nothing in this article shall prevent the Secretary of the Interior from selling the whole of said lands not occupied by actual settlers at the date of the ratification of this treaty, not exceeding one hundred and sixty acres to each person entitled to preëmption under the preëmption laws of the United States, in a body, to any responsible party, for cash, for a sum not less than one dollar per acre.

The manifest intent and purpose of this treaty was to have the lands sold in tracts of one hundred and sixty acres to qualified preëmptors for cash. Certainly

the treaty did not authorize the Secretary of the Interior to sell the land on time payments; and yet that is what Secretary Halan attempted to do. Secretary Browning, as already shown, being shocked at Harlan's utter disregard of the law, signalized his advent into office, by revoking the sale and selling the same lands to his friend Joy — provided he could get Congress to ratify his illegal act. The sale of the same tract of land by two Secretaries to two different parties, without authority, was rather an unusual proceeding. The transactions caused a good many old-fashioned people and about five thousand settlers on the lands to sit up and take notice. Nevertheless the stake was too valuable to be lost without an effort. Therefore the boodlers, as heretofore shown, pooled their issue and appealed to the Senate of the United States to help them out.

That the reader may understand their methods from the wording of their appeal — which they called a “ Supplemental Treaty ” — I copy the marvellous document in full, which is reproduced in the Appendix.

This so-called treaty was manifestly drawn to harmonize conflicting interests among the boodlers. It ratified and confirmed everything that had been done, legal or otherwise, by the two Secretaries and the two purchasing parties. According to this treaty, Secretary Harlan sold these eight hundred thousand acres to his Emigrant Company on August 30, 1866, just nineteen days after the original Cherokee treaty was ratified.

That sale, if valid or subsequently made valid by the Senate, shut out settlers from the day it was made. Hence it was important to validate it and authorize the Company to assign their contract to James F. Joy, because most of the settlers on the land had entered and made settlement after August 30, 1866. In all respects it was an infamous transaction, which went hand in hand with the Osage swindle, that was then pending before the Senate.

OPPOSED BY STATE OFFICERS

The State authorities fought both schemes as best they could, but with Pomeroy in the Senate actively supporting both treaties, and Sidney Clarke — the *sole* Representative from Kansas — in the House, playing hide-and-seek, it was difficult to make headway against such a powerful combination. In February, 1868, I wrote the Hon. George W. Julian, Chairman of the House Committee on Public Lands as follows:

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
TOPEKA, KAN., *Feb. 20, 1868.*

HON. GEO. W. JULIAN,
Ch. Com. on Public Lands,
Washington, D. C.

SIR:

I enclose herewith a copy of a resolution adopted by the Board of Directors of the Kansas and Neosho Valley Railroad Company, relating to the Cherokee neutral lands, to which I invite your attention.

I protest, as the Legislature has protested, against placing the *bona fide* settlers on these lands in the power of the purchasers, with the right to impose upon them a high price for the homesteads on which they have settled in good faith.

Congress should take some steps to protect the settlers, either by annulling the contract of sale, or otherwise. They have gone upon these lands and made their improvements, in the fullest faith that they would be permitted to secure titles from the Government at a cost not exceeding a dollar and a quarter per acre.

The number of these settlers is quite large; they feel justly sensitive upon finding themselves apparently in the power of speculators; and I feel quite certain that an attempt to exact from them the prices named in the resolution of the Railroad Company will result in trouble.

I trust, therefore, that Congress will feel it to be its duty to devise and enact some measure of relief for the settlers.

I also enclose a copy of my late Message and refer particularly to that portion which treats of this subject.

Very respectfully, Your obdt. servant,
(Signed) S. J. CRAWFORD, Governor.

I also wrote similar letters to Senators Pomeroy, Ross, John B. Henderson, and others. The following was my last despatch on the subject.

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
TOPEKA, KAN., *July 25, 1868.*

HON. E. G. ROSS,
U. S. Senate,
Washington, D. C.

If the Cherokee Supplemental Treaty is ratified, it will deprive the State of 47,000 acres of school land, and place thousands of settlers at the mercy of Joy and his Railroad Company. I trust you may be able to defeat it.

SAM'L J. CRAWFORD.

Nevertheless, the treaty was ratified; and most of the officials who helped to consummate the fraud are now dead.

In the making of these treaties with the Osages and Cherokees, the officials of the Indian Office who were appointed or detailed for the purpose, should not be held responsible for the objectionable provisions. They simply carried out their instructions from higher authority. They were directed to take the treaties, which had already been prepared, and have them signed by the Indians; and that was the extent of their interest. Secretary Browning and ex-Secretary Harlan were responsible for both treaties; and the *knowing ones* in the Senate, who understood the object and purpose of the schemes, were the responsible parties in that body.

Having lost out on this Cherokee treaty, the State subsequently applied to Congress, and received authority to select indemnity lands in lieu of school sections, lost by reason of the ratification of the Cherokee treaty. The settlers had the privilege of either moving off, or paying Joy and his gang a handsome bonus for their homes, which they should have been allowed to purchase from the Government at one dollar and a quarter per acre.

Thus ended a dark chapter in the early history of Kansas. Some of the actors prospered for a time and then went down and out in poverty. Others paid a more costly penalty; while one of the leading actors lost his reason and became an object of pity. The mills of the gods grind slow; but they grind — and sometimes exceedingly fine. Retribution in those days was swift and severe.

FRAUDULENT SALE OF THE SAC AND FOX LANDS

Previous to this wholesale raid by Joy and the American Emigrant Company on the Osage and Cherokee Neutral Lands, the Secretary of the Interior had sold — under sealed bids — of the Sac and Fox Indian lands situated in Osage and Lyon Counties, two hundred and sixty-three thousand, three hundred and thirty-nine acres, as follows:

To Wm. R. McKean, 29,677 acres at 64 cents per acre.

To Fuller & McDonald, 39,058 acres at 73 cents per acre.

To Robt. S. Stevens, 51,689 acres at 71 cents per acre.

To John McManus, 142,915 acres at \$1.09 per acre.

which was an average of ninety-one cents per acre while the settlers bid from five to seven dollars per acre.

This, however, was a small affair as compared with the Osage deal. The settlers' sealed bids in some way failed to reach their destination, while the bids of "responsible" parties were promptly received.

The purchasers were liberal, if not generous. The settlers, who were able, were permitted to buy the lands they occupied at prices ranging from five to seven dollars per acre. Some of them by reason of short crops could not make the required payment, whereupon they were ordered by the Secretary of the Interior to vacate and go thence. Some of them had exhausted their means, and could not go. Then the War Department was asked to drive them off with

the army. In some countries that would have produced bloodshed; but not so here. The settlers were law-abiding people, and they had faith that the wrong would be righted.

General Grant complied with the official request of the Secretary of the Interior for the removal of the settlers, by issuing the necessary orders; but the U. S. troops then in Kansas were looking after hostile Indians on the frontier, and not much headway was made in dispossessing the settlers. In fact the troops — both officers and men — detested that kind of scavenger work.

Nevertheless, the parties who had bought these lands, and the Secretary of the Interior who had sold them from under the settlers at ninety-one cents per acre, were clamorous to have the settlers removed or compelled to pay an exorbitant price for their homesteads. The request was renewed in 1868, when General Grant again directed General Sheridan to see that his orders were executed. On receipt of this order General Sheridan informed me that he had directed the settlers that they must go at once; whereupon I sent the following despatch to General Grant:

EXECUTIVE OFFICE,
TOPEKA, KAN., *June 4, 1868.*

GEN. U. S. GRANT,
Washington, D. C.

I do earnestly request that you suspend the execution of your orders to Gen. Sherman of date 1866-67 (directing him to inquire into and remove settlers from Indian reservations in Kansas) until the facts can be reported by mail. Col. M. V. Sheridan is now engaged in this work. He had ordered the settlers to leave the Sae and Fox Reservation by Saturday next, which if persisted in will inflict great suffering upon these poor people, who will be thrown upon the prairie without any means upon which to subsist their families; and no possible good can result to the Government or Indians from the execution of these orders.

SAM'L J. CRAWFORD, Governor.

After this, General Sheridan was recalled, and the settlers were allowed more time either to pay for their lands or remove elsewhere. Most of them moved away and started in life anew.

The treaty providing for the sale of the Sac and Fox lands in Kansas was a transparent fraud, and never should have been ratified by the Senate; and the same is true of the treaty with the Ottawa and Kaw tribes. The truth is, the Indian policy then and for many years thereafter, was all-round bad. It led to many Indian wars, massacres, and crimes too horrible to relate. It led to such treaties as I have mentioned, and to the robbery of both Indians and settlers by wholesale.

CHAPTER XXIII

FALL AND WINTER CAMPAIGN OF 1868-69

RESIGNATION AS GOVERNOR — OFF TO CAMP SUPPLY — CUSTER'S FIGHT WITH BAND OF CHEYENNES — CAPTIVES SLAIN — GENERAL SHERIDAN'S ACCOUNT — SURRENDER OF INDIAN CHIEFS — COL. MOORE'S REPORT ON THE PURSUIT AND RELEASE OF CAPTIVES — THE MISTAKEN POLICY OF THE GOVERNMENT.

SCARCELY had the battle over the Osage and Cherokee treaties closed when the hostile Indians renewed their savagery in Western Kansas. They did not venture down to the settlements along the border, except in their attack on the Kaws at Council Grove and in Northwest Kansas, but confined their depredations to overland travel and transportation along the Kansas Pacific Railroad, Smoky Hill River, and the old Santa Fe Trail leading to Colorado and New Mexico.

The Peace Commission had been making strenuous efforts to quiet them down and induce them to return to their reservations in the Indian Territory, but the noble redskins said, "No." They wanted more scalps, horses, mules, and other valuables. Like Logan of old, peace troubled their minds, and having been supplied with arms, ammunition, provisions, clothing, and war-paint, by the Government and the Indian traders, they were now ready for the war-path.

When they appeared in full dress and ready for a Fall campaign, General Hazen suddenly discovered that they had been trifling with him, and so notified General Sheridan, who immediately telegraphed me as follows:

FORT HAYS, KANSAS, *October 8, 1868.*

GOV. CRAWFORD:

Gen. Hazen has informed me that the friendly overtures which were made to the Kiowas and Comanches at Larned, on the nineteenth and twentieth of September, 1868, have failed to secure peace with them, or removal to their reservation; and I am authorized to muster in one regiment of cavalry from your State for a period of six months. I will communicate further with you on the subject on receipt of additional instruction from Gen. Sherman.

P. H. SHERIDAN,
Maj. Gen. U. S. A.

This was exactly what I had been expecting. Everybody familiar with the character and habits of the wild tribes knew that the young Kiowas and Comanches had been with the Cheyennes, Arapahoes, and Apaches on the war-path from the day they drew their arms and ammunition from the Government in August.

General Hazen should have known it, but he was a good-natured, easy victim for the treacherous Indians. They had been loitering around Forts Larned and Dodge all Spring, drawing rations and clothing from the Government, and promising to return to their reservations, if the authorities would give them arms and ammunition. Sheridan, at first, would not listen to their demands; but finally he yielded when General Sully and the Indian Agents vouched for the good faith of the Indians.

As already stated, the guns, pistols, and ammunition were issued at Larned on the third of August, and within three days the Indians were on the Smoky Hill and along the Kansas Pacific Railroad murdering, robbing, and scalping white people indiscriminately. On the fourteenth they attacked the settlements in the Saline, Solomon, and Republican Valleys, and left a trail of blood and smoking ruins behind them.

That should have convinced General Hazen that they could not be trusted. But it did not. Having

waged a horrible war on the settlements and over the plains for two months, and having run out of ammunition, they returned to Fort Larned with the scalps of their victims dangling from their belts. There they made loud professions of friendship, and begged for more ammunition with which to *kill game* for food, while *en route* to their reservations. Again they were supplied, and again they were on the war-path. Hence General Hazen's despatch to Sheridan.

This settled the question as to the advisability of a Fall and Winter campaign. It was understood by all that the hostile Indians would have to be driven to their winter haunts in the southwestern part of the Indian Territory and punished severely in order to subdue and keep them on their reservations.

General Sherman, therefore, having lost confidence in the Peace Commission, and all patience with the Indians, directed General Sheridan to proceed. On receipt of authority the General telegraphed me as follows:

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE MISSOURI,

IN THE FIELD, FORT HAYS, *Oct. 9, 1868.*

HIS EXCELLENCY S. J. CRAWFORD, Governor of Kansas:

Under directions received through Lieutenant General W. T. Sherman, commanding Military Division of the Missouri, from the Hon. Secretary of War, I am authorized to call on you for one (1) regiment of mounted volunteers, to serve for a period of six (6) months, unless sooner discharged, against hostile Indians on the plains. I therefore request that you furnish said regiment as speedily as possible, to be rendezvoused and mustered into the service of the United States at Topeka, Kansas.

The regiment to consist of one colonel, one lieutenant-colonel, three majors, twelve captains, twelve first-lieutenants, twelve second-lieutenants, twelve companies of one hundred (100) men each, including the required number of non-commissioned officers specified in the United States Army Regulations (1863), the pay, allowances, and emoluments of officers and men to be the same as that of United States troops.

The men will be rationed from the time of their arrival

at the rendezvous, and will be furnished with arms, equipments, horses, and clothing from the date of muster into the service of the United States.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

P. H. SHERIDAN,
Major General, U. S. A.

On receipt of this despatch I immediately issued a call for troops.*

The response to this Proclamation was made with alacrity, and a regiment of twelve hundred men speedily recruited and mustered into the United States service for six months. As every one knew, the campaign was to be made in the dead of winter against five warlike tribes in remote and almost inaccessible regions. Such an expedition had time and again been declared by officers of the army to be impossible; and yet it seemed to be the only way to bring the hostile Indians to a sense of their duty.

In a letter to General Sheridan of date October 15, General Sherman said:

As to extermination, it is for the Indians themselves to determine. We don't want to exterminate or even fight them. At best it is an inglorious war, not apt to add much to our fame or personal comfort; and for our soldiers, to whom we owe our first thoughts, it is all danger and extreme labor, without a single compensating advantage. . . . As brave men, and as the soldiers of a government which has exhausted its peace efforts, we, in the performance of a most unpleasant duty, accept the war begun by our enemies, and hereby resolve to make its end final. If it results in the utter annihilation of these Indians, it is but the result of what they have been warned again and again, and for which they seem fully prepared. I will say nothing and do nothing to restrain our troops from doing what they deem proper on the spot, and will allow no mere vague general charges of cruelty and inhumanity to tie their hands, but will use all the powers confided to me to the end that these Indians, the enemies of

*See Appendix.

our race and of our civilization, shall not again be able to begin and carry on their barbarous warfare on any kind of pretext that they may choose to allege. I believe that this winter will afford us the opportunity, and that before the snow falls these Indians will seek some sort of peace, to be broken next year at their option; but we will not accept their peace, or cease our efforts till all the past acts are both punished and avenged. You may now go ahead in your own way, and I will back you with my whole authority, and stand between you and any efforts that may be attempted in your rear to restrain your purpose or check your troops.

From this, as will be observed, General Sherman agreed to stand between Sheridan and the Interior Department—the course of all our Indian troubles. Nevertheless, Sheridan, on account of an erroneous sentiment in the Eastern States concerning the Indians, was anxious to have the State authorities behind him. On that account and for the reason that I knew a winter campaign was the only thing that would end the Indian war and keep the savages on their reservations, I resolved to resign as Governor and to accompany the expedition.

Before resigning my office I issued a Thanksgiving Proclamation,* November 4, 1868, after which and on the same day I was appointed and mustered in as Colonel of the new regiment.†

OFF TO CAMP SUPPLY

The regiment broke camp at Topeka on the morning of November 5, and started for Camp Supply, the point designated by General Sheridan as a rendezvous for the troops that were to participate in the campaign. From Topeka we marched by way of Emporia to the Arkansas River, where the city of Wichita now stands—a distance of one hundred and fifty miles in seven days.

*See Appendix.

†See Appendix for roster of regimental officers, the Nineteenth Kansas Cavalry.

At Wichita — or Camp Beecher, as we called it — we expected to find ten days' rations and forage for the regiment, which had previously been ordered from Fort Riley by General Sheridan; but on arriving there we found that one-half the rations had been consumed by U. S. troops, while only a part of the forage had reached its destination.

Then it became a question whether we should proceed on a two-hundred-mile march from Wichita to Camp Supply through an unknown country, with inexperienced guides, or wait and send back to Fort Riley for rations and forage. The country through which we had to pass was known to contain large herds of buffalo and flocks of deer and wild turkey; and as yet no snow had fallen; so, after considering the question in all its bearings, I determined to move on.

Having loaded our wagons with such supplies as had not been consumed by the troops stationed at Wichita, I crossed the Arkansas River on the morning of November 14 and moved in a southwesterly direction toward Camp Supply. As heretofore stated, the distance in a direct line was two hundred miles through an unknown country, with no road, no bridges over the streams, and no guide who knew anything of the formation of the country. It was a bold dash into the wilderness with a regiment of one thousand officers and men, at the approach of winter.

For the first five days we marched on an average twenty miles per day, and improvised our own crossings over the rivers and small streams. On the evening of November 18, after a hard day's march, the horses of one battalion stampeded and caused a delay of one day. On the morning of the nineteenth we were overtaken by a snow storm, which continued without intermission for forty-eight hours, and until the ground was covered to a depth of ten inches. The next morning we moved as usual and made a good day's march notwithstanding the snow.

Here, our rations and forage having been exhausted, it became necessary to resort to strategy. Buffalo in large herds were found in abundance, so we had no fears of the men suffering for food. But our forage was gone, and the privation began to tell on the horses and mules. From the day we left Wichita great care had been taken to camp early in the afternoon and let the animals graze. Now we were in a country where timber was more plentiful and grass not so abundant.

On going into camp every afternoon a heavy detail of men would take the horses and mules out and scraping the snow away from the grass, let the animals graze until dark. Meantime other details would cut cottonwood limbs and other green bushes and place them under the picket line where the stock would browse during the night. Thus we moved along through the ever-increasing snow and over the hills and hollows until we reached the brakes of the Cimarron River.

There I established a camp for the dismounted men and disabled horses and mules, and sent Captain Pliley forward with his troop to Camp Supply for rations and forage. Here the buffalo were still within easy reach, and the men had an abundance of meat; but our stock was suffering for lack of forage, and on account of the intensely cold nights.

Leaving Major Jenkins in charge of the camp, with three hundred and sixty men and two hundred and fifty tired-out horses and mules, I took the remainder of the regiment (about six hundred men), pushed on to Camp Supply, and arrived there on November 26 — just twelve days out from Wichita.

Meantime Captain Pliley had returned to the camp with supplies and forage, and on the twenty-ninth Major Jenkins came in with his portion of the command — without the loss of a man from the day we left Topeka.

Thus from Wichita to Camp Supply we made the

march over all obstacles in twelve days — a distance of over two hundred and twenty-five miles actually travelled. It was two hundred miles in a direct line; but a column winding its way around hills, ravines, and bad crossings, necessarily had to deviate from the direct route.

When we arrived, General Sheridan expressed himself as highly pleased, and seemed to think that under all the circumstances we had made a wonderful march. He excused himself for sending me guides who knew nothing about the country through which we had passed; and if I am not mistaken, he reprimanded the captain in command of the U. S. troops at Wichita, for consuming the rations and forage which he had sent there for my regiment.

But in writing of this expedition twenty years later, in his "Memoirs," he goes out of his way to reflect on the officers of the regiment and, in doing so, contradicts what he said when we arrived at Camp Supply, and what he said in his official report.

On the march from Wichita to Camp Supply, there was no road; not even an Indian trail. It was simply a southwest course through an uninhabited country from one point to another, with only the sun and the compass as guides. There was nothing from which to get lost. There were no roads nor cross-roads to mislead us; and at the time General Sheridan understood that fact.

We made the march in twelve days, and if, as he says, we had been subsisting on buffalo meat for "eight or nine days," it simply shows that we marched the greater part of the distance without rations or forage. The truth is that General Sheridan, knowing nothing of the country over which we marched, was laboring under a misapprehension of facts. He had been misinformed by his scouts and others, whose reputations and wages depended largely on their skill as liars.

CUSTER'S FIGHT WITH BAND OF CHEYENNES

General Sheridan, with General Custer and the Seventh Cavalry, reached Camp Supply from Fort Hays a week or so before I arrived, and was anxious to push forward to where the Indians were supposed to be in winter quarters. While waiting for my regiment, he sent Custer out with his regiment on a reconnoitring expedition; who, striking an Indian trail, followed it to the Washita Valley, where he fought a battle with Black Kettle's band of Cheyennes. A number of Indians and Indian ponies were killed, and their camp was captured and destroyed.

In the fight Custer lost two officers — Major Elliott and Captain Hamilton — and a number of men. From the Washita he returned to Camp Supply, and on the seventh of December General Sheridan with both regiments, the Seventh U. S. Cavalry and the Nineteenth Kansas Cavalry, moved forward to the Washita, where Custer had fought Black Kettle the week before. Here the bodies of Elliott and Hamilton were recovered, and the soldiers of the Seventh who had been killed were buried.

CAPTIVES SLAIN

The bodies were buried, also, of two Kansas captives — Mrs. Blinn and her little boy — who had been killed by the Indians and left on the field a mile or so from where the fight occurred. This unfortunate woman and her husband and child were returning home from Colorado, when, on the ninth of October the train with which they were travelling was attacked and captured by the Cheyennes. The men were all killed and the poor woman and her child carried into captivity.

While she was a prisoner with the Cheyennes, some Mexican traders visited their camp, and at the risk of her life she slipped a letter into their hands, which reads as follows:

November 7, 1868.

Kind friends, whoever you may be: I thank you for your kindness to me and my child. You want me to let you know my wishes. If you could only buy us of the Indians with ponies or anything, and let me come and stay with you until I can get word to my friends, they would pay you, and I would work and do all I could for you. If it is not too far to their camp, and you are not afraid to come, I pray that you will try. They tell me, as near as I can understand, they expect traders to come and they will sell us to them. Can you find out by this man and let me know if it is white men? If it is Mexicans, I am afraid they would sell us into slavery in Mexico. If you can do nothing for me, write to W. T. Harrington, Ottawa, Franklin County, Kansas, my father; tell him we are with the Cheyennes, and they say when the white men make peace we can go home. Tell him to write the Governor of Kansas about it, and for them to make peace. Send this to him. We were taken on the ninth of October, on the Arkansas, below Fort Lyon. I cannot tell whether they killed my husband or not. My name is Mrs. Clara Blinn. My little boy, Willie Blinn, is two years old. Do all you can for me. Write to the peace commissioners to make peace this Fall. For our sakes do all you can, and God will bless you. If you can, let me hear from you again; let me know what you think about it. Write to my father; send him this. Good-bye.

MRS. R. F. BLINN.

I am as well as can be expected, but my baby is very weak.

As shown by her letter, the father of this woman resided in Franklin County, but I was never able to get into communication with him.

On the day of the fight with Black Kettle, Custer held his ground until dark, when, the Indians being rapidly reinforced, he retired, leaving his dead on the field. A week later when Sheridan was advancing with Custer's regiment and the Nineteenth Kansas, the Indians broke camp on the Washita and fled; the Cheyennes retreating southward, and the Kiowas, Comanches, and Arapahoes going down the Washita Valley toward the Wichita Mountains.

When this break-up occurred and we were ready to start in pursuit, it was not known that the Cheyennes had slipped off south with the captive women from Kansas, Mrs. Morgan and Miss White. Hence General Sherman, on the morning of December 12, broke camp and started down the Washita Valley in pursuit of the main body of Indians, who left a wide trail behind them.

GEN. SHERIDAN'S ACCOUNT

The snow was falling in sheets and the weather was intensely cold. For a vivid account of this march down the Washita to Fort Cobb, I quote from General Sheridan's report, as follows:

At an early hour on December 12 the command pulled out from its cozy camp and pushed down the valley of the Washita, following immediately on the Indian trail which led in the direction of Fort Cobb; but before going far it was found that the many deep ravines and cañons on this trail would delay our train very much, so we moved out of the valley, and took the level prairie on the divide. Here the travelling was good, and a rapid gait was kept up till mid-day, when, another storm of sleet and snow coming on, it became extremely difficult for the guides to make out the proper course; and, fearing that we might get lost or caught on the open plain without food or water — as we had been on the Canadian — I turned the command back to the valley, resolved to try no more short cuts involving a risk of a disaster to the expedition. But, to get back was no slight task, for a dense fog just now enveloped us, obscuring the landmarks. However, we were headed right when the fog set in, and we had the good luck to reach the valley before nightfall, though there was a great deal of floundering about, and also much disputing among the guides as to where the river would be found. Fortunately we struck the stream right at a large grove of timber, and established ourselves admirably. By dark the ground was covered with twelve or fifteen inches of fresh snow, and, as usual, the temperature rose very sensibly while the storm was on, but after nightfall the snow ceased and the skies cleared up. Daylight having brought

zero weather again, our start on the morning of the thirteenth was painful work, many of the men freezing their fingers while handling the horses, equipments, harness, and tents. However, we got off in fairly good season, and kept to the trail along the Washita, notwithstanding the frequent digging and bridging necessary to get the wagons over ravines.

According to this report, as will be observed, the floundering was not all done by the Nineteenth Kansas Cavalry, while *en route* to Camp Supply.

Late in the afternoon of the seventeenth, after a continuous forced march of six days, we drove in the enemy's rear-guard and would have attacked the main force of Indians that day, but for the lateness of the hour. That night we camped on the north side of the Washita, about two miles from the Indian camp. We were then about twenty miles from Fort Cobb, and during the night a number of the Indian chiefs ran into Fort Cobb, surrendered to General Hazen — representing the Interior Department — and were back at their camp by the break of day.

On the morning of the eighteenth Sheridan moved in double column with the train between the two regiments, intending to throw his men forward into line and open the fight as soon as he came within striking distance. When within a mile of the Indians two of Hazen's scouts — a man by the name of Hart and a half-breed Comanche — came out from the Indian camp and handed General Sheridan a note from Hazen, saying in substance, that the Indians had surrendered to him the previous night and that he had promised that they should not be attacked by the troops then advancing.

SURRENDER OF INDIAN CHIEFS

Sheridan immediately called a halt and while consulting a few of the officers as to what should be done, a number of chiefs rode out in front of their camp and

two of them — Satanta, of the Kiowas, and a Comanche chief — started to meet us. When within a half-mile they suddenly took fright and, wheeling their ponies, started back at full speed. Sheridan not knowing what they meant ordered his scouts to bring them in. The scouts, being better mounted than the chiefs, soon overtook and brought them back as prisoners. Then Sheridan moved his command forward to within striking distance, and taking some of the other leading chiefs prisoners, ordered the remaining tribes to report to him at Fort Cobb on a certain day.

Thus, after an arduous winter campaign, at a heavy expense to the Government, and when a permanent suppression of these hostile tribes was almost within our grasp, the Interior Department — the source of all the troubles — again stepped in and attempted to snatch the victory, at whatever cost, from the War Department.

But fortunately General Sheridan was there, and while he could not violate the agreement just concluded by General Hazen, he was not going to let Hazen baffle him entirely out of the fruits of the expedition. He remained at Cobb until all the tribes, except the Cheyennes, came in and then he ordered them to move south fifty miles to Cache Creek, where grazing was better for our horses and the Indian ponies.

On the first of January, 1869, I crossed the Washita and moved south with my regiment to where Fort Sill now stands. Within a day or so Custer with the Seventh Cavalry followed, and soon thereafter the Indians began to make their appearance in that vicinity. Sheridan remained at Cobb a few days and then came over and established Fort Sill.

The Indian chiefs, as prisoners, were entrusted to my care. While they pretended to be good now and for all time to come, they were at all times gnashing their teeth and watching for an opportunity to se-

cape. Gradually they all came in and made all sorts of good promises for the future, except the Cheyennes, who were away west of the Wichita Mountains with the women they had captured in Kansas.

Most of the hostile bands, having come in and surrendered to General Sheridan and sent their requisitions to General Hazen at Fort Cobb for rations and clothing, I could see no reason why I should remain longer with the command. The Cheyennes, as already stated, were still out with the captives — one a young bride of three weeks when captured, and the other a charming young lady of eighteen.

But it was apparent that the expedition, as such, had been brought to a close by the intervention of General Hazen; and, no arrangement having been made for the payment of my regiment when mustered out of service, I turned the command over to Lieutenant-Colonel Moore, a worthy officer, preëminently qualified to subdue the Cheyennes and compel the surrender of the captives.

On the fourteenth day of February, 1869, I resigned; and on the fifteenth, with a light escort, I left Fort Sill for Washington by way of Fort Gibson and Topeka. The next morning after my arrival in that city, I called on the Secretary of War, and was informed that Congress had adjourned without making an appropriation to pay the regiment. Fortunately, however, General Sherman, who had called the regiment into service, was in the city; and he and I, after much argument and persuasion, finally prevailed on the Secretary to order the payment out of his Contingent Fund.

COL. MOORE'S REPORT ON THE PURSUIT AND RELEASE OF CAPTIVES

General Sheridan, having arranged for the expedition against the Cheyennes, left Fort Sill for Washington by way of Camp Supply and Fort Hays. Gen-

eral Custer and Colonel Moore were left at Fort Sill with their regiments, to proceed against the Cheyennes and bring home the captives. That they accomplished their purpose with skill, courage, and powers of endurance, is shown by an able address, delivered by Colonel Moore before the Kansas State Historical Society, of date January 19, 1897. In this address Colonel Moore says:

On the second of March, 1869, the Nineteenth Kansas and the Seventh Cavalry marched from Fort Sill with intention to find Little Robe's band of Cheyennes. The command marched to the west, and on the second day out camped at Old Camp Radziminski, a camp where the Second Dragoons, under Colonel van Dorn, wintered, long before the war. The course was still west, across the North Fork of Red River and across the Salt Fork of Red River, till the command reached Gypsum Creek. Here the command was divided. Most of the train, and all the footsore and disabled, were sent to the north up the North Fork and along the State line (of Texas), with orders to procure commissary stores and halt on the Washita till joined by the balance of the command.

The Seventh and Nineteenth then pushed on up the Salt Fork, and on the sixth of March struck the trail of the Indians. It was broad and easy to follow as an ordinary country road. The scanty rations were now reduced one-half, and the pursuit began in earnest. At the head waters of the Salt Fork the trail turned north and skirted along the foot of the Llano Estacado. The trail led through a sandy mesquite country, entirely without game, although the streams coming out of the staked plain furnished abundance of water. By the twelfth of March rations were reduced again. The mules were now dying very fast, of starvation, as they had nothing to live on except the buds and bark of cottonwood trees cut down for them to browse on. Every morning the mules and horses that were unable to travel were killed by cutting their throats and the extra wagons run together and set on fire. On the seventeenth the command came on to Indian camp-fires with the embers still smouldering. The rations were all exhausted on the eighteenth, and

the men subsisted, from that on, on mule meat, without bread or salt.

On the afternoon of the twentieth the Nineteenth Kansas came in sight of a band of ponies off to the west of the line of march, which was now in a northeast direction. In a few minutes Indians began to cross the line of march in front of the command, going with all haste toward the herd. The regiment quickened its pace, and I directed the line of march to the point from which the Indians were coming. In another mile the head of the column came upon a low bluff overlooking the bottom of the Sweetwater, and saw a group of two hundred and fifty Cheyenne lodges stretching up and down the stream and not more than one hundred yards from the bluff. The men thought of the long marches, the short rations, the cold storms, of Mrs. Blinn and her little boy, of the hundred murders in Kansas, and, when the order "Left front into line" was given, the rear companies came over the ground like athletes. But "there is many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip." Lieutenant Cook, Seventh Cavalry, rode up to the commanding officer, and, touching his hat, said, "The General sends his compliments, with instructions not to fire on the Indians." It was a wet blanket, saturated with ice-water. In a minute another aide came with orders to march the command a little way up stream and down into the valley to rest. The order was executed, and the regiment formed in column of companies, with orders to rest. The men laid down on the ground or sat on the logs, but always with their carbines in hand. Custer was close by, sitting in the centre of a circle of Indian chiefs holding a powwow. In two or three minutes an officer of the Seventh came up, and in a low tone asked that a few officers put on their side-arms and drop down one at a time to listen to the talk. While Custer talked he watched the officers as they gathered around, and in a few minutes he got up onto his feet and said, "Take these Indians prisoners." There was a short but pretty sharp struggle, and a guard with loaded guns formed a line around these half-dozen chiefs, and Custer continued the talk. But he had pulled out another stop. The tone was different. He told them they had two white women of Kansas, and they must deliver them up to him. They denied this before, but now they admitted it, and said the women were at another camp, fifteen miles farther down the creek. He told them to

instruct the people to pick up this camp and move down to the camp mentioned, and we would come down the next day and get the women.

As soon as the chiefs were taken prisoners, the warriors mounted their ponies, and, armed with guns or bows and arrows, circled around the bivouac of the troops. They looked very brave and warlike. They wore head-dresses of eagle feathers, clean buckskin leggings and moccasins, and buckskin coats trimmed with ample fringe. Lieutenant Johnson, commissary of the Nineteenth, watched them awhile, and then remarked: "This is the farthest I ever walked to see a circus." In a surprisingly short time after Custer gave them permission, the whole camp was pulled down, loaded onto the ponies, and not an Indian was in sight except the half-dozen held by the guards. Another night of stout hearts but restless stomachs, and in the morning the command began a march of fifteen miles down the Sweetwater to the other camp. The trail was broad and fresh for five miles, and then it began to thin out and get dimmer and dimmer, until at the end of ten miles not a blade of grass was broken. At the end of fifteen miles an old camp was reached, but no Indians had been there for two months. The regiment bivouacked for the night, and General Custer had the head chief taken down to the creek, a riatá put around his neck and the other end thrown over the limb of a tree. A couple of soldiers took hold of the other end of the rope, and, by pulling gently, lifted him up onto his toes. He was let down, and Romeo, the interpreter, explained to him that, when he was pulled up clear from the ground and left there, he would be hung.

The grizzly old savage seemed to understand the matter fully, and then Custer told him if they did not bring those women in by the time the sun got within a hand's breadth of the horizon on the next day, he would hang the chiefs on those trees. He let the old chief's son go to carry the mandate to the tribe. It was a long night, but everybody knew the next afternoon would settle the matter in some way. As the afternoon drew on, the men climbed the hills around camp, watching the horizon; and about four P. M. a mounted Indian came on to a ridge a mile away. He waited a few minutes, and then beckoning with his hand to some one behind him, he came on to the next ridge, and other Indian

came on to the ridge he had left. There was another pause; then the two moved up and a third came in sight. They came up slowly in this way till at last a group of a dozen came in sight, and with a glass it could be seen that there were two persons on one of the ponies. These were the women. The Indians brought them to within about two hundred yards of the camp, where they slid off the ponies, and Romeo, the interpreter, who had met the Indians there, told the women to come in. They came down the hill clinging to each other, as though determined not to be separated whatever might occur. I met them at the foot of the hill, and taking the elder lady by the hand asked if she was Mrs. Morgan. She said she was, and introduced the other, Miss White. She then asked, "Are we free now?" I told her they were, and she asked, "Where is my husband?" I told her he was at Hays and recovering from his wounds. Next question: "Where is my brother?" I told her he was in camp, but did not tell her that we had to put him under guard to keep him from marring all by shooting the first Indian he saw. Miss White asked no questions about her people. She knew they were all dead before she was carried away. Custer had an "A" tent, which he brought along for headquarters, and this was turned over to the women.

At the retreat that night, while the women stood in front "Home, Sweet Home." The command marched the next of their tent to see the guard mounted, the band played morning for the rendezvous on the Washita. It was a couple of days' march, but when the end came there was coffee, bacon, hard bread, and canned goods. Any one of them was a feast for a king. From Washita to Supply, Supply to Dodge, Dodge to Hays, where the women were sent home to Minneapolis, and the Nineteenth was mustered out of the service. The Indian prisoners were sent to Sill, and soon after the Cheyennes reported there and went on to their reservation. . . .

The expedition resulted in forcing the Kiowas, Comanches, Cheyennes, and Arapahoes onto their reservations, and since then the frontier settlements of Kansas have been practically free from the depredations of Indians.

The campaign was a most arduous one, prosecuted without adequate camp equipage, in the midst of winter, and much of the time with an exhausted commissariat. The

regiments of Kansas have glorified our State on a hundred battlefields, but none served her more faithfully or endured more in her cause than the NINETEENTH KANSAS CAVALRY.

The regiment, after securing the captive girls, returned to Fort Hays, and was paid off and mustered out of service on April 18, 1869.

The captives were sent to their homes on the Solomon and Republican rivers, and the Indians ever afterwards remained on their reservations, and are now quiet citizens of the United States. But as tribes they died hard. They fought to kill, and people on the frontier were often their victims.

THE MISTAKEN POLICY OF THE GOVERNMENT

Had the Government, at an early date, adopted a just and firm Indian policy and adhered to it, the soil of every township of land west of the Appalachian Range would not have been saturated with human blood. But that was not done. The humanitarians, who knew nothing about the real character of the wild Indians, were going to manage them by moral suasion, and with beautiful flowers, as some ladies reclaim murderers when on trial for their lives.

That sentiment took the Indian Bureau from the War Department, where it belonged, and placed it in the Interior Department, where it soon became a plaything for boss politicians and thieving Indian agents. Then the War Department was held responsible for the conduct of the Indians, while the Interior Department, through its agents, was supplying them with munitions of war, and encouraging them in deeds of atrocity.

That was the condition of things in Central and Western Kansas from the Spring of 1864 to 1869, when the savage barbarians were rounded up on the Washita and placed on their reservations. Had this been done at the outbreak of hostilities in 1864, the lives and property of many of our frontier people would

have been saved; but public sentiment in the East was against it, and the bloody work was allowed to go on until it could no longer be endured.

Our Indian troubles having thus been brought to a close and permanent peace assured, Central and Western Kansas soon became a paradise for the home-seekers. But few of the well-to-do farmers and others now residing in that lovely country, have even a remote idea of the trials and tribulations endured by the pioneer settlers. Many of them had been soldiers in the Civil War, and when they formed in line on the frontier, they were there to stay. Such men deserve good homes.

CHAPTER XXIV

REVIEW — PERSONAL

HAVING served the State and General Government with fidelity and shared to the extent of my ability in protecting the lives and property of our citizens, I returned home at the close of eight years of strenuous effort, conscious of having done my duty. The record I left to my successors was clean, and our proud young State stood out in bold relief among the States of the Union, with every sail spread to the breeze.

Not a blot, not a blemish marred the new Dreadnought of the West. Not a doubt was entertained concerning her seaworthiness nor her destination. It may be true that her pathway has at times been obstructed with rubbish, which caused a slight deviation from her true course, but so far she has been able to round such rubbish and push resolutely forward with the flag of the Union flying from the topmast.

That the launching and the piloting of this steel-clad structure beyond the breakers, were done amid stormy weather, goes without saying. Those who were present and all who read, know of the obstacles with which Kansas had to contend in early days. Until the close of the Civil War every citizen found it necessary to sleep on his arms; and until the close of the Indian wars, the frontier settlers stood in battle array to protect their lives and property against well-equipped barbarians, who were under the protecting care of officials who should have been sent to the Dry Tortugas.

My predecessors, Governors Robinson and Carney, were kept busy trying to protect the south and east

borders of Kansas against the thieves, robbers, and murderers, who prowled among the woods and hills of Western Missouri during the Civil War, and hence they had little time to devote to the general interests of the State. In fact, the young men of the State were mostly in the army, and there was not much that could be done by the Legislature and the State officers while the War was raging.

My first year as Governor was mostly devoted to the reorganization of Kansas regiments in the field, the protection of the border, and the mustering out of troops whose terms of service had expired. But when the War of the Rebellion ceased in the Spring of 1865, I set about to lay the foundation for our State Government and State institutions.

As yet, nothing had been done, except by the Legislature, in locating some of the important State institutions. The credit of the State was at a low ebb, and the taxable property at that time was such as to require the State to make haste slowly. But we started in and plodded along as best we could; and when I left the office, the east wing of the Capitol was completed, and all our important State institutions were in successful operation.

A heavy immigration was pouring into the State; new homes and new fields were springing up on every hand; vast herds of domestic animals roamed the prairies; railroads and telegraph lines were pushing their way westward; and the wheels of industry were moving with a steadiness of purpose that encouraged everybody to be up and doing.

But from what I have said it must not be assumed that the State authorities, in putting the State Government in operation, had smooth sailing at all times. Often we were sharply criticised, and sometimes our pathway would be deliberately obstructed by designing persons for selfish purposes. The men who were plotting to absorb the lands in Indian reservations,

and companies that were scheming to have the State endorse their bonds in violation of our Constitution, sometimes controlled newspapers, and they would often level their batteries at those who stood in their way.

For a while one of the leading dailies of the State was under the control of these land-grabbers and bridge-builders. They employed as the editor of their paper one of the most brilliant writers in the West. In due time he was instructed to open fire on me, and if possible prevent my renomination as the Republican candidate for Governor.

For several months, while my time was almost entirely consumed on the western frontier in helping to protect the settlers and overland trains and travel, this paper kept up an incessant fire. I paid no attention to it, but remained at my post of duty. When the Convention assembled in the Fall I was unanimously renominated, and subsequently elected for a second term by an overwhelming majority.

That had a sort of soothing effect on the policy of the paper, and thenceforward the editor was true to himself. Years afterwards, when old scores had been settled and forgotten, this same editor, who in other days had been instructed to write and publish things that he did not personally endorse, made the *amende honorable* in a communication published in *The Kansas City Times*, which in part reads as follows:

In January, 1865, Samuel J. Crawford, the third Governor of Kansas, was inaugurated. The rainbow of peace was just forming across the perturbed and storm-swept heavens as the fighting Governor of young, heroic, 'bleeding Kansas' assumed executive authority. . . . To Kansas more than any other Northern State peace was desirable. Her eleven years' history had been years of contention, of blood, of tumult, and ceaseless warring and strife. The people, wearied of dissension, desired an era of peace and prosperity. Nothing had been done to develop the State. Virgin prairies lay untilled and untouched, and the rich and alluvial soil was unweary with the tickling hoe, and un-

burdened with the wealth that honest husbandry brings. The golden harvest was only a promise of the future. There was propriety in allowing the soldier to lead in the new era of industrial development, where

“Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war.”

Governor Crawford set himself right about adapting the State to the changed order of things. He saw at once that the bugle blast was no more to be heard echoing along our valleys; that the music of harvest machinery must take the place of the call to arms; that in place of the steady tramp of the soldiery would come the immigrant's covered wagon and the moving car. No railroads had yet been built, but the energy of the people that could raise and equip such troops and in such countless multitudes north and south would soon call into being the multiplied riches of the New West. The railroads, manufacturing enterprises, the building of schools and colleges and public institutions could find no more intelligent and practical mind than that of Governor Crawford to aid in the great work of stimulating the material and educational growth of the State. His administration must have been fortunate and successful, for he was the first Governor to be reelected, and no four years in the history of the State have been quite so prosperous in great business enterprises, in railway construction, in the opening of farms, the building of towns, the establishment of State institutions, and the construction of public buildings. And yet the State was not in a condition of profound peace during this period of prosperity. The scalping knife of the Indian got in its fine artistic and tonsorial work on the western borders. The frontier settlements were constantly harassed by the plains Indians, and the unprotected border required the services in person of so high a military officer as Major General Hancock. The atrocities committed by the Indians upon Kansas settlers scarcely find a parallel in the history of the country. The appeals of the plainsmen were poured into ears not deaf, and found a lodgment in a heart not unsympathetic, but brave as that of Richard Cœur de Lion.

Governor Crawford resigned his Governorship and again took the saddle, placing himself at the head of that gallant and splendidly equipped regiment, the Nineteenth Cavalry.

Colonel Crawford led the expedition against the Indians in the Fall of 1868, and drove the combined forces of Cheyennes, Comanches, Kiowas, and Arapahoes through the western portion of the Indian Territory, over four hundred miles down into Northwestern Texas. It took all Fall and the entire Winter to accomplish the objects of the campaign; but so thoroughly was the job done that the Indians were glad to surrender all prisoners in their hands, and enter into treaties to forever maintain peace with the whites. Since then the western settlements have not been harmed by these marauders and freebooters of the plains. The joy of the prisoners in being released and restored once more to their friends can only be imagined. The fruits of the great expedition were imperishable.

This communication shows the manly spirit that actuated the early settlers of Kansas. In the heat of political passion, and sometimes for selfish purposes, one would do or say, of others, things that would not bear the light of truth; but generally such persons had the manly courage to make amends. Especially was this true of the newspapers whose editors did their full share in helping to mould and shape the character of our progressive young State.

Generally speaking, I had the undivided support of the press of Kansas, which enabled me to open a road through the wilderness and place the State on a solid basis. With Rebels, guerillas, and savage barbarians on three sides, and an empty treasury at the capital, I took the oath of office, and soon learned that facing an enemy on the field of battle, in comparison to what then confronted me, was mere child's play.

Nevertheless, I was there face to face with conditions which had to be met, and I met them. How well, the record will show. It was a trying ordeal, but I mastered the situation; and in all I did, I trust the end justified the means. That I made mistakes goes without saying. He who makes no mistakes seldom reaches his objective point in life.

PART THIRD

PART THIRD

CHAPTER XXV

PEACE AND POLITICS

TRIUMPH OF BOODLERS IN ELECTING U. S. SENATOR — DEFEAT OF POMEROY AND ELECTION OF SENATOR INGALLS.

THE wild tribes having been driven from the State, and permanent peace established, I sheathed my sword and returned to the peaceful pursuits of life. Our proud young Commonwealth was then under full sail, four-square to the wind, with my successor, a man of sterling worth, at the wheel. In the Fall of 1869, I removed to the flourishing little city of Emporia and engaged in the real-estate business, which afforded the outdoor exercise essential to my health at that time.

When I laid aside the cares and responsibilities of official life, under which I had been laboring for eight years, and freed myself from the turmoil and strife incident to such life, I did so with the settled purpose of having nothing more to do with politics or war. But my friends in different parts of the State decided otherwise and, before I was aware of the fact, had my name at the head of a number of newspapers as a candidate for the U. S. Senate.

The term of service of the Hon. E. G. Ross would expire on the fourth of March, 1871, and they desired to elect me in his stead. At the Fall convention pre-

ceding the Senatorial election, many of the candidates nominated were instructed to vote for me, and many others voluntarily pledged themselves to do so. Under these circumstances I did not feel at liberty to negative their efforts.

When the Legislature assembled at Topeka in January, 1871, I was there, and a majority of the members, the first week of the session, gave me assurance of their support. My friends organized the House by electing the Hon. B. F. Simpson of Miami, as Speaker, and they were also in the majority in the Senate when the Legislature convened. But unfortunately — by reason of a law of Congress, which, whether so intended or not, gave boodlers time to get in their work — the two Houses could not vote for a Senator until the second Tuesday after they convened.

TRIUMPH OF BOODLERS IN ELECTING U. S. SENATOR

At the end of the first week of the session of 1871, the boodlers made their appearance in Topeka with a candidate who was said to have plenty of money, and the nefarious work of bribing the members began. Day by day, and at night as well, members who had been instructed and elected to support other men for the Senate were rounded up, purchased and branded, until a majority was secured who were willing to betray their constituents and go for all time with the double crime of perjury and bribery stamped on their character.

They elected their man, who in due time appeared in the Senate at Washington, and subsequently resigned to avoid being expelled by that honorable body. The honorable gentlemen who sold their votes, betrayed their constituents, and committed perjury, served out their terms in the Legislature, and then hied themselves away to their homes to be again branded as political lepers.

This was the first Senatorial election in Kansas

where money was openly and notoriously used in the bribing of members, and that it was so used, the Report of U. S. Senator O. P. Morton, Chairman of the Senate Committee on Elections, as made to that honorable body, gives ample proof.

But it should not be assumed that the Legislature of 1871, or even a majority of that body, was corrupt. Some of the members who supported the briber, no doubt, were influenced by local considerations; while the members who did not vote for him were men true to the State and true to their constituents. To those members who repelled the overtures of the political pirates, the State owes a debt of everlasting gratitude. They stood like heroes and fought against the traitors that were tarnishing the fair name of the State.

To say that the conduct of the majority of that Legislature in electing a briber to the United States Senate was treason to the State, would be stating the case mildly. It was treason and a cowardly attempt to assassinate the State Government at the same time. Far better would it have been had they plunged the dagger into the heart of the Governor and all the State officers. Their removal would not have affected the stability of the State Government, because they could have been replaced; but the bribery of the law-makers strikes directly at the foundation of free government.

DEFEAT OF POMEROY AND ELECTION OF SENATOR INGALLS

The example set by that Legislature did more to corrupt the politics of Kansas and demoralize future Legislatures than all things else combined. It paved the way for the Legislature of 1873 to venture on a similar expedition. A United States Senator was to be elected, and one of the candidates — in his zeal to secure the coveted prize — resorted to dark ways and vain tricks, the same as had been done by the successful aspirant before the Legislature of 1871.

The difference between these two would-be states-

men and their methods, was slight; but still there was a difference. The one regarded the members of the Legislature as so many cattle to be purchased in the open market, branded and yoked up for his personal use, as had been his custom when freighting across the plains; while the other looked upon them as so many sheep in the shambles, from which he could make his choice, pay his money, and go on his way rejoicing.

But in this he was woefully mistaken. He bought just one member too many — a State Senator who was seeking proof of the charges afloat in Topeka to the effect that Senator Pomeroy was bribing the members. That Senator (A. M. York) visited him at his hotel at the dead hour of midnight and received an offer of seven thousand dollars in money for his vote and support. This Senator York accepted, and the following day when the two Houses were assembled in joint session to elect a U. S. Senator, Mr. York arose in his place and exhibiting the money he had received, made a full statement of how and from whom it was obtained.

The members who were in readiness to vote for Mr. Pomeroy, were suddenly plunged into a gulf of dark despair. Some of them were pale as ghosts with great drops of sweat standing out on their faces, which showed guilt of the deepest dye. For a while they were dumbfounded and, no doubt, could see themselves looking through the bars; but gradually the boodlers recovered, and most of them were able to articulate when their names were called.

On the other hand the members who were opposed to the man who was trying to debauch the Legislature and secure his election to the U. S. Senate by bribery, were elated and hopeful for the future. Without adjourning, they immediately counselled among themselves and submitted the name of Mr. Ingalls, a brilliant young lawyer of Atchison, to the joint session, as a man worthy and well qualified to represent the State

in the U. S. Senate. "Vote, vote, vote," was heard on all sides, and soon the voting began.

Mr. Pomeroy, whose supporters were in the majority when the two Houses met in joint session that day, received just one vote; while Mr. Ingalls, who had not previously been a candidate, received all the other votes — except a few scattering Democratic votes — and was elected. This was a black eye for the boodlers; but gradually they began to show signs of life. Occasionally they have gotten in their nefarious work, which, generally speaking, has resulted in their own injury.

CHAPTER XXVI

PERILS OF THE TARIFF POLICY

AFTER the Civil War many of the Union soldiers and others came West to grow up with the country. Kansas, having free homes to offer, received perhaps her full share of such immigrants. They pushed westward to the frontier, and rapidly the vast prairies were converted into beautiful farms interspersed with flourishing towns and cities. The railroads kept pace with the settlements, and sometimes went in advance. In fact, all the industries pertaining to a newly settled country were thriving, and the people were happy and prosperous.

On the morning of September 23, 1873, the wires flashed the report that the banks of New York were closing in a panic which would spread over the country. Soon the report was confirmed, and the panic was on. It was the first since the War and the people generally were unprepared for it.

I was one of the early victims. Everything I had accumulated was swept away as if by a cyclone, and the same was true of others no better prepared for a panic than myself. We all faced the storm as best we could, selling property at less than half its value and paying our debts as far as the money would go.

I even sold my home, which was exempt under the law, and distributed the money *pro rata* among my creditors, still leaving an unpaid balance of several thousand dollars, all of which, principal and interest, I subsequently paid dollar for dollar.

It was an ordeal through which a sensitive person

can pass only once in a lifetime. In fact many who were hard hit by the panic of 1873 did not get through. Some died, and others became insane.

This panic followed swiftly on the heels of an Act of Congress which prohibited the free coinage of silver, and reduced the value of the silver dollar to fifty cents. At that time the Western States and Territories produced over one-half of the silver of the world, and the Act of Congress was a terrific blow to the silver producers. It reduced the silver to a commodity; and that, with a carefully worded tariff, enabled the grafters, trusts, and combines to get in their work and lay the foundation for a complete monopoly of the leading industries of the country. The policy that produced that panic was the beginning of the end.

The demonetization of silver, however,—which, for the time being, fell with crushing weight on the silver-producing States, and disturbed business arrangements in other parts of the country—was but a drop in the ocean as compared with what followed. The Government then had but recently emerged from a gigantic war, which rendered a high tariff (for revenue) essential; but that war tariff, high as it had been, was being gradually reduced, and at the same time the public debt was also being paid off.

But the grafters, money-changers, and gold-gamblers decided upon a change; a new order of things; a get-rich-quick policy, which will lead God knows where. The old policy of a tariff for revenue, with incidental protection, was speedily thrown to the winds and a high protective tariff substituted.

The arguments offered in support of this radical change were:

First: To protect and build up home industries, scattered broadcast among the people, where they were most needed.

Second: To shut out foreign competition and furnish a home market for American products.

Third: To make the United States a world power, sailing over the seas with chips on both shoulders.

How well the tariff has done its work, the smokeless chimneys of small factories all over the country attest. The fabulous prices paid by the farmers for farm implements, wire, lumber, and other tariff-protected articles bear witness to the fallacy of a high protective tariff. The tariff-protected *infant* industry of Pennsylvania, commonly called the Steel Trust, which has absorbed or crushed rival plants and holds a monopoly on the iron and steel required by the railroads and by the Government in the building of battle-ships, ought to be sufficient to satisfy any intelligent man as to the injustice of a prohibitive tariff.

Every dollar of money acquired by the Government, through the medium of a tariff, comes out of the pockets of the American people. The importer simply adds the *duty* to the thing imported and the consumer pays it. In other words, it is an indirect tax of at least five hundred million dollars annually, more than is necessary and more than the American people are able to pay. It is an imposition that should not be possible under a republican form of government. And if it is not speedily corrected by Congress, the American voters will probably correct Congress.

Most of our tariff laws enacted since 1873 have been in all respects bad; but the last, known as the "Aldrich Bill," should have been entitled a Bill to confiscate the property of the many for the benefit of the few.

CHAPTER XXVII

STATE CLAIMS AND RAILROAD GRANTS — APPOINTED STATE AGENT AT WASHINGTON

AFTER the panic of 1873, business gradually adjusted itself to changed conditions, leaving the trail strewn with wreckage that took years to remove. But all who had not been permanently disabled, buckled on their armor and renewed the battle.

The bottom having dropped out of the work in which I was engaged, I removed to Topeka in 1875 and soon thereafter was employed by Governor Osborn to prosecute certain claims of the State against the United States for money due the State on account of military expenditures; money due on account of the sale of public lands within the State; and also a claim for indemnity school lands granted by Congress, but withheld by the Interior Department under a misinterpretation of the law.

To these matters I applied myself diligently and finally obtained a favorable decision in each case. The military claims were adjusted by a board of army officers detailed for the purpose by the Secretary of War. The claim of the State for five per cent of the sale of public lands and the claim for indemnity school lands, were adjusted in the Interior and Treasury departments, under an opinion from the Department of Justice, defining the meaning, intent, and purpose of the laws under which the State was acting.

As a result of this work I recovered for the State, school lands and moneys as follows:

School lands secured	276,376 Acres
Five-per-cent fund secured	\$405,906.00
Military fund secured	369,338.00
Direct Tax fund secured	71,743.00
	<hr/>
Total moneys received	\$841,587.00

APPOINTED STATE AGENT AT WASHINGTON

In addition to this work I was authorized by an act of the State Legislature, approved March 6, 1883, to secure an adjustment of railroad land grants within the State as follows:

That the Hon. S. J. Crawford, State Agent, be and is hereby authorized and empowered to represent the State of Kansas before the Executive Departments of the Government at Washington, and before such committees of Congress as may be necessary in all matters pertaining to grants of land made by Congress to and in the construction of railroads within the State of Kansas. And that in the execution of his authority under this act he shall investigate and ascertain the amount of land granted by Congress for the benefit of railroads in Kansas, and the amount to which each of said railroad companies was or is entitled as indemnity. Also the amount withdrawn, transferred, or set apart for such purposes, and whether in the adjudication of such grants the just rights of the State or of citizens thereof have been impaired. The said agent is hereby authorized to adopt such measures and take such action in the premises, either by petition, application, motion, or otherwise, as may be necessary, to the end that the interests of the State and of citizens thereof may be secured and protected.

In pursuance of this authority and in obedience to its requirements, I proceeded at once to reconnoitre the situation and ascertain the position and strength of the opposing forces.

Fortunately, I found at the head of the Interior Department an honest man, the Hon. Henry M. Teller, to whom I presented an outline of the matters entrusted to my care by the State. After securing such

data as were of record only in that Department, I prepared and submitted to the Honorable Secretary briefs and arguments covering all important questions relating to railroad land-grants in Kansas, and their adjustment by the Department of the Interior.

In 1862, Congress made a grant of the odd-numbered sections of public land within twenty miles of the line of a road (the Union Pacific and its branches) to be constructed from the Missouri River westward over the mountains to the Pacific Ocean. That grant, with other franchises, was exceedingly liberal, but it opened a trunk line for travel and transportation across the continent, and proved to be of incalculable benefit to the Government and the Western States and Territories.

In 1863, grants of land were made to the State of Kansas, of ten sections (odd-numbered) per mile on each side of certain roads to be constructed within the State. These grants were also reasonable and of great value to the State and country. Had Congress adhered to this policy, which insured the building of the roads and at the same time enhanced the value of the even-numbered sections within the limits of the grants, all concerned would have been benefited.

But Congress was not satisfied to let well-enough alone. Its previous grants in disposing of a part of the public lands for the public good, had proved so satisfactory and beneficial to the country that it resolved to go into the land-granting business on a large scale.

In 1866, presuming upon the generosity of the people, Congress made three grants: one to the Southern Pacific road from El Paso to California; one to the Atlantic and Pacific through New Mexico and Arizona; and one to the Northern Pacific. These grants embraced all the odd-numbered sections of public lands within forty miles on each side of the roads respectively. These grants were equivalent to a solid belt of land 120 miles wide and about 1500 miles long. Need

anybody wonder how it was possible for the presidents of two of these roads to leave, each at his death, an estate valued at seventy million dollars?

Had these grants been reduced one-half, the roads would have been built, as were the Union Pacific and its branches. But these are matters that belong to the past; and perhaps it is best to "let the dead Past bury its dead."

The grants of land to the State for the benefit of Kansas roads were moderate, and the lands granted were earned by the beneficiary companies. But some of the companies were not satisfied with the lands granted, and to which they were lawfully entitled. Two of the companies (the Kansas Pacific and the Missouri, Kansas, and Texas) set up claims to lands occupied by *bona fide* settlers when their grants were made by Congress, and for some unknown reason the General Land Office was ruling and deciding against the settlers.

The grant for the benefit of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe road was of every odd-numbered section of land within ten miles of the line, from Atchison to the west line of the State, and where any of such sections or parts thereof had been sold or otherwise disposed of, then, in lieu of the lands so sold or disposed of, the company was authorized to select other lands within an additional or second ten-mile limit.

From Atchison along the line of the road to Florence, a distance of one hundred and fifty miles, most of the lands within the limits of the grant had been sold to settlers or were occupied by Indians. So it became necessary for the company to select indemnity lands. From Florence to the west line of the State, a distance of about two hundred and sixty miles, the lands within the grant were, generally speaking, unoccupied and the grant to that extent was satisfied; but for the lands lost to the grant, east of Florence, lieu lands were selected in the second ten-mile limit west from that point.

The State and people of Kansas were deeply interested in having the grants to Kansas roads properly adjusted. It was the duty of the State to protect its citizens in their lawful rights. The railroads were amply able to protect themselves, their right to lands granted being attached the moment their lines of road were definitely located, and maps thereof approved by the Secretary of the Interior and filed in the General Land Office.

Until this was done, the lands within the limits of the grants, respectively, were subject to the settlement rights of the people, the same as other public lands. These and all other questions relating to land grants and their administration by the Executive Department had been decided by the Supreme Court, and the granting acts so interpreted were plain and clear.

Within the limits of the grant to the Kansas Pacific road and also to the Santa Fe and the Missouri, Kansas and Texas, thousands of *bona fide* settlers had selected and filed upon homesteads prior to the definite location of said roads. Nevertheless, under the rulings and practice of the General Land Office, their filings, generally speaking, were cancelled and their homesteads given to the railroads. Besides, vast quantities of public land to which the settlers were entitled under the homestead and preëmption laws were being certified to the railroad companies without the shadow of authority of law.

To check these outrageous proceedings and have restored to market the public lands which had been erroneously withdrawn and certified to the railroad companies, the Legislature passed the act, above quoted, authorizing me to secure an adjustment of all railroad grants within the State. That, of course, meant a fight to the finish. The railroad attorneys, able and conscious of their power, presented a bold front and seemed anxious for the fray. I opened the battle with the briefs mentioned above which soon brought the old guard to their feet with a loud call for

help. I followed this with a general onslaught, and drove the gentlemen across the "bridge of sighs."

Nothing on either side was overlooked or left undone. Briefs and arguments followed each other in rapid succession, until, finally, the opposing counsel were driven from the field, and sought shelter behind a brush-heap fortification known in the Department as *res judicata*. From this untenable position they were speedily dislodged and driven to the necessity of throwing themselves upon the mercy of the court. The Department then proceeded to adjust the grants and, after giving the railroad companies the benefit of *every* doubt, compelled them to relinquish their claim to an amount exceeding 900,000 acres situated along the lines of the Kansas Pacific and the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe roads.

The questions involving the right and title to lands within the limits of the Kansas Pacific grant dragged their weary length around in the Interior Department for two years and more. They were argued and re-argued in the General Land Office and also before the Honorable Secretary of the Interior, the Attorney General, and Committees of Congress.

At some of these hearings the Honorable Charles Francis Adams, president of the Union Pacific of which the Kansas Pacific was a branch, was present and expressed himself as astonished at the manner in which that grant had been administered. The facts then and previously presented to the Department were new to him; and no doubt he used his influence thereafter to have the grant properly adjusted, in so far as the previous wrongdoing could be remedied.

The great obstacle in the way of procuring an honest administration of the law relating to land grants in those days, was the tremendous power and influence of the railroad companies. They used that power in furtherance of their schemes wherever it would prove most effective. They had wheels within wheels — skilfully arranged — so that the motive power on Cap-

itol Hill (the Railroad and Public Land Committees in the two Houses) could set even the cogs in the railroad divisions of the Interior Department a-humming.

Some of the cogs were extremely biassed; and it usually so happened that when their services were no longer required by the Government, they would retire and immediately find themselves in the employ of the railroad company whose claims had been most liberally adjusted. Nor was this custom confined exclusively to law clerks and chiefs of divisions. Higher officials have been known to resign and enter the service of railroad companies whose land-grants had been adjusted to their satisfaction.

But this does not apply to Henry M. Teller, Secretary of the Interior, nor to N. C. McFarland and W. A. J. Sparks, Commissioners of the General Land Office while the Kansas grants were being adjusted. These officials did their duty to the extent of their ability, and the same was true of Secretary Lamar, who stood like a lion in the pathway of evil-doers, but was without experience in the adjustment of land grants.

However, he applied himself diligently, and would have adjusted all land grants according to law, had he been allowed to remain at the head of the department. But that was not to be. He could do less harm to land pirates elsewhere; so an influence was brought to bear on President Cleveland, and he was transferred to the Supreme Bench. What followed, the record shows. Suffice to say that the railroads received all the land to which they were entitled under the law.

CHAPTER XXVIII

GENERAL PRACTICE

RECOVERY OF LANDS AND MONEYS FOR THE INDIANS —
QUAPAW TREATIES AND GOVERNMENTAL MISMANAGEMENT.

HAVING completed the work for which I was employed by the State, and also having secured a fair adjustment of railroad land-grants in Kansas, I turned my attention to the general practice of the law in Washington City. In the course of this practice, I prosecuted many cases involving the rights of settlers to their homes under the homestead and preëmption laws.

I was also employed by many of the Indian tribes and nations to secure for them lands and moneys to which they were entitled under their respective treaties and laws of Congress. Some of these cases were of interest to the public as well as to the Indians, and on that account I deem it worth while to make mention of them specially.

In pursuance of treaties dating back for many years, most of the tribes and nations whom I represented had been removed from State to State until they were finally located in Kansas and the Indian Territory.

Prior to their removal westward, the country west of the Mississippi River and extending northward from the Red River of the South to the British possessions, was occupied from time immemorial by the so-called wild tribes and plains Indians: namely, The Quapaws, Caddos, Wichitas, Osages, Cheyennes, Ara-

pahoes, Apaches, Comanches, Kiowas, Kansas or Kaws, Pawnees, Sioux, and Chippewas.

These Indians roamed the plains, and subsisted mainly on buffalo meat and other wild game. Finally, suitable tracts of land, or reservations as they were called, were set apart by treaty stipulations to each of said tribes, leaving room for their brethren from east of the Mississippi.

In the early part of the last century, these eastern tribes began to cross the Mississippi. The Cherokees, Creeks, Seminoles, Choctaws, and Chickasaws were assigned reservations in what is now the State of Oklahoma, and the Delawares, Wyandots, Kickapoos, Iowas, Otos, Potawatamis, Shawnees, Ottawas, Sac and Foxes, Peorias, Miamis, and New York Indians, were located on reservations which fell within the Territory of Kansas.

These tribes so located in Kansas, together with the aborigines subsequently ceded their lands to the United States and removed to Oklahoma, where, as with the tribes already there, lands were allotted in severalty to the individual Indians.

In treating with the various tribes east of the Mississippi for the purpose of having them remove west, the Government was exceedingly liberal in its promises of lands, money, and other property; and the same was true in its dealings with the wild tribes in order to get them to settle down on the reservations assigned them.

When these liberal promises and extensive grants were made, the lands embraced in the reservations were regarded as of little value except for hunting purposes. But in this the Government was mistaken. The lands in most of the reservations subsequently proved to be exceedingly valuable for agricultural, mineral, and grazing purposes. So much so that it became almost impossible for the Government to protect the Indians in their lawful rights as guaranteed by treaty stipulations.

RECOVERY OF LANDS AND MONEYS FOR THE INDIANS

To establish their rights and recover vast tracts of land which had virtually been confiscated, the leading tribes employed counsel to represent them in the departments and before the courts and committees of Congress. I was employed by the eastern Cherokees, Creeks, Seminoles, Choctaws, Chickasaws, Quapaws, Cheyennes, and Arapahoes.

For the eastern Cherokees, with the assistance of co-counsel, we obtained a decision from the Supreme court authorizing the members of that band to share in the allotment of the tribal lands in the Indian Territory, which insured each one a valuable home.

For the Creeks, we recovered two million, two hundred and eighty thousand dollars in lieu of lands previously taken by the Government to be opened to settlement in Western Oklahoma; also six hundred thousand dollars for the loyal Creeks on account of property taken or destroyed by the enemy during the Civil War.

For the Seminoles, John F. Brown and I recovered one million, nine hundred and twelve thousand dollars for lands appropriated by the Government for white settlement in Western Oklahoma; also one hundred and eighty-seven thousand dollars for property lost, for which the Government was responsible. Brown was Governor of that nation, and a man among men.

For the Choctaws and Chickasaws, Captain J. S. Stanley and others, with my assistance, secured two million, nine hundred and ninety-two thousand dollars in payment for lands appropriated by the Government and given to other Indians.

For the Cheyennes and Arapahoes, Matt. G. Reynolds and I, assisted by Colonels Dyer and Miles, recovered one million, five hundred thousand dollars and also an additional allotment of eighty acres for each member of the two tribes, on account of a reservation in Northern Oklahoma which the Government desired for white settlement.

For the Quapaws, Mr. A. W. Abrams, Secretary of the National Council, and I, did more. This tribe or nation, originally owned and occupied a large reservation of valuable lands in what is now the State of Arkansas. These lands were theirs by right of discovery, and had been occupied from time immemorial.

By treaty, proclaimed January 5, 1818, the tribe ceded and conveyed to the United States for a nominal sum, all their lands west of the Mississippi River, except a reservation south of the Arkansas River, embracing about two million acres; and by treaty, proclaimed February 18, 1825, the United States purchased this reservation at less than one cent per acre to be paid for in goods, chattels, and unfulfilled promises.

This sharp practice in land-dealing on the part of the Government, wiped out all right, title, and interest of the Quapaws in and to their vast reservation in Arkansas, and sent them as paupers and beggars to a sickly locality on Red River, where one-fourth of the tribe died from disease and starvation within a short period.

The Government, becoming ashamed of its infamous treatment of the Quapaws, concluded another treaty with them on May 13, 1833, from which the following is an extract:

QUAPAW TREATIES AND GOVERNMENTAL MISMANAGEMENT

Whereas, by the treaty between the United States and the Quapaw Indians, concluded November 15th, 1824, they ceded to the United States all their lands in the Territory of Arkansas, and according to which they were "*to be concentrated and confined to a district of country inhabited by the Caddo Indians and form a part of said tribe*"; and whereas they did remove according to the stipulations of said treaty, and settled on the Bayou Treache on the south side of Red River, on a tract of land given them by the Caddo Indians, but which was found subject to frequent inundations on account of the raft on Red River; and where their crops were destroyed by the water year after year;

and which also proved to be a very sickly country; and where in a short time, nearly one-fourth of their people died; and whereas they could obtain no other situation from the Caddos and they refused to incorporate them and receive them as a constituent part of their tribe as contemplated by their treaty with the United States; and as they saw no alternative but to perish if they continued there, or to return to their old residence on the Arkansas, they therefore chose the latter; and whereas they now find themselves very unhappily situated in consequence of having their little improvements taken from them by the settlers of the country; and being anxious to secure a permanent and peaceable home, the following articles or treaty are agreed upon between the United States and the Quapaw Indians by John F. Schermerhorn . . . commissioners of Indian affairs west, and the chiefs and warriors of said Quapaw Indians, this (13th) thirteenth day of May, 1833. . . .

Article 1. The Quapaw Indians hereby relinquish and convey to the United States all their right and title to the lands given them by the Caddo Indians on the Bayou Treache of Red River. . . .

Article II. The United States hereby agree to convey to the Quapaw Indians one hundred and fifty sections of land west of the State line of Missouri and between the lands of the Senecas and Shawnees, not heretofore assigned to any other tribe of Indians, the same to be selected and assigned by the commissioners of Indian affairs West, and which is expressly designed to be [in] lieu of their location on Red River, and to carry into effect the treaty of 1824, in order to provide a permanent home for their nation; the United States agree to convey the same by patent, to them and their descendants as long as they shall exist as a nation or continue to reside thereon, and they also agree to protect them in their new residence, against all interruption or disturbance from any other tribe or nation of Indians or from any other person or persons whatever.

From this treaty, as will be observed, the Quapaws received one hundred and fifty sections of land in exchange for lands on Red River, and were promised Letters Patent therefor as evidence of their title.

Upon these lands they settled, built homes, and would have lived in ease and comfort, but for their subsequent treatment by the Indian Office and its agents.

For years under some of their agents, they were not allowed to lease their lands for grazing or agricultural purposes, while at the same time their broad prairies, covered with luxuriant grasses, were leased by some of their agents, ostensibly, under instructions from the Indian Office. That may have been true, but if so, it was unjust. It was an infringement on their legal rights as owners of the soil, and embarrassed them seriously, because, as yet, they were just beginning to learn how to farm. They owned the lands by title in fee simple; but being wards of the Government by the right of might, they had to submit to the decree of their guardian.

But through the dark gloom of half a century, they finally began to approach the light. There came among them a young man fresh from the war, who was accustomed to the rattle of musketry and the roar of artillery; and their good judgment told them that they needed him in their business. They had been buffeted from pillar to post until it seemed as though they had no rights that even their guardian was bound to respect.

They, therefore, pleaded with this young artilleryman to stay and become one of them. Having Indian blood in his veins and learning of the wrongs that had been heaped upon his brethren, he finally yielded to their solicitations and agreed to stay. He knew it was an enlistment for another war and a fight to the finish; but he took off his coat and said, "Let the battle begin!" This was A. W. Abrams, whose section of the Third Kansas Battery always spoke with no uncertain sound when the battle was on.

Soon thereafter Mr. Abrams was selected as Secretary of the Tribal Council, and at once began to form his lines for action, offensive and defensive. Vultures

in human form — officials and others — were perched on viewpoints in and all round the reservation, ready to swoop down and gobble up anything and everything the Indians possessed, ranging from an Indian pony to the entire body of Quapaw lands.

Not satisfied with a permit from the agent to graze vast herds of stock in their pastures, free of rental in so far as the Indians were concerned, a smart set from without, a secret conspiracy formed whereby it was proposed to have all the Quapaws abandon their reservation and remove to the Osage country, as they had previously been tricked into doing when they gave up their lands in Arkansas and joined the Caddos on Red River.

A clause in their treaty (above quoted), as will be observed, provided that the lands should be their property so long as they continued to reside thereon. Therefore, if they could be prevailed upon to move off, the lands would become vacant, and, hence, the conspirators would have a wide and rich field in which to operate.

Against this gigantic scheme, Mr. Abrams and the chief and council set their faces resolutely. They applied to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs and the Secretary of the Interior, for authority to allot their lands to the members of the tribe in severalty, but their application was rejected. Then they appealed to Congress for such authority, and there they met with no better success. Then they came to me for advice and counsel.

After examining their treaties and satisfying myself as to the validity of their title, I gave them an opinion as to the proper course to pursue. The lands were held by the tribe in common with a conditional fee-simple title. The condition, as expressed in the treaty, was nugatory, because the Indians were not going to become extinct nor abandon their lands. I was therefore employed to assist them and Mr. Abrams,

and I started in on new lines, such as at first did not meet the approval of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs.

We laid our plans, nevertheless, and proceeded to prepare an Act for the Quapaw Council which provided for the allotment of their lands in severalty. This Act was in due time introduced and passed by the Council and a certified copy thereof filed in the Indian Office at Washington.

To this the Commissioner (Morgan) objected, and informed us that the Government would not permit such a proceeding. The schemers outside, who were lying in wait for the lands, also objected, and some of them howled and gnashed their teeth at the proposed high-handed outrage.

But, all the same, we moved right along in the even tenor of our way, and the lands were allotted by a Committee appointed by the Council, and each member of the tribe — man, woman, and child — received 240 acres. These allotments were subsequently ratified by Congress, and the Secretary of the Interior was directed to issue patents accordingly.

Following this, we secured legislation by Congress, making the Quapaws citizens of the United States and authorizing them to lease their lands as individuals for agricultural and mining purposes. And now they are a happy, contented, prosperous people, notwithstanding the impediments that have been thrown in their way by Government officials.

Had the Senecas and some of the other tribes in the Indian Territory made their own allotments, as did the Quapaws, it would have been better for them and less expensive for the Government.

CHAPTER XXIX

BACK TO THE FARM — FARMING WITH DYNAMITE

“Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war.”

OF all the professions and peaceful pursuits of life, the farm and farming, to me, stand preëminently in the foreground. I was born and reared on a farm. I loved the farm and everything pertaining thereto; the old hills and tall trees; the rich valleys and swift-running brooks; the never-failing springs of clear cold water, and the orchard laden with delicious fruit; the domestic animals grazing in the pastures; fowls of the farm and birds of the forest; the fields of golden grain and meadows of new-born hay; the country school with healthy, rollicking boys and girls; and the neighborhood of contented, honest, industrious, truthful people, who were ever ready to lend a helping hand. All seemed good to me.

In the midst of such surroundings I passed my boyhood days, and to me they have always been near and dear. Hence my desire to return to the farm. It is the place for the poor man and the man of wealth. It is the place for the sick man and the man of health. It is the ideal place to live; the place to raise boys and girls and train them to meet conditions in life.

With the facilities afforded by the telephone and the rural mail carriers, the farm is not now so far removed from the attraction of gravitation as it used to be. The farm is not only more healthful and better for those who are struggling to obtain the necessities of life, but it is better in a moral way for all concerned.

The tendency to evil-doing in the cities, as every-

body knows, is increasing at a rapid rate. If present conditions continue, and things are allowed to go on as they are now going, it is only a question of time when truth, integrity, and virtue will cease to be cardinal principles upon which the home, society, and the State must stand, if they are to stand.

Already we have macadamized roads leading from the altar to the divorce courts; and pretty soon the Legislature may be asked for an appropriation to make them wider and provide for additional courts to handle the business. A marriage contract, when properly executed, should be binding as the laws of the Medes and Persians are said to have been, and any violation thereof should be met with severe punishment.

On the farm, as a general rule, neither party gives the other an excuse or grounds for a divorce. When the young folks get married they settle down and go hand in hand through life, happy, contented, and prosperous. If one or the other imagines that a mistake has been made, they compare notes; and finding that their shortcomings average up about even, they agree to let well-enough alone, and that ends the trouble. But in cities such cases are rare. Ordinarily, when the country people get married, they know each other and understand what they are doing. In fact the weight of every argument is in favor of the farm as a place to live and train children.

Then why should not all go to the farm who can? There industrious, intelligent people may live in comfort and provide for old age, rather than wear themselves out in the city by daily labor; but when city folks are no longer able to work, they find themselves at the mercy of cold humanity. Of course, people on the farm have to work, but their work is easy as compared with the ordinary work in the city. Yes, why not go back to the farm and give your boys and girls an even chance in the race of life.

The poorest and most improvident of the farmers

live better, have better health, see less trouble, and are happier than the most wealthy of the millionaires in this or any other country. When settled down to farming, they take the world easy. In seed-time and harvest they plough and plant and reap and sow, but they are seldom too busy to stop work and help a neighbor in time of need.

While they sleep, their crops are growing, and their horses, mules, cattle, and other live stock are comfortably housed or feeding in the pastures; while the chickens are crowing the farmer is up and doing. When winter comes he repairs his fences, does the chores, sits by a good fire, reads, and waits for the coming of spring. His troubles consist largely in having to pay trust prices for farm implements, lumber, barbed wire, and school books. But even with these outrages heaped upon him by reason of an unjust tariff and unreasonable taxes, the farmer is happier and better contented than any of the people who are reaping a harvest at his expense.

My farm is situated on both sides of Spring River, near the beautiful town of Baxter Springs in Cherokee County. It is both a grain and stock farm, with a lake in the centre fed by springs. It lies midway between the rich lead and zinc mines around Galena and the Quapaw mining camp in Oklahoma, six miles distant from each, and seven miles east of the model farm of J. C. Naylor, who prides himself on having the best farm in Cherokee County.

He has a good farm, but Cherokee is a large county and contains many fine farms. In some counties the farm of Eugene F. Ware would be considered a model (and it is when compared to that of Mr. Naylor), but neither quite reaches the standard of first-class farms on Spring River. The farm of Colonel H. H. Gregg adjoins mine on the south, and we are willing to compete with Mr. Naylor at any time for the prize.

But while Mr. Naylor and the farmers of Spring

River Valley may indulge themselves in a spirit of rivalry, I fear it would not be prudent for us to flaunt our banners in the face of young farmers in the State who are working under rules and regulations prescribed by the Kansas State Agricultural College, an institution of which all Kansas farmers are justly proud. That school has already raised the standard of scientific farming so high that I see no way out of it but for Naylor, Ware, Gregg, and myself, to beat our guns into ploughshares, our spears into hoes, and our swords into pruning-hooks, and buckle down to the soil as in the days of our youth.

That is just what the Palmetto men and boys of the South are doing, as will appear from the following clipped from "Collier's Weekly" of recent date:

TWO BLADES OF GRASS WHERE ONE GREW BEFORE

Jerry H. Moore, of Florence County, South Carolina, is the champion corn raiser of the world; at least he is the champion among boys and, so far as we know, the champion among men at the present time. Jerry raised two hundred and twenty-eight bushels and three pecks on a single acre last Summer—that is, within twenty-four bushels of the world's record, which was made twenty-two years ago. There are more than a million full-grown men farmers in the United States who were content, when they gathered their crop last October, to find they had raised forty bushels an acre, one-fifth of Jerry's crop. There is a hint of important changes to come, in the fact that Jerry lives not in Iowa, nor in Illinois, nor in any other part of what is commonly called the Corn Belt, but in South Carolina, within seventy-five miles of the Atlantic Ocean. In the present state of this nation it is more important to give distinction for performances like Jerry Moore's than for proficiency in rhetoric; and more suitable to print a picture of him than of the man who won the local nomination for Congress. President W. W. Finley of the Southern Railway said of the recent South Atlantic States Corn Exposition that 'It marks what I believe to be the most important development in Southern agriculture since the invention of the cotton-gin.' Practical

persons who want to learn more about Jerry Moore's methods of cultivation can probably find out by writing to Mr. William E. Gonzales, who is the editor of *The State*, at Columbia, South Carolina, and is an enthusiast on his State's progress in corn-raising.

This young man, doubtless, is the grandson of one of Wade Hampton's bold riders in the Civil War; and whether he is or not, he has demonstrated to the world that the hoe is mightier than the sword. He has struck high-water mark, in so far as I have observed, and it now remains for the brave boys of Kansas, Iowa, and Illinois to beat it if they can.

FARMING WITH DYNAMITE

During the past three years I have been making experiments with the view of pulverizing the subsoil and utilizing the rainfall. In a communication to "The Kansas Farmer" of date March 13, 1909, I explained my theory and methods as follows:

In many parts of the West, and especially in South-eastern Kansas, the surface soil is underlaid with a stratum of compact subsoil or "hard pan," which is impervious to water and impenetrable to the roots of growing grain, grasses, alfalfa, and many other products essential to the farm. These strata of so-called "hard pan" vary in thickness and depth; but, however thick or deep they may lie below the surface soil, they check the growth of the cereals, grasses, alfalfa, sugarbeets, fruit trees, and other things which have need to send their roots downward to their natural depth through an easily penetrable subsoil that receives the surplus rainfall and retains moisture during the season when moisture is most needed. On some farms which I have visited, the "hard pan" lies within six inches of the surface and varies in thickness from six inches to six feet. Generally speaking, it is impossible for such land to produce more than a half crop, whether the season be wet or dry. On such land, the roots of corn and other things will go down to the "hard pan," turn off at right angles, and draw their nourishment only from the surface soil. That soil to the

depth of the plough, an average of six inches, is speedily filled with water when the rains set in, while the surplus rainfall, from three to four feet annually, rolls off to the ravines and is lost to agriculture, when it could be easily stored in sub-reservoirs for use when needed by breaking the "hard pan" with powder and allowing the water to pass through or into such reservoirs.

Last summer I tried the experiment of breaking the "hard pan" on my farm in Cherokee County, preparatory to sowing the same in alfalfa. I used an ordinary two-inch auger, remodelled by a blacksmith, with a steel handle added, suitable for the purpose. We bored holes in the ground from two to six feet deep, and from twenty to thirty feet apart, according to the nature and compactness of the subsoil and "hard pan." We used one stick of ordinary blasting-powder in each hole, which would create an opening to the surface of from eight to ten inches in diameter, break the ground all around for a distance of from ten to fifteen feet, and at the same time establish a sub-reservoir below the bottom of the bored hole from three to six feet in diameter, with the "hard pan" all around shivered into fragments. Blasting powder of average strength, such as I used, breaks downward with greater force than otherwise. The holes and openings so created should be filled or partially filled with sand or gravel, so as to keep them open permanently as a passage way for the surplus rainfall. The water thus conveyed into sub-reservoirs, whether it remains therein any length of time or distributes itself through subsoil, will linger and leave moisture sufficient to supply the roots of everything that grows in the ground. Heretofore, instead of thus storing the surplus water for use when most needed, which nature always brings in abundance, it has been allowed to go to waste, and the farmers suffer the consequences when the dry weather sets in.

My experience is that Nature always does the right thing at the right time. She supplies us liberally with everything essential and if we neglect or fail to avail ourselves of her bountiful gifts, we have only ourselves to blame. Sometimes we think the rainfall at certain seasons is too much, and at others, not enough, but the plan suggested will, in my opinion, remedy both these supposed evils. The bulk of the surplus rainfall, whether thirty or forty inches each

year will readily be absorbed by the broken ground and shattered "hard pan" underneath the surface soil, and in consequence thereof, a sufficient amount of moisture will be retained in the ground, not only to supply the growing crops but also to keep other fields in good condition for fall ploughing.

Nor are these the only benefits to be derived. When the spring rains come, the water often stands in fields until it is too late to plant, or if the planting season is past, then until the growing crops are drowned out. If that surplus water, when it falls, could pass through into loose ground and sub-reservoirs, all such trouble and damage would be avoided.

But to break and utilize the "hard pan" that lies in strata under many farms, and control and utilize thirty-six inches of water that is handed down to us, sometimes in torrents, is no light task. It is not so costly, from a money point of view, but it takes labor, patience, and perserverance. In so far as the money is concerned, it will take eighty sticks of powder per acre, which, with caps and fuse at wholesale price, are worth about \$1.50, everything else essential (except the two-inch auger, worth 50 cents) comes under the head of labor, which any farmer can do at his leisure in dry weather. The increased yield of corn or wheat per acre in one season will richly pay for shooting the ground; and as for alfalfa and sugar beets, it is indispensable, where the ground is underlaid with "hard pan." At least that is my experience in Spring River Valley.

Last summer I dynamited eight acres and seeded the same in alfalfa. The ground was level; and when the fall rains came, the water which formerly stood for days on the ground, was immediately absorbed, leaving the alfalfa dry and apparently in good condition.

That this is the proper method of treating compact subsoil and "hard pan," has been demonstrated to my entire satisfaction. It is already being tried by others, and will eventually be the means of reclaiming millions of acres, now unproductive. Besides, it is the proper way to drain wet and swampy lands and also to prepare the ground for the planting of trees and shrubbery.

With this and other scientific experiments now being prosecuted under the direction of our State Agricultural College, the Kansas boys will perhaps be able to hold their own with the youth of South Carolina and other corn-producing States of the Union.

Especially would this be true if the authorities should close our manual training schools in the cities, cut out the summer excursions, put the base-ball in cold storage, let up on picture shows, and go to the garden and the field for muscular training and picturesque scenery. Then we should, ere long, have an average of better men, mentally, morally, and physically, and not so many tramps, beggars, thieves, safe-blowers, and train-robbers. The cities are becoming hot-beds for the breeding of criminals, and many of the young folks are well on their way to ruin before their parents are aware of the fact.

In a lecture recently delivered by Judge Estelle of the Juvenile Court of Omaha, in the First Methodist Church of Topeka, he said:

If there is a boy or girl in Topeka who becomes a criminal, you parents of that child are responsible before God and man for letting that boy or girl get into that path of life. Criminals are made by society, and not of their own accord. Because the man or woman is in the best of society, of the best people of the town, does not make him any better than any other person.

I do not believe in sending boys to the reform schools, as in most of cases it does more harm than it does good. The place for boys who need attention is the home, not the reform school. The reform schools are a half-way station for the boys. I think that we ought to have a large home to which we can send these boys, and in a short time they would be entirely different human beings. In the year 1886 I well remember sentencing seven boys to the reform school, and in the year 1891, I remember sending six of that seven to the State penitentiary for several years' sentence.

I have never yet sentenced a man for a one-year term in the penitentiary that I did not feel that he would stay,

there longer than that or may be for life. The best way on earth to spoil a boy or girl is to turn them loose on the streets and let them do as they please.

The vulgar and immoral plays of to-day have more to do with the downfall of the young life of the city than any one thing of the time. I have seen more young people spoiled by the imprint of a play than any one thing which I can now recall.

In the country after a hard day's work, the boy or young man is ready for rest and sleep. He does not stroll off down town in search of amusement. When awake, his mind is employed on matters of importance.

Kansas is, first of all, an agricultural and stock-growing State. It also produces a fine quality and variety of fruit, and contains rich deposits of lead, zinc, coal, oil, and gas. The soil is rich, and the climate is unexcelled; and when the surplus population in our overcrowded towns and cities go back to the farm and become producers, instead of drones and idle consumers, we shall have a State that will be the pride and admiration of all its citizens.

CHAPTER XXX

CONCLUSION

IN reviewing the record of the past fifty-two years, I have endeavored to be accurate and make plain the important events and incidents as they occurred during that stormy period.

The Act of Congress creating the Territory of Kansas, was approved on May 30, 1854, and from that day the real struggle for the life or death of human slavery in this country began. The Proslavery statesmen of the South, having already advanced on Washington and captured the Executive and Judicial Departments of the Government, proceeded to enforce slavery in Kansas, and tried to protect it with a shotgun brigade from Missouri. This was the beginning of the Civil War, which ended at Appomattox. The shotgun brigade was, ere long, driven back to Missouri, where they struggled heroically with "John Barleycorn" until called into active service by Governor Jackson and General Price, and started on a run from Boonville to the happy hunting-grounds.

To give a detailed account of all the atrocities committed by them in Missouri and Kansas would require many volumes. In fact it is best to let the darkest of their many crimes rest beside them in graves of oblivion, where most of them are now sleeping. When they started out on their perilous journey, they knew not where they were going. They were simply rounded up by shrewd politicians and driven like dumb cattle to the slaughter pen. But it was a lesson to them and a warning to future generations. That the result of the war was a blessing to the people of the South goes without saying.

The institution of slavery, which oppressed the people and wasted their opportunities for a century, no longer stands in their way. They are now disenthralled and rapidly adapting themselves to the new order of things; and ere long will lead the world in the production of many of the necessities of life. They have the climate, the soil, the water, the timber, the mineral, the labor, and all things essential to success.

The most serious question that confronts them, and the whole American people at the present time, is a lack of confidence in each other and in the integrity of business industries. Of course, the Government at Washington comes in for a share of criticism, and, sometimes deservedly so; but a want of confidence among the people themselves is the real danger that is now staring them in the face.

The corporations, trusts, and individuals who think they are fooling all the people all the time, are simply fooling themselves. They may ply their games and run with loosened rein for a while, but it is only a question of time when they will be rounded up and placed where they belong. Legions of such pirates are abroad in the land, seeking whom they may devour, and the sooner they call a halt and retrace their footsteps, the better it will be for them.

The high-handed, criminal outrages committed daily, openly, and notoriously in violation of the law by chartered companies, corporations, trusts, combines, bank and train robbers, officials, and Legislative fixers, are bearing heavily upon the people engaged in business conducted on legitimate lines. They have already crushed many and driven others to the wall. They have demoralized legislatures, debauched legislation, ignored the law, and defied the authorities. If this is not treason, plain and flagrant, then, pray tell us what it is?

Any person who reads the history of the past; the rise, progress, and downfall of other Republics, will

not fail to see the dangers that now confront the Government and people of the United States. That this Government has cut loose from a safe harbor and is sailing recklessly in the wake of nations that have gone down under the weight of their own folly, is as clear as the noonday sun. Anybody, whether or not he can read, ought to be able to see the whirlpool into which we are drifting.

I may be unnecessarily alarmed over the dangers that threaten from within and without; and I hope I am. But judging from the temperament and characteristics of the American people, and knowing something of the history of other republics, I fear the worst. Somehow I feel that a storm is gathering, and that it is time to reef our sails and pull for the shore. The purple clouds all around seem angry and ominous.

The people at home and abroad are in a state of unrest. Nations are building Dreadnoughts and frowning at one another, and seeking to become world powers. Grafters, trusts, and the hog combine, screening themselves behind special protective privileges granted by Congress, have destroyed competition in trade at home, and are rapidly absorbing the net earnings of every legitimate business and industry within the range of possibility.

Fakers, free-booters, bank robbers, and highway-men, are plying their vocation, seemingly without fear, favor, or affection. The right of suffrage vouchsafed to the American voters, as the foundation upon which our Government stands, has become an article of commodity in many localities, and is bartered away with a flippancy that seldom attracts attention. Members of the Legislatures of a number of the States of this Union have been known to sell their votes to be used in the election of United States Senators, and then go before the courts and with brazen, impudence acknowledge their crimes.

In the face of all these things and other political

and official crimes and misdemeanors that might be mentioned, how long, may I ask, can this Government stand up and look honest people in the face? Well hath the poet said:

Hide, hide, my country, thy diminished head!

But our Government and people are not alone in their political debauchery. All nations at times lose their bearings and stray off after strange gods. Greece, Rome, and many other countries of the East, wandered away from their moorings so far that they never were able to get back; while Spain, after playing the colonial empire business for several centuries, finally found herself stranded in the Philippines and was sent home in rags.

It is to be hoped that our Government, while yet in the bloom of youth, will square its action by the rule of right and prove to the world what a republic can do.

APPENDIX*

TERRITORY AND STATE OF KANSAS

Area, 80,891 square miles, or, 51,776,240 acres

A BILL (H. R. 236) "to organize the Territories of Nebraska and Kansas," was, on the thirty-first of January, 1854, reported in the House of Representatives by the Hon. Wm. A. Richardson from Committee on Territories; passed that House May 22; passed the Senate May 25; and became a law May 30, 1854. A Constitution was adopted by a convention at Topeka, October 23 to November 2, 1855. It was affirmed that the Bill was submitted to the people of the Territory, and ratified December 15, 1855, by a vote of one thousand seven hundred and thirty-one for, to 46 against it.

A bill (S. 172) "to authorize the people of the Territory of Kansas to form a Constitution and State Government, preparatory to their admission into the Union, whenever they have the requisite population" was reported in the Senate by the Hon. Stephen A. Douglas, from Committee on Territories, March 17, 1856, and recommitted June 25, 1856.

On the seventh of April, 1856, a Memorial of certain individuals, representing themselves as Senators and Representatives in the General Assembly of the "State of Kansas," praying the admission of Kansas into the Union as a State upon an equal footing with the other States, was presented in the Senate by the Hon. Lewis Cass, and referred to the Committee on Territories.

A bill (H. R. 411) "authorizing the people of the Territory of Kansas to form a Constitution and State Government, preparatory to their admission into the Union on an equal footing with the original States," was reported from the Committee on Territories, House of Representatives, by the Hon. Galusha A. Grow, May 29, 1856, and passed that House July 3, 1856. In Senate referred July 7; reported

* The matter classified in this Appendix is not included in the Index.

with amendment July 8; amended and passed Senate July 8, 1856, under same title as the preceding Bill (S. 356). The House of Representatives took no action on the amended Bill and it therefore failed to become a law.

A Bill (S. 343) "supplementary to an Act to organize the Territories of Nebraska and Kansas" was introduced on leave in the Senate, by the Hon. John M. Clayton, June 16, 1856, and referred to Committee on Territories, June 24, 1856.

A Bill (S. 351) "supplementary to an Act to organize the Territories of Nebraska and Kansas, and to provide for the faithful execution of said Act in the Territory of Kansas according to the true intent and meaning thereof," was introduced on leave in the Senate, by the Hon. Henry S. Geyer, June 24, 1856, and referred to Committee on Territories on same day.

A Bill (S. 256) "to authorize the people of the Territory of Kansas to form a Constitution and State Government, preparatory to their admission into the Union on an equal footing with the original States," was reported to the Senate from Committee on Territories, by the Hon. Stephen A. Douglas, June 30, 1856, and passed the Senate July 2, 1856. Not acted upon by the House of Representatives.

A Bill (H. R. 75) "to organize the Territory of Kansas, and for other purposes," was passed by the House of Representatives July 29, and laid upon the table in the Senate, August 11, 1856.

A Bill (S. 464) "amendatory of an Act passed May 30, 1854, entitled "An Act to organize the Territories of Nebraska and Kansas," was, on the twenty-sixth of August, 1856, introduced on leave in the Senate, by the Hon. John B. Welle, and on the twenty-seventh of August, 1856, ordered to lie on the table.

A Bill (S. 466) "to alter and amend the Act of Congress entitled "An Act to organize the Territories of Nebraska and Kansas," was introduced on leave in the Senate, by the Hon. John J. Crittenden, August 28, 1856, and ordered to lie on the table, August 30, 1856.

A Bill (S. 476) "amendatory of an Act passed May 30, 1854, entitled, "An Act to organize the Territories of Nebraska and Kansas," was, on the sixteenth of December, 1856, introduced on leave in the Senate, by the Hon. Henry Wil-

son, and passed the Senate, January 21, 1857. Not acted upon by the House of Representatives.

THE LECOMPTON CONSTITUTION

A convention met at Lecompton, September 5, 1857, took a recess for a month, and finished a Constitution, November 7, 1857. It was at once sent to the President. The clause sanctioning slavery was submitted to the people, and ratified, December 31, 1857, by a vote of 6,226 to 598 votes against it. The entire Constitution was submitted to the people, and its friends and opponents both claimed a majority. It was claimed that on the twenty-first of December, 1858, the Constitution, with slavery, was ratified by 6,143, against 589 received by the Constitution without slavery. It was also said that on the seventh of January, 1859, the Constitution was rejected, there being 138 votes for it with slavery, 24 for it without slavery, and 10,126 votes against it.

A Bill (H. R. 7) "to authorize the people of the Territory of Kansas to form a Constitution and State government, preparatory to their admission into the Union with all the rights of the original States," was introduced on leave in the House of Representatives by the Hon. Nathaniel P. Banks, December 18, 1857, and referred to Committee on Territories. Not further acted upon.

A Bill (S. 15) "to authorize the people of the Territory of Kansas to form a Constitution and State Government, preparatory to their admission into the Union on an equal footing with the original States," was introduced on leave in the Senate, by the Hon. Stephen A. Douglas, December 18, 1857, and referred to Committee on Territories. No further action was taken.

A Bill (S. 37) "to provide for the admission of Kansas into the Union," was introduced on leave in the Senate, by the Hon. George E. Pugh, January 4, 1858, and referred to Committee on Territories. Not further acted upon.

On the first of February, 1858, a preamble and joint resolution of the Legislative Assembly of the Territory of Kansas "in relation to the Constitution framed at Lecompton, Kansas Territory, on the seventh of November, 1857," and concurrent resolutions "reaffirming the Topeka Constitution of October 23, 1855," were presented in the House of Rep-

representatives by the Hon. Marcus J. Parrot, and were laid on the table and ordered to be printed.

THE MINEOLA AND LEAVENWORTH CONSTITUTION

A constitution was adopted by a convention which met at Mineola, March 23, 1858, and adjourned to Leavenworth, March 25, 1858, and finished its work April 3, 1859. It was averred that the Constitution was submitted to the people the third Tuesday in May, 1858, and ratified by a vote of 4,346 for it, to 1,257 against it.

A Bill (S. 161) "for the admission of Kansas into the Union" was reported from Committee on Territories, Senate, by the Hon. James S. Green, February 18, 1858; passed the Senate, March 23, passed the House of Representatives with an amendment April 1, 1858. On April 2, said amendment was disagreed to by the Senate, and a conference committee was appointed. The report of the conference committee was agreed to by both Houses, April 30, and the bill became a law, May 4, 1858. By this Act, the ordinance—adopted on the seventh day of November, 1857, by a convention assembled at Leecompton for the purpose of forming a Constitution and State Government—which asserted the rights of Kansas, when admitted into the Union, to tax the lands within her borders belong to the United States, but proposed to relinquish such right on certain conditions, was declared to be unacceptable to Congress; and certain changes in said ordinance was submitted for acceptance or rejection by the people of Kansas.

A Bill (S. 194) "for the admission of Kansas into the Union" was introduced on leave in the Senate by Hon. William H. Seward, and referred to Committee on Territories. Not reported on.

THE WYANDOTTE CONSTITUTION

This Constitution, under which the State was admitted (after some amendments), was adopted by a convention which met at Wyandotte, July 5-29, 1859. October 4, 1859, it was ratified by the people by a vote of 19,421 for, to 5,530 against.

ADMISSION OF THE STATE OF KANSAS

A bill (H. R. 23) "for the admission of Kansas into the Union" was introduced on leave in the House of Representa-

tives, by the Hon. Galusha A. Grow, February 15, 1860; passed that House, April 11, 1860; and passed the Senate, January 21, 1861, with an amendment, to which the House of Representatives agreed, January 28, 1861. This Act declared the State of Kansas admitted into the Union on an equal footing with the original States, a Constitution and State Government republican in form, which was formed by the convention which assembled for that purpose at Wyandotte on July 29, 1859, having been duly ratified by the people of said State. The Bill became a law, January 29, 1861.

POPULATION						
1860	107,206
1870	364,399
1880	996,096
1890	1,423,485
1900	1,444,708
1910	1,690,949

This shows to some extent, the political battle that was fought to a finish by the Free-State and the Proslavery men in Congress over the admission of Kansas into the Union. For six years the Proslavery advocates blustered and filibustered, shrieked, howled, and hurled threats of secession in double doses at the Free-State men. For six years the Free-State men moved forward with a steady step, until their adversaries withdrew, and Kansas was admitted as a Free State.

MEMBERS OF KANSAS STATE GOVERNMENT, 1861

EXECUTIVE

Charles Robinson, Governor.

J. P. Root, Lieutenant-Governor.

John W. Robinson, Secretary of State.

Wm. Tholen, Treasurer of State.

Geo. S. Hillyer, Auditor of State.

Wm. R. Griffith, Superintendent of Public Instruction.

Benjamin F. Simpson, Attorney-General.

JUDICIAL

Thomas Ewing, Jr., Chief Justice.

Samuel A. Kingman, Associate Justice.

Lawrence D. Bailey, Associate Justice.

CONGRESSMAN

Martin F. Conway, Member of Congress.

LEGISLATIVE MEMBERS AND OFFICERS OF THE SENATE

NAME	COUNTY
J. P. Root, President	Wyandotte
E. P. Bancroft	Breckinridge (Lyon)
J. F. Broadhead	Linn
J. C. Burnett	Bourbon
J. Connell	Leavenworth
H. B. Denman	Leavenworth
H. R. Dutton	Brown
P. P. Elder	Franklin
H. W. Farnsworth	Shawnee
G. B. Gunn	Wyandotte
S. E. Hoffman	Woodson
S. D. Houston	Riley
J. M. Hubbard	Wabaunsee
S. Lappin	Nemaha
J. Lockhart	Johnson
E. Lynde	Jefferson
J. A. Martin	Atchison
J. H. McDowell	Leavenworth
Josiah Miller	Douglas
R. Morrow	Douglas
T. A. Osborn	Doniphan
J. A. Phillips	Lykins, (Miami)
H. N. Seaver	Doniphan
H. S. Sleeper	Breckinridge (Lyon)
W. Spriggs	Anderson
J. J. Ingalls, Secretary	Atchison
J. Stotler, Assistant Secretary	Breckinridge (Lyon)
J. R. Lambdin, Journal Clerk	Butler
D. Wilson, Docket Clerk	Riley
A. W. Pickering, Engrossing Clerk	Woodson
T. S. Wright, Sergeant-at-Arms	Nemaha
H. M. Robinson, Doorkeeper	Brown
F. R. Davis, Messenger	Douglas

MEMBERS AND OFFICERS OF THE HOUSE

NAME	COUNTY
W. W. Updegraff, Speaker	Lykins (Miami)
W. F. M. Army	Anderson
J. B. Abbott	Douglas
P. M. Alexander	Douglas
A. Allen	Wabaunsee
D. C. Auld	Marshall
D. E. Ballard	Washington
O. Barber	Douglas
J. C. Bartlett	Shawnee
J. J. Bentz	Leavenworth
W. D. Blackford	Douglas
F. N. Blake	Davis (Geary)
N. B. Blanton	Allen
W. E. Bowker	Shawnee
E. J. Brown	Coffey
H. Buckmaster	Jefferson
T. Butcher	Atchison
J. M. Calvert	Leavenworth
S. R. Caniff	Osage
A. J. Chipman	Morris
R. W. Cloud	Breckinridge (Lyon)
G. A. Colton	Lykins (Miami)
J. E. Corliss	Johnson
J. D. Crafton	Leavenworth
S. J. Crawford	Anderson
H. W. Curtiss	Shawnee
G. A. Cutler	Coffey
W. R. Davis	Douglas
A. Ellis	Lykins (Miami)
I. E. Eaton	Leavenworth
A. Elliott	Atchison
F. W. Emery	Doniphan
W. P. Gambell	Leavenworth
W. H. Grimes	Atchison
A. Gray	Wyandotte
A. K. Hawkes	Breckinridge (Lyon)
J. E. Hayes	Johnson
H. H. Heberling	Osage
T. P. Herrick	Doniphan
E. Hoheneck	Wabaunsee

N. Humber	Leavenworth
J. H. Jones	Linn
W. C. Kimber	Doniphan
C. B. Keith	Atchison
H. Knowles	Bourbon
J. Kunkel	Douglas
W. W. H. Lawrence	Franklin
J. F. Legate	Johnson
E. P. Lewis	Atchison
E. J. Lines	Wabaunsee
A. Low	Doniphan
J. McGrew	Wyandotte
S. B. Mahurin	Bourbon
J. A. Marcell	Franklin
J. E. Moore	Shawnee
P. G. D. Morton	Butler
A. U. Mussey	Pottawatomie
J. T. Neal	Bourbon
T. Pierce	Riley
J. S. Rackliff	Platte (Godfrey)
A. Ray	Jackson
G. H. Rees	Breckinridge (Lyon)
W. R. Saunders	Coffey
J. W. Scott	Allen
O. H. Sheldon	Osage
J. H. Smith	Brown
L. T. Smith	Leavenworth
W. H. Smyth	Riley
C. Starns	Leavenworth
A. Stark	Linn
J. W. Stewart	Douglas
E. D. Thompson	Douglas
B. Wheat	Coffey
R. P. C. Wilson	Leavenworth
L. Woodard	Douglas
D. B. Emmert, Chief Clerk	Shawnee
A. R. Banks, Ass't. Chief Clerk	Franklin
Arthur Gunther, Journal Clerk	Douglas
J. K. Rankin, Ass't. Journal Clk.	Douglas
T. Hopkins, Docket Clerk	Lykins (Miami)
D. M. Adams, Engrossing Clerk	Wabaunsee
B. P. Noteman, Enrolling Clerk	Johnson

C. Clarkson, Sergeant-at-Arms . . .	Leavenworth
F. House, Ass't. S'gt.-at-Arms . . .	Wyandotte
W. V. Barr, Doorkeeper . . .	Doniphan
C. T. K. Prentice, Messenger . . .	Douglas
A. L. Bartlett, Messenger . . .	Shawnee

ROSTER OF REGIMENTAL OFFICERS, SECOND KANSAS INFANTRY, MAY, 1861

COMPANY A

Leonard W. Horn	Captain
Thomas Fulton	First Lieutenant
Luther H. Wentworth	Second Lieutenant
James C. French	Third Lieutenant

COMPANY B

Jas. R. McClure	Captain
Anson R. Spinner	First Lieutenant
Jas. P. Downer	Second Lieutenant
Edward C. D. Lines	Third Lieutenant

COMPANY C

Simon F. Hill	Captain
Jas. W. Parmeter	First Lieutenant
Warren Kimball	Second Lieutenant
John K. Rankin	Third Lieutenant

COMPANY D

Joseph Cracklin	Captain
Thos. J. Sternbergh	First Lieutenant
Lucius J. Shaw	Second Lieutenant
Edward D. Thompson	Third Lieutenant

COMPANY E

Samuel J. Crawford	Captain
John G. Lindsay	First Lieutenant
A. R. Morton	Second Lieutenant
S. K. Cross	Third Lieutenant

COMPANY F

Byron P. Ayers	Captain
E. Bunn	First Lieutenant
B. B. Mitchell	Second Lieutenant
D. R. Coleman	Third Lieutenant

COMPANY G

Avra P. Russell	Captain
Chas. P. Wiggins	First Lieutenant
J. A. Graham	Second Lieutenant
Robt. Newell	Third Lieutenant

COMPANY H

A. J. Mitchell	Captain
Chas. S. Hills	First Lieutenant
J. A. Fuller	Second Lieutenant
W. T. Galliher	Third Lieutenant

COMPANY I

S. N. Wood	Captain
Chas. Dimon	First Lieutenant
E. G. Pierce	Second Lieutenant

COMPANY K

Wm. Tholen	Captain
Gustavus Schreyer	First Lieutenant
Ferdinand Jaedicke	Second Lieutenant
Jas. C. Bunch	Third Lieutenant

REGIMENTAL OFFICERS SECOND KANSAS CAVALRY MARCH, 1862

William F. Cloud	Colonel
Owen A. Bassett	Lieut-Colonel
Chas. W. Blair	First Major
Julius G. Fisk	Second Major
John Pratt	Adjutant
Cyrus L. Gorden	Quartermaster
Joseph P. Root	Surgeon
J. W. Robinson	Ass't. Surgeon
Charles Reynolds	Chaplain

COMPANY A

Samuel J. Crawford	Captain
John Johnston	First Lieutenant
Samuel K. Cross	Second Lieutenant

COMPANY B

Henry Hopkins	Captain
John F. Auddell	First Lieutenant
Oscar F. Dunlap	Second Lieutenant

COMPANY C

Daniel S. Whittenhall	Captain
Edward C. D. Lines	First Lieutenant
William M. Hook	Second Lieutenant

COMPANY D

Amazial Moore	Captain
Morace L. Moore	First Lieutenant
George W. Stabler	Second Lieutenant

COMPANY E

John Gardner	Captain
Elias S. Stover	First Lieutenant
A. T. Lovelette	Second Lieutenant

COMPANY F

Huge Cameron	Captain
James C. French	First Lieutenant
John A. Lee	Second Lieutenant

COMPANY G

Austin W. Matthews	Captain
Patrick Cosgrove	First Lieutenant
G. M. Waugh	Second Lieutenant

COMPANY H

Arthur Gunther	Captain
David E. Ballard	First Lieutenant
John K. Rankin	Second Lieutenant

COMPANY I

Byron P. Ayers	Captain
Robert H. Hunt	First Lieutenant
Charles Dimon	Second Lieutenant

COMPANY K

Avra P. Russell	Captain
John M. Mentzer	First Lieutenant
Barnett B. Mitchell	Second Lieutenant

ROSTER OF REGIMENTAL OFFICERS SECOND KANSAS COLORED INFANTRY

(AFTERWARD DESIGNATED THE EIGHTY-THIRD U. S. COLORED
TROOPS)

Samuel J. Crawford	Colonel
Horatio Knowles	Lieut.-Colonel
James H. Gillpatrick	Lieut.-Colonel
James H. Gillpatrick	Major
Jerome A. Soward	Major
John R. Montgomery	Adjutant
William D. Clark	Adjutant
Edwin Stokes	Quartermaster
George E. Hutchinson	Quartermaster
Reuben F. Playford	Quartermaster
George W. Wolgamott	Surgeon
D. A. Morse	Surgeon
Francis P. Thomas	Ass't. Surgeon
Jesse D. Wood	Ass't. Surgeon
Josiah B. McAfee	Chaplain

COMPANY A

Samuel Sanders	Captain
Charles Scofield	Captain
Ralph E. Cook	First Lieutenant
John R. F. Shull	First Lieutenant
Jesse Buckman	First Lieutenant
Charles Scofield	Second Lieutenant

COMPANY B

Richard J. Hinton	Captain
John M. Cain	First Lieutenant
James M. Trant	First Lieutenant
Joshua J. Locker	First Lieutenant
James M. Trant	Second Lieutenant
Joshua J. Locker	Second Lieutenant

COMPANY C

James A. Soward	Captain
Marcus F. Gillpatrick	Captain
John E. Hayes	First Lieutenant
George E. Hutchinson	First Lieutenant
Thomas Adair	First Lieutenant
Thomas Adair	Second Lieutenant

COMPANY D

Frank Kister	Captain
Reuben F. Playford	First Lieutenant
George E. Hutchinson. . . .	First Lieutenant
William M. Mercer	Second Lieutenant
Benjamin B. B. Reppert	Second Lieutenant

COMPANY E

George W. Sands	Captain
John R. Montgomery	Captain
Henry DeVilliers	First Lieutenant
Irenaeus C. Myers	First Lieutenant
William J. Brown	Second Lieutenant
Henry F. Best	Second Lieutenant

COMPANY F

James Adams	Captain
Samuel Kaisennan	First Lieutenant
Isaiah Nichols	First Lieutenant
Isaiah Nichols	Second Lieutenant

COMPANY G

Ebenezer H. Curtiss	Captain
John M. Cain	Captain
David E. Westervelt	First Lieutenant
Henry F. Best	First Lieutenant
George E. Hutchinson	Second Lieutenant

COMPANY H

Alexander Rush	Captain
Orlando S. Bartlett	Captain
Orlando S. Bartlett	First Lieutenant
William M. Mercer	First Lieutenant
Daniel K. Harden	Second Lieutenant

COMPANY I

James L. Rafety	Captain
Marcus F. Gillpatrick	First Lieutenant
Harry C. Chase	First Lieutenant
Harry C. Chase	Second Lieutenant
Irenaeus C. Myers	Second Lieutenant

COMPANY K

John Branson	Captain
William G. White	First Lieutenant
Jesse Buckman	Second Lieutenant

MEMBERS KANSAS STATE LEGISLATURE, 1865

STATE SENATE

James McGrew, President	Wyandotte
Bartlett, H. W. K.	Junction City
Barber, Oliver	Kanwaka
Colton, Gustavus A.	Paola
Danford, A.	Fort Scott
Drenning, Frank H.	Elwood
Eskridge, Chas. V.	Emporia
Foote, Henry	Leavenworth
Gambell, W. P.	Leavenworth
Grover, O. J.	Neuchatel
Houston, D. W.	Garnett
Horne, Daniel H.	Topeka
Jones, J. H.	Kaw City
Legate, Jas. F.	Leavenworth
Lane, J. T.	Iowa Point
Manning, E. C.	Marysville
Milhoan, T. E.	Olathe
Murphy, Thomas	Atchison
Potter, F. W.	Burlington
Quigg, Matthew	Atchison
Spear, S.	Hiawatha
Speer, John	Lawrence
Smith, A. H.	Blooming Grove
Twiss, Charles P.	Iola
Weer, William	Wyandotte
A. Smith Devenney, Secretary	Olathe
W. S. Newberry, Ass't. Sec.	Iola
M. M. Murdock, Docket Clerk	Burlingame
Ira H. Smith, Journal Clerk	Topeka
L. M. Benedict, Engros. Clerk	Vienna
W. B. Bowman, Enrol'g Clerk	Wyandotte
T. Mills, Sergeant-at-Arms	Topeka
Wm. Thompson, Doorkeeper	Topeka
Wm. Young, Ass't. Doorkeeper	Topeka
Clarence Walrod, Page	Paola
Charles Horne, Page	Topeka

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Jacob Stotler, Speaker	Emporia
Abraham, R. H.	Emporia

Atwood, Samuel F.	Leavenworth
Benton, Milton R.	Atchison
Broadhead, J. F.	Mound City
Browne, O. H.	Ridgeway
Callen, A. W.	Junction City
Campbell, D. G.	Shawnee
Campbell, D. L.	Mapleton
Cavender, Henderson	Garnett
Christy, J. A.	Iola
Church, R.	Westmoreland
Cleavenger, L. D.	Fort Scott
Coffinberry, C. C.	Lincoln
Cook, Hugh A.	Minneola
Craig, Warner	Black Jack
Darby, Rufus	Washington
Detrick, D.	Highland
Dille, C. L.	Lanesfield
Draper, William	Clinton
Dutton, M. R.	Oskaloosa
Fairchild, G. H.	Atchison
Finn, Daniel C.	Syracuse
Foster, R. C.	Leavenworth
Fletcher, James	Tecumseh
Glick, Charles	Wyandotte
Glick, G. W.	Atchison
Goss, William	Blooming Grove
Griswold, Nelson	Turkey Creek
Hanway, James	Lane
Harvey, James M.	Fort Riley
Hendrick, A. B.	Rising Sun
Hodgson, J.	Paris
Houts, W. L.	Paola
Hughes, N. B.	Salina
Jordan, Michael	Leavenworth
Karr, William	New Lancaster
Kennedy, J. R.	Lawrence
Kennedy, Lawrence	Pleasant Bridge
Kohler, C.	Junction City
Leland, Cyrus, Jr.	Troy
Leonard, M. R.	Bazaar
Loomis, A. J.	Twin Springs
Low, A.	Doniphan

Macdonald, S. D.	Topeka
Martindale, Wm.	Madison
McClellan, J.	Holton
Mead, James R.	Towanda
Moody, Joel	Belmont
Morrow, William	Lecompton
O'Brien, T. M.	Leavenworth
O'Gwartney, Thos.	Easton
Page, F. R.	Neosho Rapids
Payne, D. L.	Columbus
Perry, W. B.	LeRoy
Rawlings, N. P.	Robinson
Riddle, Robert	Grasshopper Falls
Rice, H.	Osawatomie
Rogers, H. D.	Humboldt
Russell, Ed.	Elwood
Sammons, I. D.	Albany
Salisbury, J. P.	Leavenworth
Scudder, E. S.	Willow Springs
Shepherd, H. D.	Wilmington
Smith, Henry	Leavenworth
Snyder, S. J. H.	Monrovia
Stafford, E.	Springdale
Spencer, J.	Council Grove
Stewart, Watson	Humboldt
Storch, George	Kennekuk
Stratton, C. H.	DeSoto
Strong, N. Z.	Fort Scott
Sutherland, D. H.	New Eureka
Swift, Frank B.	Lawrence
Throckmorton, Job	Burlington
Wells, John D.	Barrett
West, A. G.	Ozark
D. B. Emmert, Chief Clerk	Fort Scott
Freeman Bell, Ass't. Clerk	Topeka
C. S. Lambdin, Journal Clerk	Plymouth
John MacReynolds, Docket Clerk	Paola
D. F. Drinkwater, Engrossing Clerk	Cedar Point
John T. Cox, Enrolling Clerk	Ottumwa
J. E. Follansbee, Ass't. Journal Clerk	Topeka
J. D. Farren, Sergeant-at-Arms	Lawrence
Thos. Archer, Ass't. Sergeant-at-Arms	Topeka

M. B. Crawford, Doorkeeper	Topeka
C. T. K. Prentice, Ass't Doorkeeper . .	McKinney's
William Miller, Page	Ridgeway
Albert L. Bartlett, Page	Neosho Rapid
Wm. R. Griffith, Page	Topeka

MEMBERS KANSAS STATE LEGISLATURE, 1866

THE SENATE

James McGrew, President	Wyandotte
Akin, Eugene L.	Lawrence
Anderson, David	Paola
Bartlett, W. K.	Junction City
Barber, Oliver	Kanwaka
Drenning, F. H.	Wathena
Emmert, D. B.	Fort Scott
Eskridge, C. V.	Emporia
Foote, Henry	Leavenworth
Gambell, W. P.	Leavenworth
Grover, O. J.	America City
Houston, D. W.	Garnett
Horne, D. H.	Topeka
Jones, J. H.	Kaw City
Legate, J. F.	Leavenworth
Manning, E. C.	Marysville
Miller, Sol	White Cloud
Milhoan, T. E.	Olathe
Wheeler, Joshua	Pardee
Potter, F. W.	Burlington
Quigg, M.	Atchison
Riggs, Reuben	Marion Center
Spear, S.	Hiawatha
Smith, A. H.	Blooming Grove
Twiss, Charles	Iola
Weer, William	Wyandotte
A. R. Banks, Secretary	Lawrence
A. Hitchcock, Assistant Secretary .	Lawrence
W. F. Goble, Docket Clerk	Pleasant Ridge
Ira H. Smith, Journal Clerk	Topeka
L. M. Benedict, Engrossing Clerk .	Vienna

W. B. Bowman, Enrolling Clerk.	Wyandotte
T. Mills, Sergeant-at-Arms	Topeka
Wm. Thompson, Doorkeeper	Topeka
G. Y. Arnold, Ass't. Doorkeeper	Topeka
Clarence Walrod, Page	Paola
J. T. Miller, Page	Topeka

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

John T. Burris, Speaker	Olathe
Allen, W. N.	Oskaloosa
Arthur, J. M.	Centreville
Bauserman, J. P.	Leavenworth
Blair, C. W.	Fort Scott
Bradford, J. H.	Council Grove
Brice, S. M.	Mound City
Bond, Joseph	Humboldt
Bonebrake, J. H.	Lecompton
Cain, W. S.	Atchison
Callen, A. W.	Junction City
Carlton, Milo	Pardee
Cavender, H.	Garnett
Craig, Warner	Baldwin City
Cochrane, Charles	Ottumwa
Coffin, A. M.	Le Roy
Drake, C.	Americus
Dow, Isaac W.	Neosho Falls
Fletcher, James	Tecumseh
Foster, R. C.	Leavenworth
Fox, Charles E.	Highland
Graham, George	Seneca
Green, W. H.	Fort Lincoln
Glick, G. W.	Atchison
Griswold, Nelson	Turkey Creek
Gross, James R.	America City
Harmon, O. D.	Twin Springs
Harrington, N.	Palermo
Harvey, J. M.	Fort Riley
Hollenberg, G. H.	Marysville
Holliday, C. K.	Topeka
Humber, N.	Easton
Jackson, W.	Atchison
Jennison, C. R.	Leavenworth

Johnson, A. S.	Shawnee
Kellogg, Josiah	Leavenworth
Kelly, James H.	Willow Springs
Knight, Jonathan	Tonganoxie
Kohler, C.	Junction City
Kunkel, Jerome	Rising Sun
Lacock, Ira J.	Hiawatha
Martindale, Wm.	Madison
Massey, R. W.	Paola
Montgomery, R. H.	Columbus
Mix, F. E.	Atchison
Moore, A. A.	Marion Center
McAuley, A.	Leavenworth
McCabe, David L.	Eldorado
McLellan, James	Holton
Nash, Lyman	Wathena
O'Brien, T. M.	Leavenworth
Parker, C. E.	Carson
Pearman, H.	Belmont
Pennock, Wm.	Minneola
Preston, H. D.	Burlingame
Phillips, Wm. A.	Salina
Power, F. M.	Iola
Quinn, J. C.	Mound City
Rankin, Jno. K.	Lawrence
Rees, J. G.	Mount Gilead
Rogers, D.	Humboldt
Rue, G. C.	Gardner
Sanford, Eph. H.	Allen
Stabler, Geo. W.	Huron
Shepard, H. D.	Wilmington
Stewart, J. W.	Garnett
Smith, James	Barrett
Smith, H. P.	Rock Creek
Smith, Geo. W.	Lawrence
Smith, H. B.	Osawatomie
Stotler, Jacob	Emporia
Underhill, S.	Osawatomic
Van Gaasbeek, Geo.	Grasshopper Falls
Walker, Isaiah	Wyandotte
Wellhouse, F.	Pleasant Ridge
Wilson, Joseph S.	Mapleton

Wood, S. N.	Cottonwood Falls
Woodard, Levi	Eudora
John T. Morton, Chief Clerk	Topeka
John E. Thorpe, Ass't Clerk	Iola
Wm. R. Brown, Journal Clerk	Lawrence
J. A. Soward, Docket Clerk	Wyandotte
Dwight G. Hull, Engrossing Cl'k	Atchison
W. H. Cowan, Enrolling Clerk	Topeka
Thos. Archer, Sergeant-at-Arms.	Topeka
L. W. Graham, Ass't. Serg.-at-Arms	Elmendorf
G. Pharaoh, Doorkeeper	Lawrence
C. T. K. Prentice, Ass 't. Doorkeeper	Lawrence
Wm. R. Griffith, Page	Topeka
Wm. Miller, Page	Ridgeway
Francis J. Rice, Page	Topeka

MEMBERS KANSAS STATE GOVERNMENT, 1867

STATE OFFICERS

Samuel J. Crawford, Governor.
 N. Green, Lieutenant-Governor.
 R. A. Barker, Sec. of State.
 J. R. Swallow, Auditor.
 M. Anderson, Treasurer.
 P. MacVicar, Superintendent of Public Instruction.
 G. H. Hoyt, Attorney General.

JUDGES OF THE SUPREME COURT

S. A. Kingman	Chief Justice
J. Safford	Associate Justice
L. D. Bailey	Associate Justice

JUDGES OF DISTRICT COURTS

D. F. Brewer.	Sixth District
R. St. Clair Graham	First District
C. K. Gilchrist	Second District
D. M. Valentine	Third District
J. H. Watson	Fourth District

D. P. Lowe	Fifth District
William Spriggs	Seventh District
James Humphrey	Eighth District
S. N. Wood	Ninth District

THE SENATE

N. Green, President	Manhattan
Abbott, James B.	DeSoto
Blakely, William S.	Chapman Creek
Clark, N. C.	Wathena
Cooper, S. S.	Oskaloosa
Dodge, William H.	Holton
Emmert, D. B.	Fort Scott
Fisher, J. K.	Huron
Foster, R. C.	Leavenworth
Graham, George	Seneca
Green, L. F.	Baldwin City
Haas, H. C.	Leavenworth
Harvey, James M.	Fort Riley
Low, A.	Doniphan
McFarland, P.	Leavenworth
Maxson, P. B.	Emporia
Price, J. M.	Atchison
Rogers, James	Burlingame
Riggs, Samuel A.	Lawrence
Scott, J. W.	Iola
Sharp, I. B.	Wyandotte
Simpson, B. F.	Paola
Underhill, D.	Jackson
Veale, G. W.	Topeka
Wiley, A.	Ottawa
Wood, S. N.	Cottonwood Falls
A. R. Banks, Secretary	Lawrence
Jos. Specks, Ass't Secretary	Wyandotte
M. R. Dutton, Journal Clerk	Grantville
W. F. Goble, Docket Clerk	Pleasant Ridge
A. J. Simpson, Engrossing Clerk	Carlyle
Geo. B. Holmes, Enrolling Clerk.	Topeka
D. L. Payne, Sergeant-at-Arms	Troy
J. Drew, Ass't Serg't-at-Arms	Burlingame
Geo. W. Weed, Doorkeeper.	Pardee

G. Pharaoh, Ass 't Doorkeeper . . .	Louisville
Clarence Walrod, Page . . .	Paola
Wm. R. Griffin, Page . . .	Topeka
Wm. H. Fletcher, Page . . .	Topeka

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

P. B. Plumb, Speaker . . .	Emporia
Allen, Harvey . . .	Leavenworth
Barker, Thomas J. . .	Wyandotte
Booth, Henry . . .	Manhattan
Bowman, George W. . .	Atchison
Bowman, William . . .	Atchison
Brandley, Harry . . .	Bazaar
Bryant, Peter . . .	Banner
Butts, W. C. . .	Grasshopper Falls
Bent, C. H. . .	Oswego
Clark, T. H. . .	Big Springs
Cloyes, M. J. . .	Lancaster
Collins, T. R. . .	Albany
Columbia, Charles . . .	Council Grove
Conner, J. D. . .	Eldorado
Crocker, Allen . . .	Burlington
Draper, William . . .	Clinton
Dugan, John . . .	Leavenworth
Estep, Enoch . . .	Paris
Evans, B. D. . .	Elwood
Faulkner, J. K. . .	Stranger
Finn, D. C. . .	Pleasant View
Flickinger, R. . .	Geary City
Gates, Lorenzo . . .	Gatesville
Goodin, Joel K. . .	Baldwin City
Goodin, J. R. . .	Humboldt
Gregory, H. J. . .	Belmont
Hamby, William N. . .	Garnett
Hannon, J. . .	Leavenworth
Hannum, J. . .	America City
Harmon, O. D. . .	Twin Springs
Harper, G. R. . .	Neosho Rapids
Hindman, S. . .	Willow Springs
Hollenberg, G. H. . .	Marysville

Huffman, William	New Lancaster
Jaquith, J. D.	Americus
Jenkins, E. J.	Troy
Jenkins, R. W.	Vienna
Jewitt, J. W.	Coyville
Johnson, A.	Shawnee
Johnson, F. M.	Winchester
Kendall, J. A.	Squiresville
Kennedy, L.	Pleasant Ridge
Kennedy, T. H.	Lawrence
Kibbe, William E.	Ohio City
Killen, Daniel	Wyandotte
Knight, Jonathan	Tonganoxie
Lane, J. S.	Blooming Grove
Luce, J. M.	Centropolis
Lecompte, S. D.	Leavenworth
Lindsay, Thomas.	Garnett
Loomis, H. J.	Mission Creek
Lyon, M. B.	Montcello
Manlove, S. A.	Fort Scott
May, William J.	Monrovia
McIntosh, W. A.	Barnesville
Miller, Josiah	Lawrence
Mobley, R. D.	Salina
Moore, A. A.	Marion Centre
Oliver, J. B.	Rossville
Palmer, S. E. A.	Auburn
Parker, C. E.	Carson
Parker, W. R.	Iowa Point
Power, F. M.	Carlyle
Przybylowicz, M.	Leavenworth
Robb, George H.	Troy
Rogers, D.	Rogers Mill
Rupe, J. B.	Elk Creek
Sheldon, H. C.	Burlingame
Spencer, James M.	Topeka
Spillman, A. C.	Salina
Sponable, J. W.	Gardner
Stover, E. S.	Junction City
Thompson, C. H.	Abilene
Thompson, G. W.	Atchison

Throckmorton, Job.	Burlington
Travis, W. F.	Marmaton
Tucker, Edwin	Eureka
Turner, Joshua	Easton
Updegraff, W. W.	Osawatomie
Venard, A.	Osawkee
Way, James P.	Mound City
Wells, J. D.	Barrett's P. O.
Willis, M. C.	Kennekuk
Wilson, J. S.	Mapleton
John T. Morton, Chief Clerk	Topeka
J. H. Prescott, Ass't Clerk	Salina
Wm. R. Brown, Journal Clerk	Emporia
G. D. Stinebaugh, Enrolling Clerk . .	Ohio City
Asa Hairgrove, Engrossing Clerk . .	Topeka
D. B. Jackman, Docket Clerk	Fort Lincoln
J. A. Hunter, Sergeant-at-Arms . . .	Topeka
M. B. Crawford, Ass't Ser.-at-Arms . .	Topeka
J. M. Adair, Doorkeeper	Burlington
M. R. Moore, Ass't Doorkeeper	Topeka
Frank Rice, Page	Topeka
Charlie Painter, Page	Emporia
Willie Miller, Page	Ridgeway
C. N. Norton, Page	Topeka.

ROSTER OF OFFICERS EIGHTEENTH KANSAS CAV- ALRY, JULY 15, 1867

MAJOR

Horace L. Moore, Lawrence

COMPANY A

Henry C. Lindsay, Topeka	Captain
Thomas Hughes, Lawrence	First Lieutenant
John H. Wellman, Topeka	Second Lieutenant

COMPANY B

Edgar A. Barker, Junction City . . .	Captain
John W. Price, Fort Harker	First Lieutenant
Samuel L. Hybarger, Fort Harker . .	Second Lieutenant

COMPANY C

George B. Jenness, Ottawa	.	.	Captain
Peleg Thomas, Wyandotte	.	.	First Lieutenant
James Reynolds, Garnett	.	.	Second Lieutenant

COMPANY D

David L. Payne, Doniphan	.	.	Captain
John M. Cain, Atchison	.	.	First Lieutenant
Henry Hegwer, Marion	.	.	Second Lieutenant

MEMBERS KANSAS STATE LEGISLATURE, 1868

THE SENATE

N. Green, President	Manhattan
Abbott, James B.	DeSoto
Blakely, William S.	Junction City
Clark, N. C.	Columbus
Cooper, S. S.	Oskaloosa
Dodge, William	Holton
Elder, P. P.	Ottawa
Foster, R. C.	Leavenworth
Graham, George	Seneca
Green, L. F.	Baldwin City
Haas, H. C.	Leavenworth
Harvey, James M.	Fort Riley
Hipple, Samuel	Monrovia
Learnard, O. E.	Lawrence
Low, A.	Doniphan
Matheny, W. M.	Baxter Springs
Maxon, P. B.	Emporia
McFarland, P.	Leavenworth
Moore, A. A.	Marion Centre
Price, John M.	Atchison
Rogers, James	Burlingame
Scott, J. W.	Iola
Sharp, Isaac B.	Wyandotte City
Simpson, B. F.	Paola
Underhill, D.	Jackson
Veale, G. W.	Topeka
E. C. Manning, Secretary	Manhattan

Jos. Speck, Ass't. Secretary . . .	Wyandotte
M. R. Dutton, Journal Clerk . . .	Grantville
J. H. Titsworth, Docket Clerk . . .	Pardee
A. J. Simpson, Engrossing Clerk . . .	Carlyle
Geo. B. Bolmes, Enrolling Clerk . . .	Topeka
M. W. Reynolds, Official Reporter . . .	Lawrence
D. L. Payne, Sergt-at-Arms . . .	Troy
J. Drew, Ass't. Sergt-at-Arms . . .	Burlingame
Geo. W. Weed, Doorkeeper . . .	Parde
G. Pharaoh, Ass't. Doorkeeper . . .	Louisville
Clarence J. Walrod, Page . . .	Paola
William R. Griffith, Page . . .	Topeka
Wm. H. Fletcher, Page . . .	Erie

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Geo. W. Smith, Speaker . . .	Lawrence
Andrews, A. J. . . .	Neosho Rapids
Armstrong, Robert . . .	Perry
Bierer, Everard . . .	Hiawatha
Blackburn, Henry . . .	Linnville
Blanton, N. B. . . .	Humboldt
Bruner, J. B. . . .	Gardner
Butler, T. H. . . .	Erie
Butts, W. C. . . .	Grasshopper Falls
Byram, A. . . .	Atchison
Campbell, D. G. . . .	Shawnee
Cooley, James . . .	Mt. Pleasant
Donaldson, . . .	Chelsea
Downs, John . . .	Albany
Drinkwater, O. H. . . .	Cedar Point
Duncan, Charles C. . . .	Ellsworth
Edmundson, Lewis . . .	Iola
Fay P. . . .	New Albany
Finney, D. W. . . .	Neosho Falls
Fletcher, James . . .	Tecumseh
Foster, James N. . . .	Peoria City
Fuller, C. O. . . .	Marion Centre
Gambell, W. P. . . .	Leavenworth
Garrett, J. W. . . .	Potosi
Glick, G. W. . . .	Atchison
Goodin, Joel K. . . .	Baldwin City
Gossett, J. W. . . .	Paola

Grover, Joel	Lawrence
Guthrie, John	Topeka
Hagaman, James M.	Elk Creek
Hamby, W. N.	Garnett
Hamilton, John	Hamilton
Hastings, W. H.	Pleasant Ridge
Headley, T. G.	Garnett
Hewitt, Richard	Wyandotte
Hinton, William	Fort Lincoln
Hodgins, I.	Centralia
Hollingsworth, S.	Tonganoxie
Huffman, William.	New Lancaster
Hulett, E. M.	Fort Scott
Ingraham, Nathan D.	Baxter Springs
Jaquith, J. D.	Americus
Jenkins, E. J.	Troy
Jenkins, R. W.	Vienna
Jennison, C. R.	Leavenworth
Johnston, D. M.	Manhattan
Johnston, W. S.	Oskaloosa
Johnson, W. S.	Lancaster
Kelley, Harrison	Ottumwa
Lamb, William	Detroit
Lane, Vincent J.	Wyandotte
Lecompte, Samuel D.	Leavenworth
Locke, D. W. C.	Holton
Millard, Ed. F.	Salina
Miller, G. W.	South Cedar
Mitchell, William	Wabaunsee
Mobley, R. D.	Minneapolis
Moore, J. B.	Fort Scott
Moore, H. C.	Troy
Moore, H. Miles	Leavenworth
Patrick, A. G.	Irving
Philbrick, J. L.	Doniphan
Plumb, P. B.	Emporia
Ristine, M. H.	Clay Center
Robinson, J. P.	DeSoto
Rockefeller, Philip	Albany
Ryan, Matthew	Leavenworth
Sears, Charles	Eudora
Sharp, Isaac	Council Grove

Smalley, B. F.	Xenia
Smallwood, W. H.	Wathena
Smith, A. A.	Twin Springs
Smith, P. H.	Leroy
Snoddy, James D.	Mound City
Snyder, S. F.	Washington
Stewart, J. R.	Burlingame
Thompson, G. W.	Atchison
Tucker, Edwin	Eureka
Tucker, Horace	Sigel
Vanderslice, Thos. J.	Highland
Wallace, James L.	Leavenworth
Watkins, W. C.	Oswego
Webb, W. E.	Hays City
Welsh, H. P.	Ottawa
Williams, B. W.	Monrovia
Williams, H. H.	Osawatomie
Wright, John K.	Junction City
Zinn, George W.	Lecompton
John T. Morton, Chief Clerk	Topeka
E. C. Kennedy, Ass't Clerk	Leavenworth
J. M. Mahan, Journal Clerk	Junction City
M. R. Moore, Docket Clerk	Topeka
Emma Hunt, Enrolling Clerk	Emporia
N. Merchant, Engrossing Clerk	Peoria City
H. C. Hollister, Reporter	Leavenworth
H. H. Sawyer, Sergeant-at-Arms	Wyandotte
M. B. Crawford, Ass't. Sergt.-at-Arms	Topeka
Horace Gibbs, Doorkeeper	Oskaloosa
C. S. Norton, Ass't. Doorkeeper	Topeka
Frank J. Nice, Page	Topeka
Charles F. Painter, Page	Emporia
Edwin S. Eldridge, Page	Lawrence

ADDRESS OF HON. JOHN DAWSON ON THE LEGISLATURE OF 1868

DELIVERED BEFORE THE KANSAS STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY,
DECEMBER 4, 1906

“ There have been notable parliaments, conventions, congresses, and legislative assemblies in the history of every country and of every State. There are occasional epoch-making events which call the representative men of a commonwealth together to devise methods and measures for the common good, and the net result of their deliberations makes history which is felt at home and abroad for generations afterward. Such an assembly was the first Olympiad of the Hellenes in 776 B. C. Such was the result of the convention of the Decemvirs who promulgated the twelve tables of laws for ancient Rome. So, too, the Long Parliament of England, and the National Assembly of France—the harbinger of the French Revolution. Instances could well be multiplied in American history.

“ But it is only once or twice in a century that the occasion is presented where an assembly of lawmakers may establish or decree a policy or code which accentuates history from the very day of its enactment. It is rather by laborious and dispassionate attention to the commonplace duties of civic life that the average lawmaking body leaves its impress upon the economic life of the State. It is an impress unnoticed at the time, but it is there nevertheless, and nets an approximate good or ill upon the common weal.

“ In the American States, subject, as they are, to two sovereignties, opportunity for epoch-making legislation is less likely to arise in the State assemblies than in the national Legislature—the Federal authority taking over to itself, very properly, all matters of national concern. This, as Professor Bryce has noted, causes a deterioration in the intellectual fibre of the average State Legislature, as little elbow-room is afforded to give scope to the talents of men of the highest statesmanship. Accordingly, the Legislatures of the several States are commonly given over to men of second-rate intellectual vigor and of mediocre capacity. It is seldom that men of the highest talents of constructive statesmanship can be induced to serve their community in the State Legislature. Thus it happens that mediocrity is characteristic of the aver-

age Legislature. And yet on that score it may be said that such an assembly is more truly representative of the people who elect them than a congress of collegians and professors of economics would be; for it is not to be denied that mediocrity and commonplace are most truly typical of the people themselves.

“ Perhaps we can agree that the true worth of a legislative body will depend upon the painstaking and conscientious manner in which it deals with the matters at its hand, viewed from a sufficient distance of time to measure and gauge its results, and when its deliberations have been welded by administration into the jurisprudence of the commonwealth. Judged by this standard the Legislature of the State of Kansas for the year 1868 is easily the greatest Legislature that ever assembled in this State, and, tried by the test of thirty-eight years’ results, it is second only to the Wyandotte Constitutional Convention of 1859.

“ For campaign political expediency a very high — in fact an extravagant — place has been claimed for the Legislature of 1905, and we will all bear witness to the earnest spirit with which that body approached and grappled with its problems; but it is too soon — the perspective is yet too close — to justly determine the lasting worth of its deliberations. If time and experience give the Legislature of 1905 a place of note among Kansas Legislatures, it is apt to be based upon what it attempted and failed to do as much as upon its constructive work. But this, too, is conjecture. Let a third of a century roll by, and let our children determine its value.

“ And now to the Legislature of 1868. A careful examination of the records of the time, the journals of the assembly, the newspapers, the manuscripts, etc., fails to disclose the fact that the members of that Legislature considered themselves or their deliberative body in any way out of the ordinary. It is commonly a praiseworthy and conscientious mood in which a lawmaker forgathers with his fellows in the legislative assembly. Only after repeated jolts are his ideals shattered. The halo of the legislative hurdy-gurdy does not evaporate in a day. So far as can now be known, the Legislature of 1868 was, in all outward respects, much like its predecessors and successors. There may have been more than the usual number of really big men of the State in that session of the Legislature — I suppose there were. George W. Glick was

there, and was chairman of the judiciary committee of the House. It is worthy of remark that the honorable old sage, who had been known for the last decade or two as a patron and practioner of agriculture, had in earlier life a long and honorable career as a lawyer, and he was in the zenith of his career as an attorney when he served in the Legislature of 1868.

“ D. W. Finney was there; John Guthrie was a member; so were Harrison Kelley, Samuel D. Lecompte, H. Miles Moore, W. H. Smallwood, and James D. Snoddy, and others who have filled their niche and made an honorable name for themselves in Kansas. Over in the Senate were James M. Harvey, O. E. Learnard, W. M. Matheney, John M. Price, B. F. Simpson, Geo. W. Veale, P. P. Elder, and others of note — yes, on reflection, it is perhaps safe to say that the personnel of the Legislature of 1868 was considerably above the average. In fact, there were men in both Houses who could adorn, and who have adorned, the highest walks of public life.

“ In the Senate were eight farmers, seven lawyers, three merchants, three physicians, a conveyancer, a banker, a carpenter, and a freighter, twenty-five members in all. Politically classified, there were five Democrats, twelve Republicans, seven Radical Republicans, and two Radicals. Just what subtle niceties in political economy caused the shades of distinction between Republicans and Radical Republicans, and between Radical Republicans and mere Radicals, is difficult to say. It may be a very poor guess to say that it was analogous to the *secta* of ‘ the grand old party ’ to-day where certain philosophical principles have caused it to arrange its membership into three classes, namely: the machine, the boss-busters, and the square-dealers.

“ In the house there were forty-four farmers, seventeen lawyers, seven merchants, five physicians, a minister, and one each of fourteen other common avocations. The political complexion of the house was twenty-eight Democrats, fifty-three Republicans, two Radical Republicans, one Radical, one Independent, one Democratic Republican, one ‘ Democratically disposed,’ and one ‘ mixed.’

“ The names of the Senators and Representatives may be found in the volume of special laws of the session of 1868, but it is a curious thing that neither the House nor the Senate Journal contains a list of the members. The padding of

legislative journals for purposes of revenue, which in later years became reduced to such a fine art, was unthought of by E. C. Manning, Secretary of the Senate, and John T. Morton, Chief Clerk of the House. It is perhaps the glamour which time throws over that session of thirty-eight years ago, but the words of the poet kept trying to run off the point of my pen all the time that I was jotting down my notes for this address: 'Then none were for a party, but all were for the State.'

"The Message of Governor Crawford to the Legislature is a most valuable *resumé* of the affairs of the State at that time. Opening with the usual greetings, he branches at once into the financial affairs of the State, saying that the property on the tax-rolls of the State is \$56,276,360; but ventures the confident opinion that there is one hundred million dollars worth of property in Kansas, and that it is for the Legislature to find means and methods to remedy this 'glaring defect.' Just what this grand old man would have said if he had the present-day 'glaring defect' in the assessed property returns to deal with may be imagined, but can hardly be described. The total receipts for the State in 1867 were \$183,833.52 — not as much as the fiscal income of a good second-class county nowadays. The interest receipts on the permanent school fund for the last year, 1867, were four hundred and twenty dollars. There would be no chance for a Rowett or a Moxey to earn a reputation examining the State Treasury shortages in 1868.

"The permanent school fund amounted to \$59,846.03. The bonds of the State sold for ninety and ninety-one cents on the dollar without clipping any coupons, but, on the contrary, by leaving on past-due coupons which had matured while the bonds were being hawked about the country seeking a purchaser. The Governor gives interesting information regarding education in Kansas, manifesting that splendid self-denying spirit which has swelled into a full tide with the passing years, and which is the crowning harvest of the dream of the pioneers.

We go to plant her common schools
On distant prairie swells,
And give the Sabbaths of the wild
The music of her bells.

"A subject which has passed from consideration, now-

adays and for all time, but which was of overshadowing and tremendous importance in 1868, and which was extensively treated by Governor Crawford, was Indian depredations. The Governor aptly says that 'a well-organized militia is necessary for the security of a free State'; and it certainly was in Kansas in 1868, when the Cheyennes, Osages, Otoes, Wichitas, Kiowas, Arapahoes, Sioux, Comanches, and Pawnees, swarmed over the prairies, stealing horses and murdering settlers, not only on the frontier, but penetrating the State far into the settled districts.

"The State charities were reviewed, there being twenty-five inmates at the Deaf and Dumb Institute at Olathe, and twenty-two in the asylum at Osawatomie. The Governor informs the Legislature that the lease will soon expire on the buildings rented for the State Government, and hopes that the east wing of the new State-house will be ready for occupancy by the time the Legislature meets again.

"The Governor felicitated much on the fact that the State had five hundred and twenty-three miles of railroad; boasts of its excellent quality; of the fact that the Union Pacific earned over a million dollars for the preceding year. He refers to the railroad land-grants, including that of the 'Katy,' which has recently been much talked about by men who know nothing about it, and by others who know considerable about it, which is n't true.

"The Legislature is urged to give its assistance to immigration, for the Governor says: 'Kansas cannot afford to remain idle while other States are using every honorable means in their power to encourage immigrants to settle within their borders. The immigration for 1867 was fifty thousand, and it should have been one hundred thousand.'

"The Governor touches on the Paris exposition and the interest of Kansas therein; pours forth the vials of his honest wrath against the Secretary of the Interior on account of what he calls the infamous treaty with James F. Joy for the sale of eight hundred thousand acres of neutral lands, considerable part of which was occupied by settlers. The Osage lands, he declares, embarrassed the proper development of the State. He commends the work of the codifying commission to the earnest attention of the Legislature, giving his views as a stout and staunch Union patriot on the necessity of putting aside mawkish sentimentality in dealing with

rebels and traitors, and winds up with a solemn conjuration on the necessity of legislative economy; and there is no touch of irony in that, either, although there was no money in the treasury to pay even the law-makers' per diem and mileage.

“ In these days, when it costs over two and a half million dollars a year to run the State Government, a brief review of the Governmental expenses of the early days cannot fail to be instructive:

In 1861 the total expenses of State Government were . . .	\$ 84,775.93
In 1862 the total expenses of State Government were . . .	92,508.53
In 1863 the total expenses of State Government were . . .	137,259.54
In 1864 the total expenses of State Government were . . .	173,977.01
In 1865 the total expenses of State Government were . . .	154,768.66
In 1866 the total expenses of State Government were . . .	234,555.36
In 1867 the total expenses of State Government were . . .	234,555.36
In 1868 the total expenses of State Government were . . .	274,533.14

“ The disbursements authorized by the session of 1868 were as follows:

Legislative expenses	\$ 32,978.00
Judiciary	22,950.00
Executive Department	4,700.00
Secretary of State	6,300.00
Auditor	3,350.00
Treasurer	3,000.00
Attorney-general	1,250.00
Superintendent of Public Instruction	2,100.00
State University	7,500.00
Adjutant-general	5,205.25
State Printing	18,000.00
Rent of State-house	1,800.00
Deaf and Dumb	10,500.00
State Normal School	5,637.00
State Agricultural College	8,715.00
Insane Asylum	12,600.00
Blind Asylum	11,722.11
Penitentiary	80,255.64
Miscellaneous	13,512.87
Price-raid commission	4,457.27
Negotiating sale of State bonds	3,000.00
Printing general statutes	15,000.00
Total	<u>\$274,533.14</u>

“ Of the foregoing appropriations, much was for institutional buildings. Thus the total disbursements of Kansas'

greatest legislative session were but slightly in excess of a quarter of a million dollars. It was not until as late as 1883 that the legislative appropriations for the State Government passed the million-dollar mark. That year they were \$1,005,-540.91. But Kansas by that time had cleaved her way through the preliminary difficulties and was striking a million-dollar gait in her upward and onward journey, in her glorious race 'to the stars.'

"In this year of bountiful harvests and opulent citizenship, the legislative appropriations authorized by the last session (1905) are \$2,974,720.10, and with the fees collected and disbursed by the several State departments, will push the expenses of State Government for 1906 over the line of three million dollars. Yet the State levy for 1906 is substantially what it was in 1868, although the intervening years have seen it much higher. But according to Governor Crawford's message in 1868, only half of the property of the State escaped taxation. To-day the proportion is much greater, and yet the burdens of State Government rest as lightly to-day upon the fraction of our people and property paying taxes as they did in 1868. This goes to show that our ability to pay taxes has even outrun our extravagance.

"The great work of the session of 1868 was enacting statutes which cover practically every subject of our civil polity. That Legislature in fact made the law of the land. The Legislature of 1867 had authorized the Governor to appoint a commission to revise and codify the laws of the State, and the executive had commissioned for that pretentious work three men qualified indeed for such a task. These were Samuel A. Riggs, of Douglas County, John M. Price, of Atchison County, and James McCahon, of Leavenworth County; and some day, when Kansas gets through with her more utilitarian tasks of building cities and railroads and pipe-lines and irrigation ditches, and turns to take a thought of those who have laid the foundation of her greatness, and to commemorate the memory of those who despised not the day of small things — when we come to adorn the State-house square with statues of those who served her with distinction, there will be a monument of brass and marble to Riggs, Price, and McCahon, who whipped into efficient and practical shape the confused and crazy patchwork of legislation which constituted the laws of Kansas prior to 1868.

“ I cannot now tell you how inharmonious, incongruous and confusing were the laws of Kansas prior to the codification. Part of them had been enacted by the several Territorial legislatures, whose principal business appears to have been to repeal the statutes passed by every previous session since the bogus Legislature of 1855. Part of the laws were the work of State Legislatures attempting the hopeless task of moulding Territorial enactments to fit conditions under the State Constitution. The Territorial and State laws being framed under different organic charters, preliminary work by experienced lawyers, like the codifying commissioners, was an absolute necessity before the revision could be undertaken by even the most earnest and enlightened Legislature.

“ It is the chief glory of the Legislature of 1868 that it set itself with laborious care to this work, and neither faltered nor dallied with the matters at hand. It is not uncommon for Legislatures to authorize commissions to codify or revise some branch of statute law, but we have all seen them grow weary of the task of reviewing and intelligently passing upon the revisions and codifications submitted to them for approval and enactment. The most conspicuous example of this was the proposed revision of the laws of taxation. In 1901 the Legislature, like several of its immediate predecessors, recognized the necessity of a revision of the laws of taxation, and authorized a commission to sit in vacation for the purpose of framing a new law for the assessment and taxation of property. The commission accordingly, after most laborious research of all the assessment laws of the American States, submitted a Bill to the Legislature of 1903.

Perhaps is was not perfect —

He who hopes a faultless tax to see,
Hopes what ne'er was, is not, and ne'er will be.

“ The Legislature of 1903 took up the Bill, criticized it, amended it, botched it, quarrelled over it, fussed over it, played small politics with it, wasted the greater part of the session over it, and then dropped it. The Legislature of 1905 never touched the subject, and our chaotic system of taxation still remains and, like as not, it will continue for another decade.

“ Not so the Legislature of 1868. It set to work and grappled with one subject after another, and it was no mere ac-

quiescence in the work of the commission, either; but the Legislature intelligently examined, discussed, criticized and amended the work of the commissioners. They passed the Bills; the Governor signed them; they became the law of the land; and there are scores of these laws thus passed that remain on the statute-book, thirty-eight years after, without amendment, and are to-day in no more danger of either amendment or repeal than the ethics of the sermon on the mount.

“ I like the way the house started into work at the session of 1868. There were no exasperating delays while the speaker and the ‘ third house ’ fixed up the committees. George W. Smith, of Douglas County, was elected speaker. On taking the gavel, he said:

“ ‘ The business of the Legislature should be conducted without reference to party. It is proper that parties should exist. But when we meet together in the legislative hall for the purpose of passing laws, we ought to quell all political feeling. I have discovered that members sometimes forget that they have taken an oath to discharge their duties as members of the Legislature, particularly on political questions. The Republican party can afford to be generous, and I hope it will be so, and show no disposition to force any measures on the minority which may be wrong. To the Democrats I will say, there may be hope for them. I would say, in the language of the Scripture, ‘ Fear not, little flock, it is your Father’s good pleasure to give you the kingdom. ’ But it will require you to act honestly in the discharge of your duties. I have heard that there have been boasts made that you have the controlling vote. It is all proper, when political questions come up (which I hope will not during this session), that you should use your votes for the purpose of controlling them. But you must recollect that you have also taken an oath to discharge your duties to the best of your ability. ’

“ Let it be noted that the House met at noon, January 14, The organization was completed, the Governor’s Message read and referred to a special committee for appropriate subdivision among the standing committees, by January 16. On January 17 the speaker announced all the standing committees, and the business of the session was under way. That the Speaker practised what he preached in repressing politics is demonstrated by his appointment of George W. Glick, the foremost Democrat in Kansas for a generation, as chairman of the judiciary committee — a committee which in a session to be dedicated to constructive legislation was bound to be preëminently the principal committee of the House. Preston B. Plumb, also a committeeman of the judiciary, was chair-

man of the committee on railroads, and that committee in 1868 devoted most of its time to encouraging legislation calculated to bring railroads and railroad builders and railroad investors to Kansas. That eminence and distinction in public life were to be achieved by 'busting the railroads' and crying down the rapacity of corporate influences and railroad greed, seems to have been entirely overlooked by the solons of 1868.

"The work of the codifying commissioners was taken up without delay. The judiciary committee did not arrogate to itself the latter-day prerogative of passing on the merits of every bill submitted to it. It examined a multitude of them merely as to their legal sufficiency, and then reported them with the recommendation that they be referred to other appropriate committees as to the wisdom of the subject-matter. Of course, in a session devoted to the revision and codification of the laws of the State, a vast amount of work fell to the judiciary committee which could not in the nature of things be profitably referred elsewhere.

"Let me briefly run over the list of subjects considered and enacted into law by the session of 1868. These were the laws of apprentices; assignments; attorneys at law; bonds, notes and bills; bonds and warrants; commissioners to take depositions; contracts and promises; conveyances; corporations; county boundaries; counties and county officers; county-seats; courts — supreme, district and probate; crimes and punishments; damages against cities; descents and distributions; elections; executors and administrators; exemptions; fees and salaries; fences; ferries; frauds and perjuries; fugitives from justice; guardians and wards; illegitimate children; impeachment; jails; jurors; landlords and tenants; laws and legislative journals; lunatics and drunkards; married women and their rights; minors; mortgages; notaries public; oaths; pardons; partnerships; plats of cities and towns; procedure — civil; procedure — criminal; procedure — civil, before justices; procedure — in misdemeanors, before justices; statutory construction; stock; town sites; townships and township officers; trespassers; fiduciary trusts and powers; wills.

"Only two important subjects were laid over for another session — schools and taxation. These remained in confusion until 1876, when another of the more important legislative

sessions of Kansas considered them at length, and the enactments of 1876 form the basis of existing laws on those subjects. But it is to be regretted that these two subjects were not touched by the master hand of the Legislature of 1868. Of the long roll to its credit, however, much remains the law in Kansas to-day without so much as a single amendment, and where changes have been made they have not always been for the better. Legislative tinkering is greatly to be decried. How often have we observed that the whole scope and purpose of a useful and valuable law is crippled by the subsequent enactment of a well-meant amendment secured by some lawmaker who had failed to consider the whole range of the subject with which he was tinkering. Nothing like omniscience or prescience is claimed for the session of 1868, however; but the fact remains that if every Legislature that has since convened had contented itself with passing the necessary revenue bills and the periodic apportionments required by the Constitution, the commonwealth would have lived, flourished and prospered under the beneficent laws of 1868.

“ The law of descents and distributions, whereby a man’s property passes without a will to those who are most entitled to his bounty, is still the law of this State, with only two insignificant amendments.

“ The law of executors and administrators, where occupies some thirty-five pages of the General Statutes of 1901, has stood the test of thirty-eight years’ practical operation with a scant half-dozen changes.

“ The laws of exemptions, conceived in the days when Kansas and its people were poor, is still the law in our day of opulence, and if its necessity has largely passed, the reverence of the sons for this wisdom of the fathers has saved this humanitarian law from the iconoclastic hand of ambitious innovation.

“ The statute of frauds, time-tried before Kansas was born, remains untouched.

“ Only slight changes have been made in the law of guardian and wards.

“ Kansas, with her glorious allodial land system where the troubles of landlords and tenants have never given the State concern, as in less favored portions of the earth, has found the landlord and tenant act of 1868 sufficient for almost every circumstance.

“ The law of married women was framed for the enlightened age of the present, and nothing of the dead past, when woman was a chattel, is contained in its sacred sections. It bids fair to remain untouched while Kansas endures.

“ The codes of procedure were drawn from the most enlightened ideas of a procedure-reforming age, and have worked out an approximate justice between man and man. They have, of course, been changed in details with operative experience. Code-making and code-division are still going on, and are bound to continue for many years. Indeed, it is doubtful if court procedure will ever crystallize, as it did, and remained for generations as common law.

“ But I must bear in mind that this is a miscellaneous audience, interested in history, and it would trench both upon your patience and upon the occasion should I run this address into a lecture on law.

“ The law of wills, which occupied ten full pages of the general statutes, has scarcely been touched through all the years since its enactment.

“ Perhaps enough has been said to demonstrate that the Legislature of 1868 was the greatest that ever convened in Kansas, and that other Legislatures have been great, and in the future will be great, just in the measure in which they approach their problems with the spirit and abiding purpose of the session of 1868. . . .

“ The local bills of that session were few; the times gave little token of the deluge of petty bills which came with after-years and which necessitated the Constitutional amendment of 1906 pertaining thereto.

“ As early as 1868 the extravagant and senseless practice of scattering the State institutions at various places far distant from the State capital was foreseen, and a strong spirit of retrenchment and reform was manifest; but local self-interest was even then too strong to correct the expensive system. The proposed concentration of State institutions was voted down, and has never since been a subject of feasible undertaking.

“ On one point the wisdom of the fathers has come to naught. In 1868 it was confidently believed and frequently expressed that a day was speedily coming when the endowment funds of the State University, the State Normal School, and the State Agricultural School, realized from the sale of

land-grants, would amply sustain these institutions. Governor Crawford, in his Message, expresses this confidence:

“ ‘ It is sincerely to be hoped that such of our State institutions as have been generously endowed from the public domain will soon be able to dispense with the aid drawn from the treasury.’ ”

“ It would add little to this address to attempt to draw a moral from the Legislature of 1868. And yet the lesson is there. The Legislature which will conscientiously apply itself to the improvement of existing law will serve the State better and establish a work more enduring than one which devotes itself to the passage of a few spectacular, evanescent bills which, when fickle opinion passes on to other matters of like transient interest, will lie and rust in the limbo of forgotten uselessness.

“ I lay great stress on the Constitutional amendment of 1906 relating to special legislation. It will give the Legislature time to revise and perfect existing general laws. And many of them badly need perfecting. The school law, the school-land law, the bridge law, the law of municipal indebtedness, the law of taxation, and many others, need the same laborious and prayerful consideration that was given to the great codes and statutes promulgated in 1868. It is time we had another commission to revise, rewrite, and codify all the laws of the State. It will be forty years since the last codification before it can be enacted, even if the coming Legislature of 1907 should authorize its creation. And when the codification comes, let us hope that men of the rank of Price, Riggs, and McCahon will prepare the codification, and that patriots like the legislators of 1868 will compose the assembly which will enact it into law.”

CALL FOR STATE TROOPS, SEPTEMBER 10, 1868

PROCLAMATION

STATE OF KANSAS, EXECUTIVE OFFICE,
TOPEKA, *September 14, 1868.*

The recent acts of atrocity perpetrated by hostile Indians upon citizens of Kansas, with other accumulating circumstances, indicate with unerring certainty that a general Indian war is inevitable. The United States forces in this department are too few in number to answer the emergency,

and the appeals of our frontier settlers for protection and redress cannot with honor be disregarded.

The undersigned, therefore, hereby calls into active service, for a period of three months, unless sooner discharged, five companies of cavalry, to be organized from the militia of the State, for service upon the border. Each man will be required to furnish his own horse; but arms, accoutrements and rations will be furnished by Major General Sheridan. One company, to be recruited in the Republican Valley, will rendezvous at Ayersburg; one company will rendezvous at Salina; one company at Topeka; one company at Fort Harker; and the remaining company at Marion Centre.

Recruiting officers will be designated for each company, and when notice of the organization of a company shall have been received, the men will be mustered and company officers appointed. Each company will consist of not less than eighty (80) nor more than one hundred (100) enlisted men.

As the State has no fund at present from which the men hereby called into service can be paid, it is expressly understood that all claims for service must await the action of the Legislature.

S. J. CRAWFORD,
Governor.

ROSTER OF OFFICERS, FRONTIER BATTALION, 1868

MAJOR

George B. Jenness

COMPANY A

S. J. Jennings	Captain
J. F. DeLong	First Lieutenant
W. A. Loveoy	Second Lieutenant

COMPANY B

H. D. Baker	Captain
Julius A. Case	First Lieutenant
Alex. K. Pierce	Second Lieutenant

COMPANY C

B. C. Sanders	Captain
Gilman D. Brooks	First Lieutenant
Herod Johnson	Second Lieutenant

COMPANY D

A. J. Armstrong	Captain
D. L. Eby	First Lieutenant
G. Moulton	Second Lieutenant

COMPANY E

J. A. Potts	Captain
Albert Schaltenbrand	First Lieutenant
Henry Spaulding	Second Lieutenant

CHEROKEE TREATY OF 1868

Supplemental article to a treaty concluded at Washington City, July 19th, A. D. 1866; ratified with amendments July 27th, A. D. 1866; amendments accepted, July 31st, A. D. 1866; and the whole proclaimed, August 11th, A. D. 1866, between the United States of America and the Cherokee Nation of Indians.

Whereas under the provisions of the seventeenth article of a treaty and amendments thereto made between the United States and the Cherokee Nation of Indians, and proclaimed August 11th, A. D. 1866, a contract was made and entered into by James Harlan, Secretary of the Interior, on behalf of the United States, of the one part, and by the American Emigrant Company, a corporation chartered and existing under the laws of the State of Connecticut, of the other part, dated August 30th, A. D. 1866, for the sale of the so-called "Cherokee neutral lands," in the State of Kansas, containing eight hundred thousand acres, more or less, with the limitations and restrictions set forth in the said seventeenth article of said treaty as amended, on the terms and conditions therein mentioned, which contract is now on file in the Department of the Interior; and

Whereas Orville H. Browning, Secretary of the Interior, regarding said sale as illegal and not in conformity with said treaty and amendments thereto, did, on the ninth day of October, A. D. 1867 for and in behalf of the United States, enter into a contract with James F. Joy, of the city of Detroit, Michigan, for the sale of the aforesaid lands on the terms and conditions in said contract set forth, and which is on file in the Department of the Interior; and

Whereas, for the purpose of enabling the Secretary of the Interior, as trustee for the Cherokee Nation of Indians, to collect the proceeds of sales of said lands and invest the same for the benefit of said Indians, and for the purpose of preventing litigation and of harmonizing the conflicting interests of the said American Emigrant Company and of the said James F. Joy, it is the desire of all parties in interest that the said American Emigrant Company shall assign their said contract and all their right, title, claim, and interest in and to the said " Cherokee neutral lands " to the said James F. Joy, and that the said Joy shall assume and conform to all the obligations of said company under their said contract, as hereinafter modified:

It is, therefore, agreed, by and between Nathaniel G. Taylor, commissioner on the part of the United States of America, and Lewis Downing, H. D. Reese, Wm. P. Adair, Elias C. Boudinot, J. A. Scales, Archie Scraper, J. Porum Davis, and Samuel Smith, commissioners on the part of the Cherokee Nation of Indians, that an assignment of the contract made and entered into on the 30th day of August, A. D. 1866, by and between James Harlan, Secretary of the Interior, for and in behalf of the United States of America, of the one part, and in behalf of the American Emigrant Company, a corporation chartered and existing under the laws of the State of Connecticut, of the other part, and now on file in the Department of the Interior, to James F. Joy, of the city of Detroit, Michigan, shall be made; and that said contract, as hereinafter modified, be and the same is hereby, with the consent of all parties, reaffirmed and declared valid; and that the contract entered into by and between Orville H. Browning, for and in behalf of the United States, of the one part, and James F. Joy, of the city of Detroit, Michigan, of the other part, on the 9th day of October, A. D. 1867, and now on file in the Department of the Interior, shall be relinquished and cancelled by the said James F. Joy, or his duly authorized agent or attorney; and the said first contract as hereinafter modified, and the assignment of the first contract, and the relinquishment of the second shall be entered of record in the Department of the Interior; and when the said James F. Joy shall have accepted said assignment and shall have entered into a contract with the Secretary of the Interior to assume and perform all obligations of the said American Emigrant Company under said first-named contract, as hereinafter modified.

The modifications hereinbefore mentioned of said contract are hereby declared to be:—

1. That within ten days from the ratification of this supplemental article the sum of seventy-five thousand dollars shall be paid to the Secretary of the Interior as trustee for the Cherokee Nation of Indians.

2. That the other deferred payments specified in said contract shall be paid when they respectively fall due, with interest only from the date of the ratification hereof.

It is further agreed and distinctly understood that under the conveyance of the "Cherokee nautral lands" to the said American Emigrant Company, "with all beneficial interests therein," as set forth in said contract, the said company and their assignees shall take only the residue of said lands after securing to "actual settlers" the lands to which they are entitled under the provisions of the seventeenth article and amendments thereto of the said Cherokee treaty of August 11th, 1866; and that the proceeds of the sales of said lands, so occupied at the date of said treaty by "actual settlers," shall enure to the sole benefit of, and be retained by, the Secretary of the Interior as trustee for the said Cherokee Nation of Indians.

In testimony whereof, the said commissioners on the part of the United States, and on the part of the Cherokee Nation of Indians, have hereunto set their hands and seals, at the city of Washington, this 27th day of April, A. D. 1868.

N. G. TAYLOR,

Commissioner in behalf of the United States.

Delegates of the Cherokee Nation:

LEWIS DOWNING,

Chief of Cherokees.

H. D. REESE,

Chairman of Delegation.

SAMUEL SMITH,

WM. P. ADAIR,

J. P. DAVIS,

ELIAS C. BOUDINOT,

J. A. SCALES,

ARCH. SCRAPER,

Cherokee Delegates.

In presence of—

H. M. WATTERSON,

CHARLES E. MIX.

CALL FOR STATE TROOPS, OCTOBER 10, 1868

PROCLAMATION

EXECUTIVE OFFICE,
TOPEKA, *October 10, 1868.*

With scarcely an exception, all the tribes of Indians on the plains in Kansas or contiguous thereto, have taken up arms against the Government, and are now engaged in acts of hostility. The peace of the exposed border is thereby disturbed, quiet and unoffending citizens driven from their homes, or ruthlessly murdered, and their property destroyed or carried away. In fact children have been carried into captivity, and in many instances barbarously murdered; while many women have been repeatedly violated in the presence of their husbands and families.

Besides these instances of individual suffering, great public interests are being crippled and destroyed by this savage hostility. The commerce of the plains is entirely suspended. The mail routes, and the great lines of travel to the Territories and States beyond us, are constantly being blockaded, and are sometimes completely closed for the space of several days.

Longer to forbear with these bloody fiends would be a crime against civilization, and against the peace, security, and lives of all the people upon the frontier. The time has come when they must be met by an adequate force, not only to prevent the repetition of these outrages, but to penetrate their haunts, break up their organizations, and either exterminate the tribes, or confine them upon reservations set apart for their occupancy. To this end the Major-General commanding this department has called upon the Executive for a regiment of cavalry from this State.

Now, therefore, I, Samuel J. Crawford, Governor of the State of Kansas, do call for volunteers from the militia of the State, to the number set forth in the foregoing letter from Major-General Sheridan, to be mustered into the service of the United States, and to serve for a period of six months, unless sooner discharged. It is desirable that the regiment shall be organized at the earliest possible moment, and with this view recruiting officers will be appointed in various portions of the State. The Adjutant General will issue the necessary orders to carry this proclamation into effect.

S. J. CRAWFORD, Governor.

THANKSGIVING PROCLAMATION, NOVEMBER 4, 1868

PROCLAMATION

EXECUTIVE OFFICE,

TOPEKA, KAN., *November 4, 1868.*

An immemorial custom devolves upon the Executive the duty of setting apart one day to be observed by all the people of the State as a day of Thanksgiving for mercies past, and of Prayer for the continuance of divine favor.

The measure of prosperity accorded to us has been overflowing. Although in some localities the usual fruits of the earth have been partially withheld, our general harvests have been abundant. The remote frontier has been harassed by predatory bands of hostile Indians, and shocking outrages have been perpetrated upon the persons and property of the frontier settlers. With this exception, universal peace has prevailed throughout our borders.

During the year the area of development has been widely extended. Our population has increased with unexampled rapidity. Every department of industry has been vigorously promoted and advanced. Labor has met its just reward; commerce has returned fruitful gains; and law, order, and personal security have distinguished our society.

It is meet and proper that, as a people, we acknowledge our gratitude to Almighty God for all these blessings, and our entire dependence upon Him for every moral and civil safeguard which gives protection to the citizen and glory to the Commonwealth.

Now, therefore, I, Samuel J. Crawford, Governor of the State of Kansas, in pursuance of a time-honored custom, do designate

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1868,

as a day of thanksgiving and prayer.

And I do earnestly commend to all the people of the State that upon said day they suspend their ordinary avocations, and mutually return thanks to the Father of all for his beneficent guidance. Let us also invoke His favor for the future, praying that permanent peace may be brought to our borders; that our resources may be further developed; that we may be enabled justly to pride ourselves upon a faithful administration of just laws, and upon institutions which are without reproach.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the great seal of the State to be affixed, the day and year first above written.

S. J. CRAWFORD,
Governor.

ROSTER OF THE NINETEENTH KANSAS CAVALRY

FIELD, STAFF, AND LINE OFFICERS

MUSTERED INTO UNITED STATES SERVICE OCTOBER 29, 1868.

MUSTERED OUT AND DISCHARGED APRIL 18, 1869.

Colonel Samuel J. Crawford, Topeka; mustered in as Col.
Nov. 4, 1868; resigned Feb. 12, 1869.

Colonel Horace L. Moore, Topeka; mustered in as Lieut.-Col;
pro. Col. Mar. 23, 1869.

Lieutenant-Colonel Horace L. Moore, Topeka; mustered in as
Lieut.-Col. Mar. 23, 1869.

Lieutenant-Colonel William C. Jones, Iola; mustered in as
Major; pro. Lieut.-Col. Mar. 23, 1869.

Major William C. Jones, Iola; mustered in as Major; pro.
Lieut.-Col.; pro. Col. Mar. 23, 1869.

Major Charles Dimon, Topeka; mustered in as Capt. Co. G;
pro. Major Oct. 20, 1868.

Major Richard W. Jenkins, Topeka; mustered in as Major.

Major Milton Stewart, Topeka; mustered in as Capt. Co. K;
pro. Major Mar. 23, 1869.

Surgeon Mahlon Bailey, Topeka; mustered in as Surgeon.

Assistant Surgeon Ezra P. Russell, Topeka; mustered in as
Ass 't Surgeon.

Assistant Surgeon Robert Aikman, Topeka; mustered in as
Ass 't Surgeon.

Adjutant James W. Steele, Topeka; mustered in as Adjutant.

Quartermaster Luther A. Thrasher, Topeka; mustered in as
Quartermaster.

Commissary John Johnston, Topeka; mustered in as Com-
missary.

Sergeant-Major George G. Gunning, Leavenworth; mustered
in as Pvt.; pro. 1st Sergt. Oct. 28, 1868; pro. Sergt.-Maj.
Nov. 12, 1868.

Sergeant-Major John G. Kay, Junction City; mustered in as pvt.; pro. Sergt. Jan. 1, 1869; pro. Sergt.-Maj. April 8, 1869.

Quartermaster Sergeant Francis M. Brown, Topeka; mustered in as pvt.; pro. Q. M. Sergt. Dec. 29, 1868.

Commissary Sergeant William Mather, Topeka; mustered in as pvt.; pro. Com. Sergt. Dec. 29, 1868.

Hospital Steward Gamaliel J. Lund, Topeka; mustered in as Hospital Steward.

Chief Bugler William Gruber, Leavenworth; mustered in as pvt.; pro. bugler Oct. 28, 1868; pro. chief bugler Nov. 13, 1868.

Chief Bugler Enoch Collett, Franklin; mustered in as pvt.; pro. bugler Oct. 28, 1868; pro. chief bugler Mar. 6, 1869.

Veterinary Surgeon George Davidson, Topeka; mustered in as pvt.; pro. Vet. Surg. Dec. 3, 1868.

COMPANY A

Captain Allison J. Pliley, Topeka; mustered in as Capt. Oct. 20, 1868.

First Lieutenant Benj. D. Wilson, Topeka; mustered in as 1st Lt. Oct. 20, 1868.

Second Lieutenant Raleigh C. Powell, Topeka; resigned, and res. accepted Jan. 5, 1869.

Second Lieutenant Joseph Beacock, Topeka; mustered in as 2nd Lt. Mar. 23, 1869.

COMPANY B

Captain Charles E. Reck, Topeka; mustered in as Capt. Oct. 23, 1868.

First Lieutenant Henry H. McCollister, Topeka; mustered in as 1st Lt. Oct. 28, 1868.

Second Lieutenant Charles H. Champney, Topeka; mustered in as 2nd Lt. Oct. 23, 1868.

COMPANY C

Captain Charles P. Twiss, Topeka; mustered in as Capt. Oct. 26, 1868.

First Lieutenant Walter J. Dallas, Topeka; mustered in as 1st Lt. Oct. 26, 1868.

Second Lieutenant Jesse E. Parsons, Topeka; mustered in as 2nd Lt. Oct. 26, 1868.

COMPANY D

Captain John Q. A. Norton, Topeka; mustered in as Capt.
Oct. 26, 1868.

First Lieutenant John S. Edie, Topeka; mustered in as 1st Lt.
Oct. 26, 1868.

Second Lieutenant Charles H. Hoyt, Topeka; mustered in as
2nd Lt. Oct. 26, 1868.

COMPANY E

Captain Thomas J. Darling, Topeka; mustered in as Capt.
Oct. 26, 1868.

First Lieutenant Wm. B. Bidwell, Topeka; mustered in as 1st
Lt. Oct. 26, 1868.

Second Lieutenant Charles T. Brady, Topeka; mustered in as
2nd Lt. Nov. 7, 1868.

COMPANY F

Captain George B. Jenness, Topeka; mustered in as Capt.
Nov. 4, 1868.

First Lieutenant DeWitt C. Jenness, Topeka; mustered in as
1st Lt. Oct. 27, 1868.

Second Lieutenant John Fellows, Topeka; mustered in as 2nd
Lt. Oct. 27, 1868.

COMPANY G

Captain Charles Dimon, Topeka; mustered in as Capt.; pro.
Maj. Oct. 30, 1868.

Captain Richard D. Lender, Topeka; mustered in as 1st Lt.;
pro. Capt. Nov. 4, 1868.

First Lieutenant Richard D. Lender, Topeka; mustered in as
1st Lt.; pro. Capt. Nov. 4, 1868.

First Lieutenant Myron A. Wood, Topeka; mustered in as 2nd
Lt.; pro. 1st Lt. Nov. 4, 1868.

Second Lieutenant Myron A. Wood, Topeka; mustered in as
2nd Lt.; pro 1st Lt. Nov. 4, 1868.

Second Lieutenant Henry C. Litchfield, Topeka; mustered in
as Pvt.; pro. 2nd Lt. Nov. 4, 1868.

Second Lieutenant James W. Brown, Fort Scott; mustered in
as Pvt.; pro. 1st Sergt. Oct. 30, 1868; pro. 2nd Lt. Mar. 23,
1869.

COMPANY H

- Captain David L. Payne, Topeka; mustered in as Capt. Oct. 29, 1868.
- First Lieutenant Mount A. Gordon, Topeka; mustered in as 1st Lt. Oct. 29, 1868.
- Second Lieutenant Robert M. Steele, Topeka; mustered in as 2nd Lt. October 29, 1868.

COMPANY I

- Captain Roger A. Ellsworth, Topeka; mustered in as Capt. Oct. 29, 1868.
- First Lieutenant James J. Clancy, Topeka; mustered in as 1st Lt. Oct. 29, 1868.
- Second Lieutenant James M. May, Topeka; mustered in as 2nd Lt. Oct. 29, 1868.

COMPANY K

- Captain Milton Stewart, Topeka; mustered in as Capt.; pro. Maj. Mar. 23, 1869.
- Captain Emmet Ryus, Topeka; mustered in as 1st Lt.; pro. Capt. Mar. 23, 1869.
- First Lieutenant Emmet Ryus, Topeka; mustered in as 1st Lt.; pro. Capt. Mar. 23, 1869.
- First Lieutenant Charles H. Hallett, Topeka; mustered in as 2nd Lt.; pro. 1st Lt. Mar. 23, 1869.
- Second Lieutenant Charles H. Hallett, Topeka; mustered in as 2nd Lt.; pro. 1st Lt. Mar. 23, 1869.
- Second Lieutenant Robert I. Sharp, Manhattan; mustered in as pvt.; pro. 1st Sergt. Dec. 21, 1868; pro. 2nd Lt. March, 23, 1869.

COMPANY L

- Captain Charles H. Finch, Topeka; mustered in as Capt. Oct. 29, 1868.
- First Lieutenant Henry E. Stoddard, Topeka; mustered in as 1st Lt. Oct. 29, 1868.
- Second Lieutenant Winfield S. Tilton, Topeka; mustered in as 2nd Lt. Oct. 29, 1868.

COMPANY M

- Captain Sargent Moody, Topeka; mustered in as Capt. Oct. 29, 1868.

First Lieutenant James Graham, Topeka; mustered in as 1st Lt. Oct. 29, 1868.

Second Lieutenant James P. Hurst, Topeka; mustered in as 2nd Lt. October 29, 1868.

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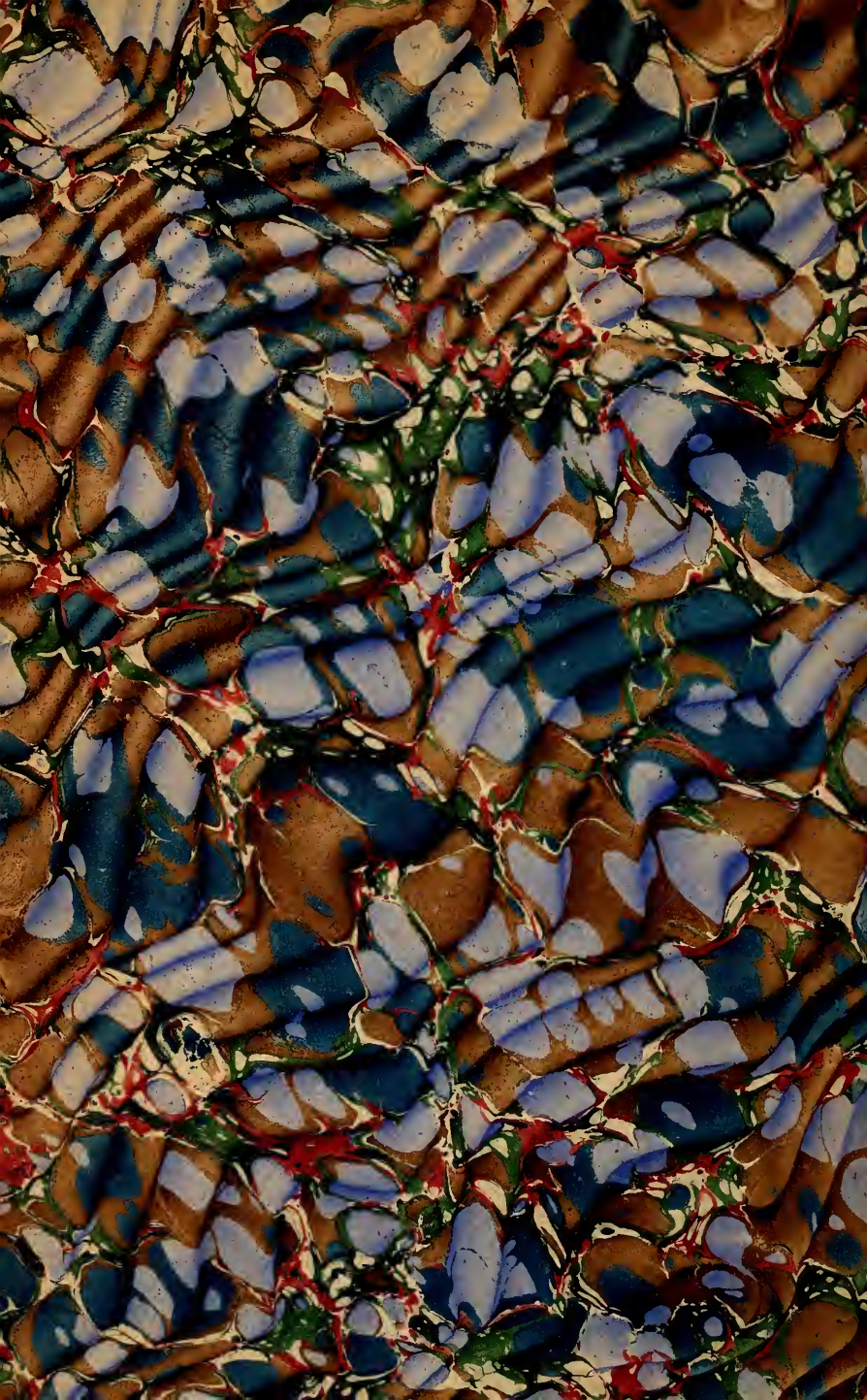
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